

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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HOW TO RAISE A REVENUE. — The article from the *N. Y. Evening Post*, upon Mr. Atkinson's striking pamphlet, deserves the attention of Members of Congress, and of all who vote for them.

Spreading the taxation over thousands of articles, which in many cases do not pay the cost of collection, is entirely opposed to the experience of Great Britain. Sir Robert Peel struck off his list of taxable all but some leading articles which yielded much revenue, thus avoiding unprofitable friction, and saving to the public at large very much more than was given up by the government. We now know that excessive taxation is not necessary, and ought to learn from experience a simpler system of revenue. Let all persons who suffer from the high price of necessities of life, aid in making this reform, and work besides for a reduction of national bank notes, as the best way of reducing our redundant currency.

We give in this number of *The Living Age*, a translation of Count de Montalembert's "Victory of the North," which many persons have wished to see in English. If any of our readers think it takes up too much room, we pray them to notice that we have added thirty pages to the number, so that it costs them nothing. A memoir of the author is appended.

"OUT OF CHARITY," 75 cents, and "THE VICTORY OF THE NORTH," 25 cents, will be published immediately.

Preparing at the Living Age Office —

A WEEK IN A FRENCH COUNTRY HOUSE.

THE STARLING. By Norman Macleod, D.D.

THE TENANTS OF MALORY. By J. S. Le Fanu.

GUILD COURT — a London Story. By George MacDonald.

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From the N.Y. Evening Post.

TAXES ON SIXTEEN THOUSAND ARTICLES!

OUR tax system is now felt by the people to be so oppressive as to be exhausting to industry. It interferes in every part of every business; it raises prices unnecessarily, by taxing products at successive stages of their manufacture; it interferes with production and with sale, disables us from competing in foreign markets with other nations; and has already almost exterminated several of our most useful and important industries, and driven millions of capital out of the country, because it can be more profitably employed in Canada and elsewhere than at home.

Suppose that we could raise all the money we need without all this oppression, injury, and loss? Would not that be one of the greatest boons possible to be conferred on the American people? Few men will deny this; but the most will refuse to believe that it can be done: yet it is quite possible, as the Evening Post has asserted again and again. Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, shows in a pamphlet, "on the Collection of Revenue,"* which he has just published, how it can be done; and we cannot do a better service to the public than to make a statement of the facts he gives, and recommend the pamphlet itself to all who feel the burden of taxation, and desire to have it eased.

Under our present revenue system, the number of articles which pay internal revenue, according to a statement of Commissioner Wells, is "not less than ten thousand!" and the number of articles on which a tariff is levied amounts to six thousand!

Consider what an enormous amount of clerical force alone is needed, besides spies and informers, to collect taxes—all of them heavy—on sixteen thousand different articles! Consider what vexatious interference with production and consumption is involved in the collection by the government of taxes on sixteen thousand articles! Consider that each one of these sixteen thousand articles furnishes an occasion for an error and a chance for a bribe!

And then consider this: With an economical administration of the government, we need the sum of three hundred millions per annum to pay all our expenses, including interest on the debt, and to pay a small part of the principal. Now, Mr. Atkinson tells us that during the last fiscal year the revenue, internal and external, derived from the following eighteen articles—*incomes, stamps, licenses, banks and insurance companies, legacies and successions,*

gross receipts of railroads, canals, lotteries, telegraph companies, &c., tea, coffee, sugar, spices, spirits and wines, fermented liquors, tobacco, and manufactures of silk—amounted to \$260,000,000, of which \$80,000,000 was in gold.

Count this for only \$250,000,000, and we need to raise only another \$50,000,000 to complete the sum required; and this Mr. Atkinson proposes to raise by a low tariff—strictly laid for revenue—to be lowered as the wealth and consumption of the country increases.

Under this system, our whole home manufactures could be at once relieved of the internal revenue tax; our tariff would be reduced within such a compass that it would no longer vexatiously and wastefully interfere with commerce; our tax system would be simplified at a blow, and industry and commerce, now prostrate, would revive and increase.

We commend Mr. Atkinson's pamphlet to members of Congress and politicians. It deserves their attention. The people are already grumbling at the monstrous tax system which oppresses them. The last Congress refused them relief. If the present Congress, at its next session, does not move in this direction, the people will demand to know the reason why.

The manufacturers of this country have shown themselves a powerful and industrious body—for the furtherance of their peculiar interests. They groan dolorously over the burden of internal taxation they are compelled to bear. They have always had the opportunity to relieve themselves of special taxation—as we have often told them. Will they now, with these facts before them, join the people in an effort to simplify the tax system in such a manner that home manufactures shall be relieved of special taxation?

The Southern people, who will, we hope, be represented in the next Congress, have in this a means of relieving themselves from the injurious and oppressive tax on cotton. Let them make haste to reconstruct their State governments, that they may help in Congress to repeal this tax on their home industry.

We may so adjust our burden of taxation that we shall scarcely feel it. Let the people see to this; let them instruct and command their representatives in Congress that as soon as they meet in December they shall take measures to perfect and adopt a system founded on just principles. Unless the people command it, it will not be done, for all reform in this direction depends upon them. They have the summer and fall to talk with their representatives; let every member of Congress be instructed that before all else his constituents want to be relieved of a burden which is totally unnecessary and fatally injurious.

*"On the Collection of Revenue." By Edward Atkinson. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

Translated from Le Correspondant.

THE VICTORY OF THE NORTH IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY C^{te}. DE MONTALEMBERT, OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

DURING the last days of the debates upon the address, an orator, forever illustrious, charmed our minds and our hearts in pleading the best of causes; whilst borne upon the wings of justice and of truth, he hovered over unaccustomed heights and bore aloft with him his enchanted audience, news happy and glorious above all other traversed seas, and brought to faithful souls, smitten with liberty, the pulsations of a joy and of a consolation too long unknown.

The immense mourning, which has impressed upon the triumph of the Northern States a sacred character, could not change this joy. It must survive the consternation, the terror, that the assassination of President Lincoln has produced over all the universe, — a victim sacrificed upon the altar of victory and of the country, in the bosom of one of those catastrophes supremely tragical, which crown certain causes and certain existences with an incomparable majesty, in adding the mysterious grandeur of expiation, and of an expiation unmerited, to the virtues and the glories that humanity esteems the most.

Let us greet, then, with a satisfaction without alloy, the happy victory which secures in the United States the triumph of the North over the South; that is to say, of legitimate power over an inexcusable revolt, of justice over iniquity, of truth over falsehood, of liberty over slavery.

It is well known that we are not accustomed to pay homage to victory, to applaud conquerors. It is the first time that this has occurred for more than thirty years; it is very certain that we shall not abuse this novelty, and that we shall not make it a custom. May we be permitted, then, now to abandon ourselves to a joy so rare in associating present emotions with those days too quickly passed, in which the constitution of 1814, the freedom of Greece, the emancipation of the English Catholics, the conquest of Algeria,

the creation of Belgium, came to honor the youth of this age, to rejoice and strengthen liberal hearts, and mark the steps of true progress. Behold again, after too long an interval, a happy victory. Behold, once at least, evil conquered by good, forever triumphing in the service of right, and yielding us the unwonted and supreme enjoyment of aiding in this world in the success of a good cause effected by good means and gained by honest men.

Let us, then, thank the God of armies for this glory and this happiness. Let us thank him for this great victory that he has granted for the consolation of the friends of justice and of liberty; for the everlasting confusion of the varied and numberless classes of those who impose upon and oppress their fellow-men by servitude as well as by corruption, by falsehood as well as by cupidity, by sedition as well as by tyranny.

But already I hear the murmur of surprise, of displeasure, of protestation. Even in the Catholic camp, the cause of the North has been, is still, unpopular. At the report of her victory, this shameful cry, "*The more's the shame!*" related by the *Moniteur** as uttered in the bosom of the Corps Legislatif, it has perhaps escaped from more than one breast, from more than one heart accustomed to beat as ours for the cause we love and that we serve from the cradle.

Is it necessary, then, we are asked, must we, then, truly rejoice and bless God for this victory? Answer without fear: Yes, we must. Yes, we should thank God because a great nation is raised again; because she is purified forever from a hideous leprosy which served as a pretext and as an excuse to all the enemies of liberty to disparage and to defame her; because she justifies now all the hopes which reposed upon her; because we had need of her; and because she is restored to us, repentant, triumphant, and saved.

Yes, we must thank God that the leprosy of slavery has disappeared under the sword of the conquerors of Richmond, extirpated forever from the only great Christian peoples who, except Spain, were still infected by

* In its report given of the session of April 16, 1865.

it; because that great mart of men is closed, and that we shall never see again, upon the glorious continent of North America, a human creature, made in the image of God, put up at auction to be bid off, and abandoned as prey, with his wife and children, to all that is arbitrary, to cruel selfishness, to infamous lucre, to the vile passions of one of his own kind.

Yes, we should thank God, because in restoring and purifying herself, America has justified, honored, glorified France and the French policy, her true policy, the old honest and courageous policy of our best times, those that sent forth the chivalric and liberal *élite* of our noblesse, upon the footsteps of La Fayette, to the camp of Washington; because, that there, at least, the generous devotion of our fathers will not have ended, as elsewhere, in a bloody and cruel failure; because there results from it one crown more for Louis XVI., for the martyr king, for him who was among us the expiatory victim of a great revolution, — victim all the more touching and more sacred, that, instead of disappearing as Lincoln in the midst of universal mourning, he was outraged before being immolated; that these outrages remain still; and for this reason he carries our admiration and our pity to a point where there is none above it save the crucified Lord.

Yes, we must thank God, because in this great and terrible struggle between servitude and liberty, it is liberty which has remained victorious, — liberty which, with us, is so much mingled with contempt, treason, and disorder, compromised and dishonored by so many false friends and unworthy champions, required retribution, — and that it should suddenly dazzle all eyes by its inestimable merit. Yes, it is necessary to thank God, that from reports, well attested, victory has remained pure; because the good cause has neither been tarnished by any excess nor soiled by any crime; because that its advocates have not to blush for its soldiers, nor these soldiers for their chiefs, nor these chiefs for their fortune, nor fortune herself for having crowned mean cupidity or base conspiracies.

Yes, finally we must thank God because the aggressors have been conquered; be-

cause that those who first drew the sword, have perished by the sword; because impunity has not been granted to the instigators of an iniquitous revolt, of an impious war; because this time, at least, audacity and cunning did not suffice to make honest people ridiculous; because the authors of crime have been the victims of it; because in passing the Rubicon of law they have found upon the other shore defeat, death; because that, having risked the fortunes of their country, with the temerity of an adventurer and the adroitness of a conspirator, *alea jacta est* has not profited them, and that in this impious and bloody game they have not succeeded. They have played and they have lost. Justice is done.

I.

Let us resume and persist. We do not allow ourselves to be blinded by the momentary dissatisfactions of the adversaries of the American cause and of ours. We do not believe them really converted or enlightened. In proportion as the dazzling light which has burst so suddenly upon Europe, the taking of Richmond, followed by the tragic death of Lincoln, decreases; as the clouds, inseparable from all victory and every human cause, appear above the horizon, we shall hear again these invectives, these diatribes of which the United States in general, of which the Northern States in particular, have been the object. Raillery and calumny will resume their assault in order to reanimate that malevolence of opinion that we have seen so skilfully, so learnedly, maintained within and without. This perverse joy, so often uttered by all the enemies of liberty, since they believed the fall of the great republic possible, would again become noisy and powerful at the first embarrassment, at the first terror of our friends beyond the sea.

Now all the world defends itself from wishing, or ever having even wished, the preservation of slavery; but the arguments and the interests favorable to slavery have not ceased to maintain their empire.

This has been no ordinary lesson, to see how from the first days of the breaking out of the conflict between the North and the

South the classifying of opinions has operated. I do not say, God forbid, that all the friends of the South should be the enemies of justice and liberty; still less do I say that all the partisans of the North should be taken for true and sincere lovers of liberty. But I say that an instinct, involuntary perhaps, all-powerful and invincible, has immediately ranged upon the side of the slaveholders all the avowed or secret partisans of fanaticism or absolutism in Europe. — I say that all the enemies, open or secret, political or theological, of liberty, have been for the South. It would be useless and puerile to deny that the United States count a certain number of adversaries amongst the Catholics, and notwithstanding the prodigious and gratifying progress of Catholicism in that republic, a progress* seen nowhere else since the first ages of the Church. I shall abstain from fathoming the causes of this unpopularity of America in general and of the American Abolitionists in particular. This investigation will lead me too far: I shall limit myself to the remark that men of my time have always met upon their way an opinion falsely religious and blindly conservative. It was so in 1821 with Turkey against Greece, in 1830 with Holland against Belgium, in 1854 with Russia against Poland; it is the same now with the slaveholders of the South against the Abolitionists of the North. The events at first, then the sympathies of the mass of the clergy and of the Catholics enlightened by events, have inflicted, by this tendency, cruel falsehoods and humiliating recantations upon the Eastern, the Belgic, and the Polish question. I am convinced that the same thing will happen some day or other for the American question. But it is hard that it should come often so slowly to the assistance of justice and of truth: if, with the exception of the learned and eloquent Dr. Brownson,

we shall not discover amongst the Catholics of the United States any champion of the emancipation of the blacks, we have at least the small consolation of being able to state that there has not come from their ranks any apology for American Slavery. I object to recognize the sacerdotal character in the author of a recent and anonymous work entitled, *On Slavery in the Confederate States, by a missionary*.* If the author of this shameful book was really a priest, and if he was contented as he affirms to live amongst the American planters for twenty-four years, to extol highly the utility and the legitimacy of the slavery of the blacks, in order to see even in their servitude the only possible barrier to their licentiousness, the fact alone of such a perversion of the moral sense and the sacerdotal conscience, would constitute the most cruel argument against the social and religious régime of the slave country.

But, independent of the question of slavery and even before this question had occupied the mind, there existed amongst too large a number of Catholics an instinctive aversion against America, of which we might perhaps trace the origin to the Count de Maistre. This influence, it is known, upon the greatest as upon the less important questions, has been incontestably the most powerful upon all those which the Catholics of the nineteenth century have left. This great man, like many others, owes more of his fame to his exaggerations than to his great mind. His paradoxes have gained more favor and a louder response than the genius and good sense, of which he has left upon most of his works the ineffaceable impress.

There is too little known of the exquisite tenderness of his charming spirit, and still less of the proud independence, the mind at the same time chivalric and liberal, the luminous politics often far in advance, which his varied correspondence recently published, has revealed. But he did not admire the United States; their origin and progress contradicted some of his most cherished theories; he did wrong by transforming his repugnances into prophecies. The fate of those is known that he uttered

* In 1774 in all the English colonies, afterwards the United States, there were only 19 priests. The first bishop came there in 1790.

In 1839, the church counted in the United States, 1 province, 16 dioceses, 18 bishops, 467 priests, 418 churches. In 1849, 3 provinces, 30 dioceses, 26 bishops, 1,000 priests, 966 churches. In 1859, 7 provinces, 46 dioceses, 2 vicariats, 45 bishops, 2,106 priests, 2,534 churches.

* See besides the article of "M. Rameau in the Correspondent" of January, 1865.

* Chez Dentu, 1865, in 8vo.

upon the capital of the United States: "Either this city will fall, or it will be called by another name than that of Washington." He was wiser when he limited himself to an expression of impatience with which the ultra admirers of the new American people inspired him. "*Allow*," said he, "*allow this infant in swaddling clothes to grow.*"

Ah, well! we can say in our turn, The infant has grown: it has become a man, and the man is a giant. This despised people, scorned, calumniated, and ridiculed, has shown, in the most formidable crisis that any nation could pass through, an energy, a devotion, an intelligence, a heroism, which have confounded its adversaries and surprised its most ardent friends; it ascends to the first rank amongst the great people of the world. M. de Maistre is dead, and in presence of the increasing grandeur of the United States we seek for other arguments in order to decry them. It was said, "Do not speak of your America with her slavery!" Ah, well! our America, behold her henceforth without slavery. Let us speak of her, then, although many would wish, without doubt, to speak of her less than ever.

They say to us especially: The American people will not know how to make war. And if they do make it, victorious or vanquished, they will fall a prey to a fortunate general, to some Bonaparte, who first the dictator will end a despot; whom his fellow citizens will supplicate to save them; and who, instead of this preservation, will demand of them, what all Cæsars demand, honor and liberty. Now the trial has been made, at least upon this point, and never has a prophecy received a more sanguinary denial.

The Americans have known how to make war; they have done it with an incontestable energy, brilliancy, and perseverance; they have been the prey of no general, of no dictator, of no Cæsar. They have carried on the most difficult and the most terrible of all wars, a civil war. They have achieved it in displaying all the qualities, all the virtues, which form great military nations. They have made it upon an immense scale. No modern nation, not even revolutionary France with its fourteen armies, has raised

and hurled upon its enemy forces proportionably as numerous, as well disciplined, as well equipped, as firm in action. These merchants have thrown their fortunes as a prey to the exigencies of the war, with as much prodigality as the English *shop-keepers* in their struggle against Napoleon; and their children with as much heroic self-sacrifice as did France of 1792 in its struggle against Europe. Whilst contemptuous detractors denounced in Europe these pretended armies of *mercenaries*, inflicted upon them the same stigma as upon our young compatriots of Castel Fidando, more than a million of volunteers took arms upon one side for the defence of the Union and republican institutions; upon the other for the maintenance of* their independence and of their local franchise; and of this million of armed men, not one, thank heaven, has become the executioner of his brother or the satellite of a dictator. These forces have been commanded by improvised generals, of whom many have shown themselves worthy to march in the footsteps of the most celebrated of our republican generals; by men who have not only been masters in tactics and in strategy, but heroes of courage and of moderation, great statesmen and noble citizens. Grant and Lee, Burnside and Sherman, McClellan and Beauregard, Sheridan and Stonewall Jackson, have inscribed their names on the great book of history. I name designedly the distinguished of the chiefs of the two hostile armies; for I acknowledge, with pleasure, that to the American people, taken as a whole, is due, in this respect at least, the homage of our admiration. The two parties, the two camps, have shown the same courage, the same indomitable tenacity, the same wonderful energy, the same intrepid resolution, the same abnegation, the same spirit of sacrifice. All our sympathies are for the North, but they

* The report of the Secretary of War, in December, 1862, stated that there were already eight hundred thousand men in the Federal army, of whom nineteen-twentieths were enrolled volunteers. After that time, the proportion must have changed, and the conscription was called for, as in France, to fill the vacancies caused by a most sanguinary war. These figures do not include the Confederate army, inferior in number, but equal in courage and in discipline to the Federal army.

take nothing from the admiration with which the heroism of the South inspires us; displayed in the service of injustice and error, this is no less heroism.

It undoubtedly appears certain that the South has shown more military merit, more energy and talent, more brilliancy and dash, than their enemies, especially in the first days of the struggle. We cannot but admire them in regretting that such high and rare qualities were not consecrated to a cause more irreproachable! Daughters, wives, mothers, these American ladies of the South have revived, in the middle of the nineteenth century, the patriotism, the devotion, the abnegation, of the Roman women of the best times of the Republic. The Clelias, the Cordelias, the Portias, have found their rivals in many boroughs, many plantations of Louisiana and Virginia. We have seen, even with us, feeble girls, modest women, separated from their neighbors, despoiled of their fortune but proud of their poverty, resigned to distress, to ruin, to exile; happy in offering thus their sacrifice to the national cause, repulsing with indignation the last idea of a transaction, of a concession; bearing in their passionate regards the incontestable mark of the determination which constitutes the manly races. Such heroines teach us more than all the visions of oratory what soldiers composed the army of the Confederation, and what prodigies of resolution and of perseverance must have been required to attain the end.

These prodigies have been performed but at the price of efforts and of sacrifices which established the stubborn and wonderful bravery of the soldiers of the South. Four years of effort and seven hundred thousand men were necessary to take Richmond, the capital of the South. No fortress, not even Sebastopol, has cost so much effort; and as for the European capitals it is not necessary to speak. It is known how they fell, Berlin, Vienna, Madrid, Paris, remain to tell it.

The war had begun unfortunately for the North. This sudden eruption had brought all the refuse to the surface of the social State and placed it in authority. Corruption, treason, have selfishly carried on their trade. But soon they were denounced, re-

strained, destroyed, and passed into oblivion; conquered much sooner than the enemy of whom they were the best auxiliaries, they have disappeared. As it often happens to good causes, to the causes that God blesses, experience has profited by that of the Americans, has purified, warned, and corrected them. Thus then this republic that was believed to be absorbed in trade and agriculture, enervated by lucre and self-interest, incapable of efforts and sacrifices that war demands, this republic has already shown herself the equal and the rival upon the battlefields of the Roman and the Grecian republics, as for the latter, she has already had her two heroic wars, her Medique and her Peloponnesian wars. The war of 1774 to 1782 which created her nationality, and the war from 1860 to 1865 which has destroyed slavery, have engraved her name in the first rank of military glory. That will suffice for her. May she leave off there in this bloody and perilous way! But these military qualities as rare and heroic as they may be, appear inferior and insignificant by the side of the civic virtues with which the American race has shown itself endowed, during the progress of this formidable war. No liberty restrained, no law violated, no voice stifled, no guaranty abandoned, no dictatorship implored, — here is the great marvel, and the mighty victory. Listen and behold, people of Europe, — people lost when an internal danger menaces; people heroic also upon battlefields, but timid and demoralized by all civil danger; servile people, that a temporary dictator suffices neither to sustain nor to console, and who feel no ease, no safety, except in abdication.

Alas! where is the European nation who has borne with such calmness and resolution the formidable experiences of this civil war and this military excitement? It is not France certainly, our dear country, she that the apprehension alone of these trials has reduced to such strange extremities, she who has not been able to support three days of storm, three years of doubt, without making confusion of all ideas, of all institutions, of all guaranties, which she had so often proclaimed, reclaimed, or applauded with unrestrained passion.

Let us imagine France a prey during four months only to an intestine war like that which for four years has ravaged a part of the United States. Let us picture to ourselves our cities bombarded, our roads torn up, our fields devastated, our chateaus pillaged, our villages burnt or ravaged by an irritated soldiery, our rivers and canals intercepted, our railroads demolished, our rails destroyed, our commerce suspended, our industry laid waste, all our business obstructed and all our interests endangered, and all this for a question of constitutional right or of religious humanity. Yes, let us imagine the present France submissive to such a régime! Let us avow it frankly, there would be no violence, no extremity, that would not seem legitimate to terminate it. There would be no inferior officer, no impostor of sufficiently bad repute, not to be regarded as a Saviour upon the sole condition of putting an end to the contest, of restoring peace and order at any price. Under all the reigns which have succeeded each other amongst us, political crimes have always served as a motive or pretext for revolutions in legislation. After the crime of Louvel, as that of Fieschi and Orsini, exceptional laws, increase of penalty, changes of jurisdiction, measures proclaimed for general security, have been immediately demanded and decreed. If to-morrow the arm of a regicide should destroy by cowardly assassination the life of a sovereign that the country has given, one half of France would immediately demand that the other half should be imprisoned. The American democracy experienced neither panics nor frenzy. A villain caused suddenly to disappear, in the midst of a fête, the chief of the State, the man who attracted all regards, reigned in all hearts, calmed all anxieties. But neither consternation nor indignation caused this truly great nation to lose its self-control. The day after the crime, as on the evening before, it remained master of itself and of its destiny: not one law is violated or changed; not a journal is suppressed or suspended; not one measure, violent or exceptional, disturbs the regular and natural movement of society.*

* What precedes was written when the news reached Europe, of the premium offered for the ar-

Everything remains in its accustomed order. America, calm and self-sustained in the midst of its poignant grief, presents this noble spectacle with a legitimate pride to these official journals of Paris, — bribed panegyrists of all the repressions and usurpations, who dare to preach to her moderation! The American people did not dream of resorting to suicide in order to escape from the anguish of fear and of doubt. It has not imitated those despondent sufferers who prefer immediate death to the prolongation of their sufferings. Unlike those senseless persons of whom St. Augustine speaks † who, fearing to lose their earthly treasures, forget those that are heavenly, and thus lose all, the Americans have preserved before all others the noblest gifts, honor and liberty. But at no price have they wished to sacrifice them to the rest, and the rest has been given to them or restored, with interest. They have lost nothing: they have saved everything. Still more they

rest of Jefferson Davis, and the detestable provocations to vengeance and to punishment which disgrace a portion of the American press. If these provocations are followed, we shall have a new mistake, a new grief, to inscribe upon the annals of modern humanity, by the side of the crimes and the follies of the French Revolution. Now, henceforth we share the horror which such excesses cause in all impartial people. But if, as we wish, — still hope, this violent language, inexcusable even after a crime so monstrous as the murder of Mr. Lincoln, should not lead to any act of inhumanity, we must be permitted to see a new proof of the moral strength of the public mind in America, that shall be able to resist such unworthy excitement.

As for the reward offered for the suspected accomplices of the assassination, we should remember, while we condemn this vestige of a barbarous legislation, that it is a form of procedure arising from the absence of any public ministry or gendarmery in the countries inhabited by the Anglo-Saxon race; it is made use of everywhere in England, and was so not long since, on occasion of an assassination committed upon a railroad in the environs of London, and the author of which sought refuge in America. It should be observed that the question is only concerning the arrest of the culprit, and not of his outlawry. The sum is offered to him who will procure the arrest, and not to him who will bring a head, as we might suppose from certain versions. Let us hope that there will be no question whatever, only measures simply comminatory, and destined to delude the excited passions of the masses without satisfying them, like the orders of arrest that we saw affixed to all the walls of Paris, in 1848, against MM. Guizot and Duchatel.

† *Temporalia perdere timuerant, et vitam eternam non cogitauerunt, et sic utrumque amiserunt.*

have given to the world the glorious and consoling example of a people who has saved itself without a dictator and without proscription, without Caesar and without Messiah, without becoming unfaithful to its history and to itself.

The statue of Liberty, to use the terrorist vocabulary, has never been veiled. The state of siege has been unknown in all the cities which were not besieged or immediately menaced by the enemy. Unless our information should be disproved, it must be acknowledged that legal order has been everywhere maintained and respected. All the journals have continued to appear without any restriction or censure whatever: still more, the correspondents, well known of the foreign journals the most hostile to the cause of the North, have continued to write and despatch their letters to Europe without incurring any danger or meeting with any obstacle. Outside of localities where military operations were pursued, individual liberty has not incurred any diminution; the freedom of society has experienced no opposition; and no class, no combination of citizens has been declared suspected or without the protection of law. The violence of the outlawed mob, brutal and formidable in all democracies, produced lamentable scenes, acts of isolated oppression; but who would wish to confound these aberrations, always temporary, though justly odious, with the crimes of which the regular powers, the legislative assemblies have taken, elsewhere, the initiative and the responsibility.

If there has been a suspension of privileges in certain localities by military chiefs, they have been re-established as soon as possible by civil rulers, and everywhere the generals have shown the most exemplary submission towards the magistrates. Everywhere they have listened to the voice of civil authority and quietly obeyed its laws. We are unable to cite one example of arrogance or insubordination. Victorious or conquered, during this long and cruel struggle, no one has outraged the fundamental law of this free and well-ordered country; no one has shown the least symptom of realizing the predictions of false prophets. "We shall see what Wellington will now do,"

said Napoleon, after his arrival at St. Helena: this great scorner of the human conscience did not understand that one could content himself to live as an honest man and a simple peer of England, faithful to the laws of his country, after having gained the battle of Waterloo. "We shall see what Grant will do and the other victorious generals," say now the detractors of America and her institutions, in an under-tone. The glorious conqueror of Richmond has already answered them. Placed at the head of the principal federal army seven months since, and already invested with a commanding popularity, Grant refused to allow himself to be set up as a competitor with Lincoln at the last presidential election; he refused the chance of becoming the chief of the republic, in place of the "rail-splitter" who had intrusted to him the sword of the country in order to save it,—and in effect he has saved it. But what touches, what consoles, what delights, is that even now this victory has remained pure, — as pure as legitimate. Admit as we must, that there has been on both sides, in the blindness of combat, excesses and outrages deeply regretted that seem to sanction still amongst nations the most civilized, the right of war. Let us admit that certain soldierly brutalities although provoked, have justly surprised and offended the proud independence of the men, and especially the women, of the South. Let us admit, on the part of the people of the North, certain acts of devastation or of reprisal that we reprove, placing all of them much below the ferocity of the Southerners against the colored prisoners of the Federal army. It is clearly demonstrated that never, in any epoch of history, a great political struggle has been begun, that never a great political cause has been gained, at so little sacrifice to justice, to humanity, to the human conscience. Never was a great war conducted with more humanity. Let us take for example our religious and revolutionary wars.

There also, as in the America of our days, it became necessary to reduce by force, a portion of the insurgent country, in the sixteenth century against the ancient order, in the nineteenth century against the new order. What horrors, what menaces,

what punishments, during those inauspicious days; and of which the consequences weigh still upon our national life! Let us compare, especially, the measures decreed by the Convention and the horrors committed by the terrorist generals against La Vendée, compare the crimes committed lately by the Emperor of Russia and his agents against insurgent and expiring Poland, with the laws and the acts of the American government against the Secessionists. Nothing more analogous than the situation, nothing more different, thanks to heaven, than the repression. What a contrast, at the same time lamentable and glorious! There in Vendée, in Poland, and let us add to it, the address of the English detractors of their brothers beyond the sea, in the Irish insurrection of 1798, everything that the diabolical imagination of tyrants and executioners could invent of punishments, of outrages, of attempts against life, modesty, conscience and human pity! Here in contemporaneous America, not a crime, I mean, not a public crime, avowed, official for which the nation could be rendered responsible, not a prisoner massacred, not a political scaffold. Nothing, absolutely nothing, parallel to the acts of the terrorists or of the Russians. Neither banishment nor tortures nor military executions, nor discharges of musketry, nor noyades, nor discharge of grape-shot. Liberty, civilization, democracy, have done nothing to cause a blush. These republicans beyond the sea have neither adopted or applied the odious maxim which justifies the end by the means. In that, they have hollowed out an abyss, not only between them and many monarchs and monarchists but between them and so many republicans, authors, accomplices, or panegyrists of the excesses which have dishonored the French Revolution in its struggle against an insurrection, otherwise more holy and much more legitimate than that of the South.

It is especially by the treatment of prisoners and of the wounded, that the progress of true humanity and of Christian civilization is manifested. Nowhere has this progress been more brilliant than with the Americans during this last war. The prisoners, that the European nations, emulous

of pagans and barbarians, believe themselves authorized to kill, to shoot, whilst carrying on a civil war as not only the terrorists did in Vendée, the Russians in Poland, but in our days and for so long a time the Spanish Christianists or Carlists — the prisoners of the civil war in America are treated with the regard manifested for so long a time by Christian nations for suffering bravery. No one has been really ill-treated; no one, especially, has incurred the risk of life, and we shall see them reappear and take again freely, their social rank in their country, conquered, but not humbled.

What is there more beautiful than the correspondence published by all the journals between Grant and Lee, between the two great chiefs of the two armies, at the moment of the capitulation of the Confederates, from the 7th to the 9th of April? What mutual regard, what respect, what delicacy in the expression, what scrupulous care for the laws of honor, at the same time as for the laws of humanity! But especially what a happy union of dignity and grace! We may call it a reproduction, after the battle, gained of the famous meeting of the French and English guards at Fontenoy, were there not here a deeper sentiment which answered to the gravity of the interests engaged in struggle, and to the moral and spontaneous conviction of all these valiant men, voluntarily engaged in the conflict for which they all felt themselves responsible before God and their conscience.

As to the care of the wounded, the immense progress of humanity in this respect, it is necessary to read the work that an American, well known and much esteemed by Frenchmen, published in Paris. Under a modest title,* this volume conceals treasures of consolation and of admiration. There does not exist, perhaps, any work which renders a better account of the wonders that disciplined enterprise can accomplish. None shows better what a manly nation can do, inspired by religion and liberty, earnestly brought up in the school of spontaneous ef-

* The Sanitary Commission of the United States its Origin, its Organization and its Results, with a Notice of the Military Hospitals in the United States; and upon the Sanitary Reform in the European Armies, by Thomas W. Evans, Paris. Dentu: 1865.

fort and self-confidence. By the side of the perpetual struggle of individual devotion against red-tapism are seen admirable and entirely new inventions of human industry and of Christian generosity, to relieve heroic sufferings. Sixty million of francs raised by voluntary collectors, so many other articles of use, prepared or gathered by the American women; all these resources, dispensed, with as much good sense as presence of mind, by an army of surgeons, lawyers, chaplains, merchants, students, eager to give all their time, their devotion, their intelligence to the service of their fellows; all distributing, without distinction, these kind favors to enemies as to friends, lying side by side in the same ambulances upon the same bed of suffering. Here is truly a picture which does honor to the human race, but also a spectacle which fills the heart with the sweetest and purest emotions. Bless God for this incontestable progress, for this anguish spared, for these tears wiped away, for all this misery relieved by an inspiration that should assuredly be permitted to rise even to him! * In view of this union of military and civil virtues in the bosom of the same nation, had we not reason to affirm that the people of the United States has gained the right to be placed in the first rank of great modern nations? This greatness will still for a long time be contested and detested; but every day it should become clearer to generous hearts, to hearts truly Christian, for having been definitely founded upon the great act of contemporaneous history, upon the abolition of slavery amongst Christians. Yes, as was said in the Chamber by an honorable man whose heart and talent have gained the sympathy, even of those who do not embrace all his opinions: the victory of the North, having as a result the emancipation of slavery, is the page of honor of the nineteenth century.†

Yes, slavery is abolished, and it will never exist again, where it has been once abolished. No man will be found sufficiently daring in America to make the freed negro

bow down again, under the fetters and the lash, as the First Consul Bonaparte did in the Antilles. It is well to insist upon it, to recur to it without ceasing; for if any one in France, at least, does not wish to be accounted now among the apologists of the slavery of the blacks, it is not long since men called to sit there, and afterwards amongst the chosen of the nation, defended openly, and for reward, colonial slavery.

For this blessing accomplished, the blacks have no more cause for congratulation than the whites, subjected, by the possession of the blacks, to the basest passions and the most miserable sophisms with which humanity * can be infected.

It is to those especially, who have been rendered, in spite of themselves, the most signal and earnest service. But it is also the human race and all the Christian world that are to be congratulated. Thanks, then, be rendered to the Almighty, that a young and great, a Christian nation has extirpated from its bosom this monstrous institution, which substitutes the drove for a family! Under what a mass of culpable prejudices, of interested falsehoods, of immoral casuistry, a human heart must be buried, not to leap with joy at the mere thought of a revolution so salutary, not to comprehend and to bless God for all these ransomed souls! "If Slavery is not wrong," said Lincoln, "nothing is wrong." And, besides, what Christian soul can fail to recognize in this great drama the arm of an avenging God, and, accompanied with this divine vengeance, the power and the efficacy of prayer? For these slaves have prayed—they are not idolators or savages. They are Christians subjected to other Christians. They have prayed, and God has granted their prayer. "There is a place," said Burke,—the greatest of men of modern times,—in speaking of the peers of England, of the victims of the tyranny of the vassals of the East India Company, "There is a place where these crippled and disabled hands will act with resistless power. What is it that they will not pull down,

* Dr. Evans, devoted to the cause of the North, renders full justice to similar efforts which manifest the zeal and devotion of the Southerners for the material, moral, and religious interests of their armles.

† M. Eugene Pelletier. *Moniteur*, April 16, 1865.

* "In beginning, I was moved by the fate of the oppressed, of that poor race which has made the fortune of those who perpetuate its misery. In concluding, I do not intend to pity the oppressors; I conjure them to have pity upon themselves." — Augustus Cochin, *Abolition of Slavery*.

when they are lifted to heaven against their oppressors? Then what can withstand such hands? Can the power that crushed and destroyed them? Powerful in prayer, let us at least deprecate, and thus endeavor to secure ourselves from, the vengeance which these smashed, disabled hands may pull down upon us. My lords, it is an awful consideration. Let us think of it.* Yes, as the immortal Lincoln has said in his simple and wise language, in the midst of serenades and illuminations which accompanied the promulgation of this great act, "The American people have given a beautiful spectacle to the world."†

Yes, it had cause: no spectacle could be more beautiful. In the eyes of posterity this, with the abolition of the slave trade, forced upon the world by England, will be the principal conquest of contemporaneous civilization, its title of redemption and of eternal honor. This infamous code and this social institution will have disappeared forever, — this code which without exaggeration as well as all declamation, and setting aside happy exceptions, as well as exceptional atrocities compelled four million of human beings to live deprived of all legal marriage, of the right to appeal to a court of justice; which declared instruction for them a crime, which assimilated them to criminals, more or less well treated according to their value; which condemned the women to promiscuous intercourse, the husbands and wives, the parents and children, to heart-rending separation; which exposed all, at every age and of both sexes, to punishments of which the ignominy was surpassed only by the cruelty! I refer to the excellent work of M. Cochin, upon the *abolition of slavery* all those who desire to refute the commonplace of the apologists of slavery, upon the pretended happiness of negroes, upon the pretended virtue of the slave, or of the whites exposed to the terrible temptations of unrestrained power, upon the pretended impossibility to produce sugar and cotton without slave labor, upon the

pretended disasters which would follow emancipation everywhere.

I wish to dwell, for one moment only, upon the points which sometimes perplex honest minds, — upon the supposed inferiority of the black race. Doubtless it is not destined to take the first rank amongst mankind; but everything which has occurred in America proves that the free blacks are perfectly capable of comprehending and practising the duties of Christian and social life, as also to become the free and active servants of the public and of the State. They have all shown, at first, that they were capable of fighting with the knowledge of the cause and for the cause, which was theirs. It is in vain the South has endeavored to arm its slaves and to lead them to battle as to forced labor. "I have heard in my life-time," said, very recently, President Lincoln, with that ironical simplicity which often characterized his discourse, "many arguments why the negroes ought to be slaves; but, if they fight for those who keep them in slavery, it will be a better argument than any I have yet heard. He who will fight for that ought to be a slave. While I have often said that all men ought to be free, yet I would allow those colored persons slaves who want to be; and, next to them, those white people who argue in favor of making other people slaves." But the experiment which Lincoln ridiculed, had no success, whilst the North has formed, with free blacks, excellent regiments, perfectly disciplined and as brave as the black regiments in the service of England, or the heroic companions of Toussaint L'Ouverture.* The emancipation party has never produced an argument more irrefutable, nor with a

* Accusation in the Chamber of Peers against Warren Hastings. 5th day, Feb. 17, 1788.

† See the excellent article of M. Louis Reybaud in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, entitled: *The War of America and the Cotton Market*.

* The "Daily News" of the 24th March, 1864, published a very curious account of the effect produced by the first black regiment which appeared in the streets of New York; it had been raised by a club of that city, — The Union League Club. At the moment of departing for the seat of war, it received its standards from the hands of a company of ladies belonging to the best society of New York. When it appeared in Broadway, music at the head and flags displayed, the enthusiasm was at its height; the negro and mulatto women were bathed in tears, thousands of black arms waved white handkerchiefs over all the line as far as the eye could reach: "What do you think of this?" I heard a colored man say to his neighbor, who answered, "I like it, I like it; and I thank God that I have lived long enough to be a witness to it."

result more decisive. We may be sure that they can be relied upon. Those arms which have borne the sabre and bayonet under the standard of liberty will never more return to ignoble fetters; and these improvised soldiers revealed by their example to the race from which they sprung, the secret of its force, and at the same time of its rights. To begin this great work, now so marvellously accomplished, Providence has made use of instruments, in appearance as obscure as they are weak and insignificant. We certainly do not forget the great writers and the great orators, who have kindled in behalf of the emancipation of the blacks the fire of their eloquence,—that Channing whose noble memory gains new lustre from the triumph of the cause that he served so well; nor the generous and indefatigable Sumner, assaulted in the Senate Chamber by a brutal colleague, with the enthusiastic applause of all the South, and who now feels himself recompensed for * his labours, his ordeals, and his noble wounds; nor Theodore Parker who celebrated the marriage of two fugitive slaves, in giving them, for a wedding present, a Bible and a sword. "Take this," said he, "in order to teach you and your wife to serve God well; and this to defend her against every man who would again claim the right to submit her to his licentiousness and his lash." But what moves us especially is the thought, that the irresistible movement which triumphs now in America over so many obstacles and so many storms has been especially the work of a female novelist and of a man who was hanged. The novel, "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," has been read by every one here, and almost all the world admire it; but no one has doubted that a triumphant and legitimate revolution would arise from it. The execution has not excited as much attention as the romance. Few have been interested in this old John Brown, so shamefully calumniated, who ended an adventurous but honest career by expiating upon the gallows the crime of having wished, by exciting a

handful of Virginia blacks to insurrection, to signify to the world the horror of American slavery. Those who put him to death on the 2d of December, 1859, thought then that all was over. It was just the contrary; it was the beginning. Nothing was concluded but the scandalous impunity of this homicidal tyranny.

II.

But I am checked. I hear around me murmurs and interruptions from this too numerous crowd,—a mass ignorant and deceived, who persist in repeating with unqualified credulity, that it is not the question of slavery in the struggle between the North and the South; that the war has been brought on by questions upon the tariff, or on local, provincial, and municipal independence! We should pity the ignorance of the people who repeat in good faith these puerilities; but we know not how sufficiently to express contempt for the hypocrisy of those, who, knowing the facts, dare to deny in the face of Europe, that the maintenance of slavery has not been the first, and, in truth, the only motive for the insurrection.

You pretend, I say to them, that it is not the question of slavery. I affirm that it is the only question; and I believe that ten minutes will be sufficient before an assembly of impartial judges to demonstrate it unanswerably.

Is it true, yes or no, that the breeding of human cattle superseded with advantage the slave trade, prohibited by England? The number of slaves had, in the Southern States, quadrupled from 1787 to 1860, and had risen from 700,000 to nearly four millions? *

Is it true, yes or no, that the South, very far from laboring for the gradual emancipation of this increasing multitude of slaves, did not cease to draw closer the meshes of slavery, aggravating it by a penal code, which has been justly defined one of the most terrible monuments of premeditated villany that the world has ever witnessed?

* The exact number from the census, taken 1787, 687,897; 1860, 3,953,761.

* It is said that a subscription was opened in the South to offer to the author of this gross outrage a hand-whip or club of honor, with this inscription: "Hit him again!" which translated is: "Recommence."

Is it true, yes or no, that, especially the laws established by Georgia in 1829, by Alabama and Louisiana in 1830, by Carolina in 1839, by Virginia in 1849, punished with whipping colored people, with imprisonment and fine for the whites for giving any instruction whatever to the free blacks, as well as to the black slaves, in order that the black freed, even as to the body, should remain forever in subjection as to the soul? *

Is it true, yes or no, that, not content with maintaining what was called the *institution* of slavery, the South has devoted itself to propagating it in every way; that the conquest and usurpation of Texas in 1845, the outrages committed in Kansas and California, and in many other territories newly annexed, have been the exclusive work of slave-holding filibusters, intoxicated by the vision of a vast empire founded upon slavery, and which would be extended, as expressed by one of their orators, from the tomb of Washington to the palace of the Montezumas? Is it true, yes or no, that the rupture, — *exclusively* prepared by the exigencies, always springing up, increasing, at the South, as to the pursuit of fugitive slaves, — was *exclusively* provoked by the aggression of the South having at length burst forth? It has been justified in the official manifestos of the Confederate States only by considerations *exclusively* borrowed from the danger, which, according to them, the maintenance of slavery incurred.

Is it true, yes or no, that the hostility of the North against slavery is the *only* cause of grief set forth in the manifesto of South Carolina, Dec. 20, 1860, † in that of Alabama, Jan. 11, 1861, ‡ in that of Texas, Feb. 1, 1861, in that of Virginia, April 17, 1861, and

* It is in virtue of this law that, since 1850, a young white lady has been condemned to prison for having taught the alphabet to slaves.

† We read in this manifesto that the Carolinians took up arms because the United States elected for President, a man whose opinions and designs are opposed to slavery, and because the Northern Statesmen have preached against slavery as a crime.

‡ I borrow these dates first from the very valuable and useful work of M. Henry Moreau, "French Politics in America," Dentu, 1861; then from two English publications as interesting as they are instructive: the Discourse of the Rev. Joseph Parker at Manchester, June 3, 1861; and the Lecture of M. Ernest Jones, on the American war and American slavery, at Ashton Nov. 16, 1863.

without one word in all these documents, a single word upon the contested measures of the tariff, or of any other question, industrial or political? Is it true, yes or no, that, in the last debate which immediately preceded the rupture, in the report of the Commission of the *thirty three*, so called, which was in session from Dec. 11, 1860, to Jan. 14, 1861, there was not a word, not a single word, upon the tariff or on the impost, and that every thing turned solely upon the maintenance and the guarantees of slavery? Is it true, yes or no, that, in the ultimatum presented by Jefferson Davis in the name of the Southern States, he demanded, that the property of man by man, *property in slaves*, should be the same throughout the extent of the United States, as all other property, and declared inviolable?

Is it true, yes or no, that, in the new Constitution adopted by the Confederate States, after having effected their separation, there were three expressed and solemn clauses destined to sanction and perpetuate slavery? Is it true, yes or no, that, the insurrection has followed exactly the boundary of slavery; that its intensity has been exactly in proportion to the intensity of slavery itself; that, for example, in Virginia, in the principal and most celebrated of the Confederate States, where the landed property is based upon the *slave-breeding*, part have taken up arms, whilst the *free labor portion*, has taken no part in the war? Is it true, yes or no, that, since the beginning of the war, and after their first success, the language publicly and officially held by the orators and writers of the South has proclaimed, more than ever, the absolute necessity and the perpetual lawfulness of slavery? That a hundred clergymen of different sects, united in conference in the capital of the new confederation, at Richmond, declared that the abolition of slavery was usurpation, in opposition to the plans of God? That the *Richmond Enquirer* — "the Monitor" of the confederation, of May 28, 1863, publishes these words: "For the three terms of the Republican motto, liberty, equality, and fraternity, we intend expressly to substitute slavery, subordination, and government. There are races born to serve, as there are races created to

govern. Our confederation is a missionary sent of God to re-establish these truths amongst all nations"? That another Virginia Journal, the *South Side Democrat* expresses itself in these terms, which recall a language that we have too often heard upon this side of the Atlantic, since 1848." We detest everything which bears the epithet of *free*, even as it is understood to include free blacks; we detest free labor, free society, free thought, free government, free schools"? At length, is it true, yes or no, that the Vice-President of the new confederation, Stephens, in his address, March 21, 1861, at Savannah, stated as follows, the object and spirit of that confederation: "Our Constitution has regulated, forever, the peculiar institution, which has been the immediate cause of the rupture and of the revolution. It declares that African slavery as it exists with us, is the proper condition of the blacks in our civilization. Our government is founded upon this great moral and physical truth, that the black is not the equal of the white, and that slavery is his natural state. Our confederation is thus constituted upon a basis strictly conformed to the laws of nature and to the decrees of Providence. It is by conforming the government, and everything else, to the eternal wisdom of the laws of the Creator, that we best serve humanity. It is for that reason we have made of the stone that our first builders rejected the corner-stone of our new edifice"?

These horrible blasphemies were heard by God: registered in the book of his divine laws, they waited not long to receive a chastisement too well merited.

We will remark the identity, almost entire, of the official language of this second personage in the insurrection with that of the miserable assassin of Lincoln, whose crime I am far from wishing to impute to the confederates, but who, at least, adopted their standard, their principles, and their phraseology. In the letter of November, 1864, in which he announces the project of risking his life in making the attempt upon the person of the chief of abolitionists, he writes these words: "This country was formed for the white, not for the black man. And looking upon African slavery from the standpoint held by the noble framers

of our Constitution, I, for one, have ever considered it one of the greatest blessings (both for themselves and us) that God ever bestowed upon a favoured nation."

We see then that the trans-atlantic slaveholders have left to their partisans in Europe the care of disguising their cause in representing them as opposed to the maintenance of slavery. They have disdained this simplicity or hypocrisy. They have not concealed their opinions, and have spoken the truth with a cynical eloquence. They insist upon the contempt that all the people of the North manifest, under all circumstances for the free blacks who reside amongst them, and cite in support of this statement anecdotes more or less important. Let us admit them all as true. What will result from it? That with a portion of the population of the North the customs are not on a level with the laws, and that the North, also, has had something to expiate. Time alone can bring about desirable changes in this order, and time itself will produce with difficulty a complete fusion between two races so distinct. The strongest friend of the blacks would probably always say, as would the French friend of the blacks, "We wish them well as brothers, but not as brothers in law." In the mean time the laws of the North will guarantee to the blacks all the rights, all the civil and political liberty, which the whites enjoy; and it is in order to maintain these laws, or rather to modify them in the interest of the blacks, in order to wrest some poor fugitive slave from the grasp of their masters, that the North has run the risk of a terrible war which has brought them to the verge of ruin. Besides, if the blacks are so ill-treated, so unfortunate in the North, how is it that we have never heard of a single negro who wished to quit the North for the South, — whilst every day we witness the flight of the negroes of the South towards the North, and that in order to seize them and bring them back to the self-styled paradise of the blacks, it was necessary to make the odious laws against fugitives, which brought along with the civil war the providential ruin of the *peculiar institution*? Everything, it may be supposed, is included in two interrogations. If, in the

war which has just terminated, the South had been victorious, can we suppose that slavery would have been abolished by the conquerors? No: the boldest would not dare to maintain it. But it is the North which has conquered; and has not this conqueror decreed abolition and resolved to maintain it? Yes, it is sufficient to settle the question in the eyes of the candidly disposed.*

It must be admitted that, at the beginning of the war, abolition was not in the programme of the North. Immediate and absolute emancipation was resolved upon only after the progress of events, and especially the imprudent arrogance of the South, intoxicated by its first victories have disclosed to every one, that the maintenance of slavery was the source of the political and social evil, which the civil war had revealed in all its intensity.

Here we must admire the direct, mysterious, and unforeseen action of Providence. It has terminated the civil war by a result which was not thought of by any one in the beginning; it made an instrument of the guilty, to provoke and make necessary the chastisement which was due to them. Yes, it is here that we must adore the hand of God.

How can we misinterpret, in this wonderful concurrence of circumstances, in which everything reveals an ordering of human affairs superior to all the calculations and to all the intentions of men?

If the people of the South had used moderation, or common prudence, slavery would still be in existence and perhaps would have lasted so for ages. The North had never intended to impose immediate, nor even gradual, emancipation upon the South. Very far from it,—the North had made to the

South extreme and even culpable conditions in passing a law for the surrendering of fugitive slaves.* It even used all moderation and delicacy.

It is well known that the North did not, begin the war; it is known that it sustained it only in defence of its life. With the exception of Brown alone, the most ardent of the Abolitionists of the North had never employed or invoked other weapons than persuasion, preaching, the press, and pacific moral and intellectual diffusion of the truth. The people of the South, on the contrary, have always appealed to force, to violence, and to war. Even before the war, they always took the initiative of violence. We repeat it, it required only a slight degree of moderation to give an indefinite duration to their crime. They did not wish it. They have always carried everything to an extremity. When the compromise of Missouri, in 1820, had traced upon the soil of the great republic a line of demarcation between slavery and liberty, by guaranteeing to them, south of this line, the peaceful possession of this shameful property, that did not satisfy them. In 1850 they exacted and obtained the atrocious law which authorized the pursuit of fugitive slaves, even into the free States; still this is not sufficient. They gained moreover in 1859, by the famous Dred Scott lawsuit, a decree of the Supreme Court which recognized the right of every slave-holder to transport his slaves throughout the extent of the territory of the Republic.†

* In the Roman history, at Rome, of our lamented associate, M. Ampère, a book very reasonable to be read at this time of historic Cesarism, I find the prophetic language, namely: "We perceive the kind of moderation of Tiberius Gracchus; he carried caution almost to criminality. It is precisely what the United States of the North has done by protecting the slavery of the South,—by the fugitive slave law. The aristocrats showed themselves just as grateful as the Southern States. The aristocrats were cruelly punished for repulsing extreme concessions; as the Southern States, who have taken the same course, will not be less severely punished. Vol. iv. p. 284.

* It seems to me useless to insist upon the measures taken, since the commencement of the war, by President Lincoln and the Northern States in order to abolish legislation against the fugitive slaves, in order to establish gradually emancipation in the States and territories successively occupied by the armies of the North or newly organized. The interest of these details would disappear before these two decisive acts: by right, the unconditional simple, total, and irrevocable abolition of slavery in all the extent of the United States; in fact, the incorporation of one hundred and fifty thousand negroes, most of them old slaves, in the army of the republic.

† Dred Scott was a slave who brought by his master into the free state of Illinois, claimed his liberty in the name of the law of that State which prohibited slavery upon its territory. Declared free by the local court, he was, upon appeal, restored to his master with his wife and his children, by sentence of the Supreme Court rendered by Chief Justice Taney presiding,—a sentence which declares that

In gaining this famous cause, God be praised, they have lost slavery. Blinded by their selfish cupidity, they have cast themselves into the abyss; by means of exactions and outrages, they have ended by constraining their too mild, too complaisant, fellow-citizens to oppose, to crush them. They have openly prepared, boldly announced, and voluntarily declared, civil war, — of which they have been the victims. From 1856, the time of the contested election between Fremont and Buchanan, they announced publicly, that if the abolitionist Fremont was elected, the Union would not last an hour after his inauguration. During the four years of the Presidency of their candidate Buchanan, they substituted conspiracy for provocation. Masters of the government, having, for Secretary of War of the United States, the same Jefferson Davis who was afterwards the President of the insurgent Confederation, they were all prepared for securing a disloyal advantage in the future struggle, by intrusting the command of the fortresses and of the arsenals of the republic to slave-holding officers, — consequently, their first victories, which so singularly seduced and misled European opinion. November 6, 1860, the choice of electors to choose a new President of the republic announces that for the first time a *republican*, or in other terms, an abolitionist, would become chief of the executive power. One month after, December 20, 1860, before any act or word whatever, of the new power, South Carolina raised the standard of secession; twelve other states followed. During the four months which passed, before the installation of Lincoln, the Southern States formed a Convention, then a separate Confederation, armed the local militia, laid hands upon the public funds, upon federal property, organized, at their leisure, the revolt.

"In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen," said the admirable Lincoln to them in his first address, March 4, 1861, "and not in mine, is the momentous issue

Africans have no civil or legal right. It is to be remarked that Illinois, which was the theatre of this iniquity, is the same State from which Lincoln came, — the destroyer of slavery.

of civil war, — the government will not assail you.

"You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors.

"You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect, and defend it." * To this touching, to this generous appeal, the men of the South answered, by giving the signal for the impious war, in which, by a just judgment of God, they have found the ruin of their dishonorable cause.

The American legislature has not awaited the end of the war in order to decree the abolition of the crime. Upon the proposition of President Lincoln, and by the majority required in order to alter the Constitution of the United States, it has introduced into this Constitution an amendment, declaring that all voluntary or involuntary servitude shall cease to exist in the United States.

Lincoln and the Congress thus invoked a blessing of peace upon the flag of the Union; and God answers from heaven above to this appeal, to this return to the eternal laws. The war which dragged on for four years, in alternate misfortune and doubt, changes, suddenly, its character; a new inspiration, an invincible inspiration, inflames the generals and the soldiers of the North. The march of their armies becomes irresistible. The fortune of war, capricious till now, no longer ceases to smile upon this great, free people, which has decreed the irrevocable enfranchisement of four millions of slaves. The strategy of the Southern leaders, hitherto superior, becomes powerless. The circle of fire formed by the forces of the North grows narrower, and finally closes around the focus of the rebellion. This rebellion, lately so proud and so strong, reels to its fall. All is trouble and confusion. At length the day of justice dawns; ruin is at hand; Richmond is taken. The South is thunderstruck. God ratifies the decree of Congress by victory, a victory as complete as it was unforeseen, a victory irrevocable.

O Providence! generous, glorious, wise

* See the exact text of this long and admirable address in the work of M. Cochin, B. II. p. 487.

Providence! It is a negro regiment which enters the first, into the capital of the insurgents, into that Richmond so long impregnable. These despised blacks, emancipated by victory, marching at the head of the liberating army, they are saluted by the acclamations of their brothers, of the black slaves that they come to deliver and restore to their rights. Do they wish to avenge the wrongs of their race and their own? Do they wish, at the expense of the whites and the blacks, to avenge the crimes and the infamies inseparable from slavery, what their fathers and their brothers, their mothers and their sisters, have so long endured? No, no! for the completion of their happiness and honor, these slaves of yesterday enter the capital of the slaveholders, they take it, they become — they remain masters of it, and not a shadow of a reprisal tarnishes their victory! Call history to witness: the sun has never shone upon a grander, a more consoling spectacle.

III.

It is necessary, after all which precedes, to refute at length the pretension set up by the apologists of the South of seeing in their clients the representatives of federal rights; of the cause of small states, and even of that decentralization which begins to find favor in the bosom of European democracy. I declare, as for myself, that if this pretension was well founded, if as was said one day by Lord Russell, English minister of foreign affairs, with his proverbial imprudence, if it was true that the South combated for *independence*, and the North for *power*, the South would have no partisan more decided, more sympathizing than myself. I am convinced that the friends and the defenders of liberty should favor, throughout the world, the cause of the small states, so recently and so nobly defended by M. Thiers in the legislative assembly. The true greatness of a people is measured, not by the extent of territory, and the number of its population, but by its liberty and its morality. Now, history demonstrates, unfortunately, that, with the exception alone of England, the liberty of a people decreases and perishes in direct proportion to the increase of its territory and its population. The public

intelligence and morality follow too often the same proportion. I desire, and I hope that the United States will give, like England, a fresh denial to this cruel result of the teachings of the past, and will show that liberty can co-exist with material greatness. But, at the risk of causing those amongst the Americans with whom I sympathize most to shudder, I avow that I fear for them the perils of centralization, of unity, and of indivisibility, which are the natural foundations of despotism, monarchical or military. In reserving all question of right, and without approving any rebellion, I should see then, not only without fear and without grief, but with confidence and satisfaction, the division of the immense extent of the whole present republic into several states, of unequal extent, equally free, equally republican, and equally Christian.

American liberty, thus divided into several centres of life, thought, and action, would have many other guaranties of endurance, and would thereby exert better upon the rest of the world an influence as fruitful and salutary as that of the immortal tribes of ancient Greece, or of the Christian and municipal republics of the Middle Ages.

But there is something which speaks louder in every human heart than the experiences of the historian, than the threats or the preferences of the statesman: it is justice, it is humanity. Is it to defend justice and humanity that the Southern States have broken the federal bond which incorporated them with the great American Republic? Certainly not: it was only to trample on both. Having no general right, no natural right, had they in the least degree a right, or even a legal pretext, to revolt? The primitive constitution of the insurgent colonies, of November, 1777, guaranteed the absolute sovereignty of each new State, and limited itself to the establishing a federation of independent republics. But the Constitution in force — that made in 1789 by Washington, and by the men who dared to restrain liberty because they were sure that they did not wish to destroy it, — * has substituted for this collection of sover-

* Tocquerille.

eignties, absolutely independent, one people, sole and entire, not centralized and uniform as ours, but composed of different States, internally as externally restrained by strict obedience to certain obligations, imposed by the fundamental compact. It was never admitted or foreseen by any one, that this compact could be broken at the will of one alone of the contracting parties. No people, no state, no community, could subsist if each of its members should separate voluntarily and without provocation from the social body. In admitting in all its perilous extent the modern right, such as has been proclaimed on both sides in the recent debate upon the Roman question by M. Thiers and M. Rouher, that is to say, — the right to be well governed; and if one is not so, the right, to change his government, — still it must be proved, that one has been badly governed, and so oppressed as to render the rupture of the social tie more necessary and more legitimate than its preservation. Without doubt the separation may be as legitimate as the insurrection but in certain cases extreme and rare. Is it a similar case presented by the Southern States? The evidence, the universal conscience answers, No, a thousand times no! It is impossible for them, or for their apologists, to produce any proof whatever, a single one, of the least attempt to deprive them of their independence. Where are their wrongs, their sorrows, their sufferings? We can defy them to cite a violated right, deprivation of property, liberty restrained, or in the least diminished. Yes, what is it? Is it religion? No! The press? No! Society? No! Elections? No! Education? No! Not even the property of man by man, till by three years of revolt and civil war, they have, in some manner, constrained the legitimate and sovereign authorities of the Republic to decree abolition. Nothing, absolutely nothing, in the history of the relations of the North with the South resembles, in the slightest degree, those violent and oppressive measures against the liberty of faith, of prayer, of education, which constrained the seven Catholic Swiss cantons to form twenty years since, the *Sonderbund* so unjustly, so basely, so miserably crushed in 1847. Nothing, absolutely nothing, has furnished them the shadow of a pretext to break the federal bond, and to refuse

to obey in certain extreme cases, but even to acknowledge them as legally constituted powers.

We have had occasion, a thousand times, for saying that we must be cautious not to compare the States which compose the Union with our present or even with our ancient provinces. Each of these States has, and ought to have, an executive power and two elective chambers, a magistracy, tribunals, its own laws, a police, administration of its own finances; finally, a constitution voted for and sanctioned by the people of each State. This it is that constitutes the true foundation of American liberty. Now, have all these fundamental principles been respected by all the Southern States up to the time the war broke out? It is impossible absolutely to deny it. The Northern States have never attempted, nor endeavoured to attempt, the least encroachment upon the legislative independence of the Southern States, *even in regard to slavery*, till war had been declared in the South.

But outside of this local, and as we may say personal, sovereignty of each State, there is, according to the Constitution of the United States a general sovereignty, personified in the President, the Senate, and the House of representatives which have their seat at Washington. The people of the North, have they exercised this general sovereignty to the detriment of the interests of the South? No, and for a reason very plain; because, till 1861 the President of the United States, and the majority of the two chambers, have always belonged to the South. When in 1861, the majority passed over to the North, did the North use or abuse it against the South? Again, no; and, had it wished it, it would not have been able to do so, since the South prevented, it before the North could seize the power, by beginning the war.

Let us resume once more, in a few words, the true state of this question so singularly misunderstood or unknown. The men of the South, wishing at *any price*, not only to maintain, but to propagate slavery, have succeeded, with the co-operation of their friends, the Democrats of the North, in securing, for more than thirty years, the major-

ity in the federal legislature, and the choice of the quadrennial President of the Republic. The day in which, *for the first time*, by means the most legal and most regular, by a movement of public opinion purely moral, the majority elected of the representatives of the people and the presidential electors escaped from them, on that day they broke the federal compact, and raised the standard of revolt. They revolted because they knew that they were no longer masters; and they are no longer regarded as masters, because they foresaw that perhaps the authorities created by the new electors would modify, not the property in slaves in the slave States, but the laws which authorize the pursuit of slaves in the *free States*. So long as they had, with the complicity of the Democrats of the North, the majority in Congress, and the Presidents, upon their side, they found that the Union was invulnerable. When the tide of opinion has turned against them; when they understood that the North could no longer consent to remain the accomplice and the instrument of slavery; when, for the first time, they saw the legal majority pass over to the side of the republicans or of the abolitionists, — then, but not till then, they declared the Union impossible, and they took up arms to destroy it. It is precisely as if the French socialists had drawn the sword in 1848, after the election of Prince Louis Bonaparte to the Presidency, or in 1849, after the elections of the legislative assembly. It is also precisely what those wished to do who were in the Conservatoire of the arts and trades, June 15th, 1849. We know what France and the world have thought of that enterprise, of which the authors were the first victims, and had the sympathy of no one. Let us dismiss, then, the argument drawn from the pretended zeal of the South, against the despotism of centralization.

Let us send it, then, to join that argument which pretends to make slavery a question foreign to the origin of the war. Let them both be engulfed in that limbo where sleep, buried forever, useless falsehoods and exploded sophisms.

IV.

The most irritating circumstance connected with these sophisms is, especially,

to see them repeated and propagated by the English, with a bitterness that the victory of the North must certainly allay, but which has done injury to their good sense as well as their conscience and their national honor. No where, it is well known, has the cause of the North excited a deeper, more universal, more sustained enmity. We ask ourselves by what malice of deposed sovereigns, by what prejudice of caste, or by what family enmity they have so far forgotten their own antecedents, their traditions the most inveterate, good or bad. With what face can those who struggled with all their might against the colonial insurrection which transformed their provinces into sovereign States; those who repressed, with an inexcusable cruelty, the insurrections of Ireland in 1798, and with an excessive though legitimate severity, the revolt of the Sepoys in 1858; with what face can they reproach their American cousins, for the energy of the means employed against the insurgents of the South, and even the principles of the war, sustained by the constituted powers of the Republic against the aggression of the confederates? But especially those, the abolitionists par excellence; those whose susceptibility upon the question of the slave-trade has given birth to the right of search and so many other complications with us and all other maritime nations; those who have given, with a disinterestedness unheard of, the first signal for the emancipation of the black race, at the expense of their own Antilles, how dare they to disown their own glory, by suspecting, by denouncing, by decrying the motives which have guided the American abolitionists? Why did they not perceive that they exposed themselves to giving an excuse to the numerous detractors who have accused them of having undertaken the work of emancipation only for gain, and to have renounced it as soon as the calculation failed? It is one of those sad mysteries that the history of the greatest nations sometimes presents, and before which posterity, as its contemporaries, stands amazed. Let us hope, that, in this respect, it is only a momentary aberration of mind; and let us recall to them that beautiful page of their own history, so well written by one of those

Americans whom they calumniate. "Other nations," said Channing "have won imperishable honors by heroic struggles for their own rights." But there was wanting the example of a nation espousing, with disinterestedness, and amidst great obstacles, the rights of others; the rights of those who had no claim but that of a common humanity; the rights of the most fallen of the race. Great Britain, loaded with an unprecedented debt and with a grinding taxation, contracted a new debt of a hundred million dollars, to give freedom, not to Englishmen, but to the degraded African. This was not an act of policy, not a work of statesmen. Parliament but registered the edict of the people.

The English nation, with one heart and one voice, under a strong Christian impulse, and without distinction of rank, sex, party, or religious names, decreed freedom to the slave. I know not that history records a national act so disinterested, so sublime. In the progress of ages, England's naval triumphs will shrink into a more and more narrow space in the records of our race. This moral triumph will fill a broader, brighter page.*

Yet if the cause of the North and the emancipation of America, has met with adversaries, only amongst the controlling classes of England, in the country of Burke and of Wilberforce, we must admit that it has always been openly and energetically sustained by some of its orators, and by the most prominent of its political men, and in the first rank by Messrs. Cobden and Bright.† We ought especially to acknowledge that the working population of Lancashire, and other great centres of industry, have manifested lively and persevering sympathy for American abolitionists.

Now these populations are precisely those which had the most to suffer from the effects of the war, which, whilst it lasted in the

United States, has interrupted the raising of cotton.

Nothing could be more admirable than the attitude of the English operatives during the whole of this crisis, so fatal to the prosperity of the English manufactories, and which has not yet ceased. The labor of the blacks in the United States gave to them bread, by producing the raw material for the business which enabled them to live. They have never thought, never maintained, as certain publicists and certain preachers have, that the negroes were destined by Providence to be always slaves, in order to be the purveyors of European industry. Until the equilibrium had been re-established by the introduction of the culture of cotton in Egypt, by which she has enfranchised and enriched the Fellahs, and in Southern Italy, where it has served, in a manner so strangely unforeseen, the interests of Italian unity; the crisis produced by the interruption of commerce between the Southern States and European ports has been the most cruel, perhaps, of any that has afflicted European industry. The English workmen have supported this crisis, which still continues, with the most magnanimous patience. They have suffered the last extremity of hunger, without the occurrence of any insurrection or outbreak, to realize the prophecies of those who had speculated upon their distress in order to obtain from England the recognition of the Southern States, and the consolidation of slavery. They have suffered without a murmur, without the necessity of any demonstration of military force in order to restrain or intimidate them, without any of the public immunities being suspended, without the freedom of the press or of associations having suffered the least restraint,—these millions of beings, starving and suffering, have preserved heroic calmness and resignation. Forced inaction, distress, and hunger had every where taken the place, in this vast hive of English spinning-mills, of labor, ease, the progress of economy, and of domestic prosperity. The profusion of public and industrial assistance lavished by the disinterested sympathy of their neighbors and fellow countrymen *

* Letter to Mr. Clay upon the annexation of Texas, Aug. 1st. 1837, cited by Mr. Cochin. B. 11. 49.

† We notice also the writings of an eloquent Professor of Oxford, Mr. Goldwin Smith, in favor of the North, and especially the protest of Mr. Henry Wilberforce, who, as a true Christian and a worthy son of his glorious father, has remained faithful to the good cause.— See "The Weekly Catholic Register," May 13th, 1865.

* A subscription list, opened in December 1862, headed by the names of Lord Derby for 125,000 francs and by Lord Edward Howard for 75,000.

upon those innocent victims of the American war, seemed only a drop of water in the ocean of this distress. And yet, not only no disturbance, no public agitation, broke out; but, in the numerous *meetings* and the different publications which have alluded to this cruel and so prolonged crisis, no symptom of irritation was manifested against the higher classes, against the government of the country. Enlightened by a good sense which shows the incontestible progress obtained by the diffusion of primary instruction since the bloody riots of 1819, the operatives of the English districts which constitute the largest industrial centre of the world, have readily understood that they had not to impute the calamity of which they were victims, either to the queen, or to the aristocracy, or to the ministry, or to the Parliament, or to any one whatever in England; but truly to a great historic crisis, of which the consequences would be favorable to Christianity and to humanity. They have remained not only docile to the counsels of reason and of patriotism in their attitude, as respects the authorities and other classes of their country, but immovably faithful in their manifestations, and in their petitions to Parliament, in their sympathies for the Northern States, which represented, in their eyes, the cause of justice and of liberty. They have thus given the best proof of their aptitude to public life as well as to the political rights which they cannot fail to obtain, and which we ought to wish for them, whilst we wish also that the regular and peaceful admission of the masses to the electoral suffrage may operate, with the necessary guaranties, to prevent intelligence and liberty from being crushed by the abusive preponderance of numbers.

V.

Let us resume and conclude. We consider that the victory of the North is an event as happy as it is glorious, and we hope we have proved it. But, if we have not succeeded, not one of our readers will deny that this has been the most important event of the present age, and one whose consequences are the most vital to the whole world.

The American federation is henceforth restored to the first rank amongst the great powers of the world. In the future, all eyes will be turned towards her; all hearts will be agitated by the destiny which is reserved for her; all minds will be illuminated by the light of her future; for this future will be more or less ours, and her destiny will, perhaps, decide ours.

Every thing which has occurred in America, from all which is to follow in the future, grave teachings will result for us, lessons of which it is indispensable to keep an account; for, in spite of ourselves, we belong to a society irrevocably democratic, and democratic societies resemble one another still more than monarchical or aristocratic societies. It is true that there are still great differences between all epochs: it is true especially, thank God, that the people as individuals preserve, under all regimes their free will, and remain responsible for their destiny.

To know how to make use of this freedom of opinion, in the midst of an impetuous current, and in appearance irresistible tendencies of the times, — this is the great problem. In order to resolve it, it is especially necessary to take account of these tendencies, either to combat them, to follow them or to direct them, according to the laws of conscience. The question then is, in the study of contemporaneous events, not of preferences, but of teachings. We are not at liberty to choose, here below, between the things which please or displease, but between the things which are. I am not here reasoning with those who have not yet ceased to mourn for the political past of the ancient world, those who dream still of a theocratic, monarchical, or aristocratic reconstruction of modern society. I understand all the regrets; I share more than one of them; I honor many of them, amongst those that I do not share; I have as much as any one the religion, perhaps even the superstition, of the past; but reserving to myself the faculty of distinguishing the past from the future, as death from life, I shall never triumph over the ruin of any thing except of falsehood and of evil, which I have not yet had an opportunity to behold. After that avowal, I mean to offend no one, only

to express what is commonplace, almost trivial, because so evident, in proving that the modern world has fallen to the share of democracy, and that it has to choose only between two forms of democracy, and two forms which differ as much as night and day — between the disciplined democracy, authoritative, more or less incarnate, in one all powerful; and liberal democracy, in which all powers are balanced and controlled by unlimited public opinion and individual liberty. In other words, between Cæsarean democracy and American democracy. We do not wish for either: we would prefer something else. Let us be understood.

THE FASTIDIOUS ARE UNHAPPY.

But that is no reason why they should become blind and powerless. Still then, a choice must be made; and we can choose only between these two conditions. All the rest is only the utopian fancies or archæological regrets, infinitely respectable perhaps but perfectly barren. It is well known, my choice is made, and in the same manner as those to whom I would speak.

It is to those, then, that I show, with happiness and pride, the struggle which America has just passed through, and the victory which she has achieved (if this victory remains pure), as a pledge of confidence, and of hope. The civil war could make of the American democracy a Cæsarean and military democracy. Now, it is the contrary which has occurred. It is still a liberal and Christian democracy. It is the first great fact, which, in the annals of modern democracy, without reservation, strengthens and consoles, the first which is worthy to inspire confidence in its future, limited confidence, humble and modest, as all human confidence should be, but an intrepid and severe self-reliance, as that of free hearts and honest consciences ought to be. America has just shown, for the first time since the beginning of the world, that liberty can co-exist in a democracy with war, and moreover with an extent of country almost unequalled. This simultaneous existence is always full of perils and shoals; but now it is possible, it is real: it passes, for the time being, from the region of problems into that of facts. The

American democracy has beliefs and morals, Christian beliefs, and manly and pure morals: it is, in that respect, very superior to most of the European communities. It professes and practises respect for religious faith, and respect for woman, but, above all, practises and guards liberty to a degree that no nation, except England, has been able to attain, — liberty without restriction and without inconsistency; all liberty, that is to say, domestic liberty, no less than political liberty; civil liberty by the side of religious liberty; to devise property; with the liberty of the press, the liberty of association and of education, with the liberty of speech. Notwithstanding the rudeness of its manners, and a want of moral sense which manifests itself since the death of Washington, it despises or ignores odious and foolish trammels, the hateful and jealous restrictions which our French democrats associate with their strange liberalism.*

Besides it comes nearer than any other contemporary society, to the end that all human society ought to propose to itself; it offers and secures to all the members of a community an active participation in the fruits and advantages of social union. The new President, Johnson, has frankly set forth, in his first address, the fundamental doctrine of a free and Christian country: "I

* I cannot deny myself the pleasure of recalling here the beautiful passage, so appropriate, in which my younger associate and friend, M. Prevost, Paradol has so well characterised the radical infirmity of the French democracy: —

Giboyer declares himself a democrat, and to such a democracy that he wishes to subject all the world. Be it so! and yet what democracy? It is that which can accept every yoke, except the light yoke of the Lord? Resisting God, and yielding to every thing else? This democracy, what does it wish and what does it intend? Shall we live under its standard as free citizens or as enslaved subjects? Does it realize that it is not for its interest, or conformable to justice, to be at eternal war with religion, and to envenom, by constant outrages, a misunderstanding already so fatal. In order that religion should be free, in a free state, it is necessary to obtain its voluntary consent; and to impose upon religion even freedom without its assent has not been possible for any one; that religion teaches, after all, better than human wisdom has even done, how to sacrifice itself, to resign itself, to wait and not to envy the prosperity of a neighbor; to turn from it by a higher hope. And it is the virtues which democracies truly could not dispense with; since man whom, brutal force would bind less closely, should, if possible, be restrained by his own heart.

believe that government was made for man, and not man for the government." In other terms, society is made for man, and not man for society or for the State. It has thus established the sovereign distinction which separates liberty from absolute power, Christian right from pagan right, Roman right from the slaveholder's right. Certainly neither misery nor immorality are unknown in the great Republic. The poison of slavery, with which it has too long been infected; the scum which European emigration brings to it, by which it recruits itself; the dangers and infirmities incident to all democracy, aggravated by the savage rudeness of certain social customs,—all this shakes and threatens it, but does not prevent it from giving to public order and to property a security, if not complete and perfect, at least sufficient, and of which the superficial vacillations are a thousand times preferable to the enervation and corrupting peace of despotism. Certainly we shall never see in the United States, nor in the countries which follow in the same path, the luxurious and effeminate life of the ancient people of the East, or of Southern Europe in the 18th century. There will be troubles, disturbances, burdens, dangers, for all and each. This action, and this censure on all the world, which constitutes the true life and the only useful discipline of a free people, carries with it many cares and sometimes a thousand perils. "The gods" says Montaigne by the mouth of Sylla, "the gods, who have given to most men a base ambition, have attached to liberty almost as many misfortunes as to servitude. But, whatever the price of this noble liberty, we must pay it to the gods."

America teaches us how we can be cured of this *base ambition*, without renouncing any of the principles, any of the conquests, of Christian civilization. What wounds and disquiets us the most,—we Europeans who study America with the desire of reading there the secret of our future,—is the system, or rather the popular instinct, which drives from power, and often from public life, the most eminent for talent, for character, and for services rendered. It is assuredly a very great evil that this legal and gradual ostracism of the United States has become almost a cus-

tom. But I am told that this result is not absolutely unknown in certain countries which have nothing in common with American liberty, and where these victims of ostracism have not even the resource of periodical and constitutional changes, still less the defensive and offensive weapons which guarantee to each citizen of the United States the unlimited liberty of all. Even under ancient royalty has not Saint Simon pointed out to us the delights of self-sacrifice and the special graces of obscurity and of abnegation in the eyes of the master? And, after all, is it necessary to despair of the world because of this phenomenon of the abasement or even the exclusion of the opulent, or the higher classes, as seen everywhere except in England sometimes, as formerly, by their own fault; and then again, in our time especially, without any grave reproaches to be brought against them. That is sad, that is painful, that is unjust; but it is too general not to be a historic law, and the results of this new law are not always or everywhere divested of grandeur. America astonishes the world by placing at the head of a nation of thirty million of men, those who come from the lowest ranks of society, by trusting to these obscure and inexperienced men, armies of a million of soldiers who at the termination of the war return to their homes, without any one being apprehensive of danger to liberty, or taking any preventive against it. A man who has been at first a wood-cutter, then a rail-splitter, then a boatman, then a lawyer, becomes President of the United States, and directs in this capacity a war more formidable, and above all more legitimate, than all the wars of Napoleon. A horrible crime deprived him of life, and immediately, one formerly a tailor's apprentice takes his place, without a shadow of disorder, or a protestation, disturbing the national mourning. That is strange and new; but what is there in it unfortunate or alarming? For my part I see in it a historic and social transformation, as remarkable and less stormy than that which substituted throughout the West the Clovis and Alarics, for the vile prefects of the Roman Empire.

These workmen, now chiefs of a great people are a hundred times less repugnant

to me than the Cæsars with their freedmen and their favourites; I see with tender admiration these laborers metamorphosed into potentates: not at all intoxicated with their elevation. They remained calm, mild, and sensible. Nothing in them which resembles the popular tyrants of former times, nor those pretenders, sent by Providence, who begun by the violation of laws, like Cæsar, and ended with madness, like Alexander and Napoleon.*

What repose and what relief to feel one's self in presence of honest people, simple and truthful, whose power, sustained and controlled, although immense, — does not turn the head, or pervert the heart. Where shall we find true greatness if it is not in these plebeian souls, who, disciplined by responsibility and purified by adversity, appear to grow greater with their situation, and to raise politics even to the heights of moral life.

However gloomy and sad may be her future, and should she perish to-morrow, buried in her triumphs, America will have no less bequeathed to the friends of liberty, immortal hope. Numerous and severe as our own mistakes have been, and however legitimate our apprehensions may have been, she has given us something to believe in and to hope for, for ages to come, in the ideal which in the last century drew our fathers to her standard, — an ideal from which they have made the only true programme of 1789, and which can alone form a tie between the sons of the conquerors, and the sons of the victims of the French Revolution. For this reason I have not feared to say, that, at the present time, the American people, coming out victorious and pure from so formidable an ordeal, should take rank amongst the first nations in the earth, which is far from saying that it is irreproachable. It has not been so in the past: nothing assures us that it will be so in the future. With all the virtues and all the great qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race, we find mingled only too much extravagance and gross defects, cynical and cruel selfishness and brutal instincts. The

very moment has arrived when these vices and these faults will menace it more than ever. The blindness of gratified pride, the confidence arising from triumph, expose it to those vices of power, those crimes arising from the abuse of victory, of which democracies are as susceptible as dictatorships. It has still much to expiate, for, during the interval which has separated the war of the revolution from the civil war, the foreign policy of the United States has too strongly resembled the foreign policy of the Romans or of the English; it has been selfish iniquitous, violent, even brutal, and characterized by unscrupulousness. Mexico on one side, on the other native and independent races have been familiar with all the cruel consequences of the preponderance of a race eager for gain and born for conquest. She has now arrived at the decisive hour of her interior life; it must be seen whether the American people, as the Roman people in the time of Publicola and Cincinnatus possess the spirit of conciliation, which causes republics to endure; or if, like the contemporaries of the Gracchi, they wish to open the door which leads to proscriptions and to dictatorship. There is every reason to hope, that, in the first rejoicings over victory, the republican majority will show itself as generous as it has been resolute, according to the beautiful words of Lincoln, in his negotiations with the South, January last, 1864: "May it please God that they may not have recourse after the triumph to the reprisals from which they have been able to abstain during the fury of combat, and which would render inexcusable the prompt submission and the complete dispersion of the conquered armies." The spirit of revenge would infuse into the veins of the great nation a poison more mortal and more difficult to extirpate than that of abolished slavery. Posthumous suppressions, confiscations, proscriptions — after the Russian mode, against the conquered and the prisoners, encroachments upon local liberties or the sovereign independence of the States, would excite universal indignation, and turn aside the sympathies of all the liberals of Europe against the transatlantic emulators of Monrovië. To substitute centralization for liberty, under pretext of guaranteeing the latter,

* Let us recall, how M. Thiers, our *illustrious* and *national* historian, has shown, at the close of his great work, the madness which the exercise of unrestrained power had substituted in the mind of Napoleon for the wisdom of his early years.

would be to condemn America for being a miserable and servile imitator of Europe, instead of being our guide and precursor in the good way. As for the rest, notwithstanding the violence of language, in spite of alarming symptoms, we hope there will be nothing of the kind. Americans will remember, as their defender Burke has said, that greatness of soul is the wisest policy, and that little souls never attain to a great empire. Reconciliation can and ought to be brought about without humiliation, and consequently without difficulty and without delay, between parties that are not separated by antipathies national or religious, arising from language or belief. The occupations and the benefits of peace, the immense industrial movement, commercial and agricultural, that the war could not check,* will seal anew the Union between the North and the South. But will not the reconciled belligerents still display animosity, hereafter useless? The military spirit so rapidly and so wonderfully developed, can it be reduced and restrained within necessary limits? From these disbanded armies, will there not arise troops of adventurers and fillibusters, the terror and scourge of neighbors? Alarming questions of which we ardently desire the pacific solution. For our ardent wishes for the glory and the prosperity of the United States harmonize with those that every friend of well-being ought to form for the consolidation of the new Anglo-American confederation, in which our brothers of Canada, brothers by race and by religion, can play a part so useful and so important.

But our solicitude and apprehensions are concentrated much more upon the internal state of the great republic than upon its foreign relations; much more upon the dangers connected with all the elements which constitute it than upon the immediate consequences of the struggle which has just terminated. May she never forget, that the origin of her noble institutions, of her incomparable liberty, of her invincible energy, goes back to the traditional liberties

and to the Christian civilization under whose shadow the insurgent colonies of 1775,* have grown great! May she learn the difficult secret of preserving her individual, as her public authority, from that subjection to the omnipotence of majorities which so soon naturally leads the heart to submit to the absolute power of one man. Let us desire for her that susceptibility of the conscience, that delicacy, that chastity of honor,† which are almost always wanting in democratic communities, even when they know how to maintain freedom. Let us wish, that she may escape, or rather resist, one of their, greatest perils, contempt for ideas, for study, for intellectual enjoyment, which the torpor or the sleep of the soul engenders in the noisy, and yet, "monotonous, agitation of local and personal politics. Let us wish that she may renounce, sooner or later, that love of mediocrity, that hatred of inherent and legitimate superiority, the natural consequence of the love of equality, which transports to the centre of democratic assemblies, the spirit of courts and antechambers, and too often reproduces there, the most degraded characters of despotism, perfected and popularized by modern civilization. Let us wish for her that universal suffrage be more invested with all the elective functions, not condemning the enlightened and superior classes to that discouragement, to that political apathy, which ends in excluding them in fact if not by right, from public life.‡

But especially that nothing ever may lead the Americans to weaken the federative principle which has hitherto constituted their greatness and their liberty, by preserving them from all the rocks upon which Europe has hitherto been wrecked. To limit the central government to functions strictly necessary by scrupulously respecting

* This, M. Edouard Laboulaye, the faithful champion of liberty, has clearly demonstrated in the first volume of his beautiful history of the United States.

† "That chastity of honor, which feels a stain like a wound," — an expression of Burke in his celebrated portrait of Marie Antoinette.

‡ The last discourse of M. Lowe, upon the electoral reform, in the House of Commons, May 8, 1895, containing excellent information upon the probable absorption of all intellectual or independent elements by uniformity, and still more by the universality, of the suffrage of the working classes.

* The products of all kinds gathered in the Northern States in 1863 were valued at 955 million of dollars; and those of the year 1864, the most critical of the war, 1,504 million of dollars, — the dollar worth 5 francs 80 cents.

the local liberties of the different States, that is the first duty and especially the first interest of American statesmen. In truth, immediately after an unjustifiable rebellion and a terrible war undertaken in the name of an abusive and immoral interpretation of the federal principle, of federal rights, the temptation to lessen and to limit this principle, to rush full sail towards a centralized unity, would be thought by many to be a grand achievement; but it is only by resisting this temptation and by preserving an unyielding fidelity to the national, liberal, and federal tradition of the country, that America will remain worthy of her glory and her destiny.* Our chief encouragement against the dangers which menace the republic, or by which she could threaten the world, is the character of the American people. The nation which has passed through such fearful experiences, without giving itself a master, without even think-

ing of it, has evidently received from heaven a moral constitution, a political temperament, very different from that of those turbulent and servile races who were not able to protect themselves against their own errors save by precipitating themselves from revolution into servitude, and who have no refuge and no relief against the disgrace and the weariness of their domestic servitude, except by bold adventures from without. The best pledge given of this national temperament is the truly unique character that this nation, in the full possession of free will and of its natural sympathies, has given twice consecutively for a chief.

Everything has been said upon Abraham Lincoln. He has offered us, in the midst of the nineteenth century a new example, which is neither a copy nor a counterfeit of the calm and honest mind of Washington. His glory will not be eclipsed in history, even by that of Washington. He honors humanity no less than the country whose destiny he directed, and for whose return to peace he prepared with such intelligent moderation. His eulogium is everywhere, and we yield only to an imperial appeal to conscience in associating ourselves with it. But it concerns us, especially, obscure advocates of liberty, of which he has been the glorious and victorious champion, to engrave in our souls and to impress on our own lives this pure and noble memory, in order to encourage us, to console us, and to engage us more and more in the laborious field of action upon which we have voluntarily entered. It is important for us to verify what the study of this career, so short, but so resplendent, placed in clear light, namely: this union of integrity and kindness, of sagacity and simplicity, of modesty and courage, which make him a type so interesting and so rare, a type that no prince, no public man of our age, has equalled or surpassed. This wood-cutter becomes an advocate; then, placed at the head of one of the greatest nations of the world, has displayed all the virtues of the honest man, with all the qualities of the statesman. His head has not been turned any more than his language; since his accession to the highest position, no one has been able to cite a single word of his,

* The following passage from a speech addressed by the new President of the United States, Mr. Johnson, to the Governor of Indiana indicates it, although no such intention seems to have come to light.

"Upon the idea of destroying States, my position has been heretofore well known; and I see no cause to change it now. Some are satisfied with the idea that States are to be lost in territorial and other divisions, are to lose their character as States; but their life-breath has been only suspended, and it is a high constitutional obligation we have to secure each of these States in the possession and enjoyment of a republican form of government. A State may be in the government with a peculiar institution, and by the operation of rebellion lose that feature; but it was a State when it went into rebellion, and when it comes out without the institution it is still a State.

I hold it as a solemn obligation in any one of these States where the rebel armies have been beaten back or expelled — I care not how small the number of Union men, if enough to man the ship of State, — I hold it, I say, a high duty to protect and secure to them a republican form of government. Now, permit me to remark, that while I have opposed dissolution and disintegration on the one hand, on the other I am equally opposed to consolidation or the centralization of power in the hands of a few."

It appears, from what precedes, that President Johnson conceives the ulterior government of the Southern States as the Athenians and Spartans conceived that of the cities conquered by them in the Peloponnesian war. They installed in the government citizens of the party who were favorable to them. It is perhaps difficult that it should be otherwise, immediately after the federal victory. But it is desirable that this situation should not be unnecessarily prolonged, for that would be oppression and not liberty.

of menace or bravado, a single vindictive or extravagant expression. No hereditary or elective sovereign has spoken language more dignified or more just; no one has shown more calmness and good nature, more perseverance and magnanimity.

"Let us unite" he wrote the 20th of last February to the Governor of Missouri, in order to point out the way to pacify this State, recently submissive and yet cruelly agitated, "let us meet together to look only at the future, without any care for what we have to do, to say, or to think upon the actual war or any matter whatever. Let us agree one with another not to harass any one, and to make common cause against any one who shall persist in troubling his neighbor. Then the old friendship will spring up again in our hearts, then honor and Christian charity will come to aid us."

Honor and Christian charity! Is it not that, everywhere, most wanting in the acts, and most wanting in the words, of politics? What is there more touching than to see this rail-splitter, this laborer of Illinois, recalling the inspirations and the vital conditions, at first to his own people, and thanks to the prestige which has crowned his death, to the whole world which gathers attentively his least word, in order to increase the treasure, — too small, — of the moral lessons which the shepherds of the people bequeath to posterity?

Let us gather in our turn, and seek especially, in those words, that which bears the character of that Christian faith with which he was penetrated, and which all the public men of America profess, so simply and so naturally. With orators and generals, writers and diplomats, — and let us soon add, Northerners and Southerners without distinction, — the thought of God is always present; the need of calling him to witness, and the duty of rendering to him public homage inspires them always. Nothing more clearly demonstrates, in contrast with our European revolutionists, that the most earnest development of ideas, of institutions, and of unbounded modern liberty, has nothing, absolutely nothing, incompatible with the public profession of Christianity, with the solemn proclamations of evangelical truth.

Listen to his farewell to his neighbors and

friends on leaving his plain, small dwelling at Springfield, to become for the first time President of the United States.

"No one, not in my position, can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here have I lived more than a quarter of a century; here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me, which is, perhaps, greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him, and on the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support, and I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which, success is certain." Listen to him, in the Inaugural Address on becoming President, March 4 1861: "Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust, in the best way, all our present difficulties."

After four years had passed, and four years of a cruel war that he had done everything to avoid, elected for a second time, hear him pronounce March 4, 1865, the wonderful words that we are never weary of repeating: —

"Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible and prayed to the same God, and each invoked his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any man should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of another man, — a slave; but let us judge not that we be not judged: the prayer of both could not be answered; that of neither has been answered fully, for the Almighty has his own purposes. 'Woe unto the world because of offences, for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh. If we shall suppose that American slavery

is one of these offences, which in the providence of God must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offence cometh, shall we discern therein any departure from those Divine attributes, which believers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge may soon pass away; yet if God wills that it continue till all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years' unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so, still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

"With malice toward none, with charity toward all, with firmness in the right,—as God gives us to see the right,—let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations." *

* We shall be pardoned for quoting a letter of M. Dupanloup, inspired by this discourse; first, because it shows that we have the honor of agreeing with this great Bishop, upon the American question; then, because, except the Gazette of France, the journals which reproduce the most willingly the acts and the documents of the Episcopate, have not published it.

"TO M. AUGUSTIN COCHIN:

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—You have transmitted to me from Mr. Bigelow, Charge d'Affaires of the United States of America, a copy of the address delivered by President Lincoln at his inauguration, as re-elected President, 4th March last.

"I have read this document with the deepest religious emotion, with the most sympathetic admiration. Whatever may be the vicissitudes and the political complications of this great American question, I, a Catholic Bishop,—I ought to desire,—I desire, with all the strength of my heart, the end of a lamentable civil war, and peace, an acceptable peace, to all; for this war has caused much destruction and mourning. At the same time, it has its great side, and, whatever may be the definite result, it will at least have shown the astonishing energy of a great people; it will have struck with death the odious institution of slavery, that you have so strongly and so eloquently combated,—I like to recall it to your honor; it has brought back, my dear friend, men en-

Let us listen to the last public words which he uttered, three days before his death, in a speech upon Louisiana, April 11:—

"We meet this evening, not in sorrow, but in gladness of heart. The evacuation of Petersburg, of Richmond, and the surrender of the principal insurgent army, give hopes of a righteous and a speedy peace, whose joyous expression cannot be restrained. In the midst of this, however, He from whom all blessings flow must not be forgotten. A call for a national thanksgiving is being prepared, and will be duly promulgated. Nor must those whose harder part gives us cause of rejoicing be overlooked. Their homes must not be parcelled out with others. I myself was near the front, and had the pleasure of transmitting much of the good news to you. But no part of the honor for plan or execution is mine. To General Grant, his skilful officers and brave men, all belongs."

We always see in this great, honest man, the same humility, the same simplicity, the same charity. I do not believe that since Saint Louis, any one amongst the princes and the nobles has spoken a better language. Let us listen now to his Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton, announcing to the people the news of the victory:—

"Friends and fellow-citizens: In this great hour of triumph, my heart as well as yours

gaged in the wild speculation of trade, to the feet of God; it will have raised above the cupidity of gain the great thought of expiation.

"Mr. Lincoln expresses with a solemn and touching earnestness the sentiments which, I am sure, will penetrate the finest souls of the North as well as of the South. What a beautiful day, when there will be there a union of souls in the true and perfect light of the gospel! But what a beautiful day already, when the chief, twice elected by a great people, holds a Christian language, too little known in our Europe in the official language of our great affairs; announces the end of slavery, and prepares for the embracing of justice and mercy, of which the holy scripture has spoken.

"I thank you for inducing me to read this beautiful page of the history of great men, and I beg you to express to Mr. Bigelow all my sympathy. If he will communicate to Mr. Lincoln my acknowledgment, it will certainly do me honor.

"Wholly yours in our Lord,

† "FELIX, Bishop of Orleans."

This letter completes the pastoral letter, directed by the same prelate against slavery, after the first message of Lincoln of March 7, 1862, which proposes immediate abolition.

is penetrated with gratitude to Almighty God for his deliverance of this nation. Our thanks are due to the President, to the army and navy, to the great commanders by sea and land, to the gallant officers and men who have perilled their lives upon the battlefield and drenched the soil with their blood. Henceforth our commiseration and our aid should be given to the wounded, the maimed, and the suffering, who bear the marks of their great sacrifice in this mighty struggle. Let us humbly offer up our thanks to Divine Providence for its care over us, and beseech it that it will guide and govern us in our duties hereafter, as it has carried us forward to victory in the past; that it will teach us how to be humble in the midst of triumph, how to be just in the hour of victory; and that it will enable us to secure the foundations of this republic, soaked as they have been in blood, so that it shall live forever and ever. Let us also not forget the laboring millions in other lands, who in this struggle have given us their sympathy, their aid, and their prayers; and let us bid them rejoice with us in our great triumph. Then having done this, let us trust the future to God, who will guide us, as heretofore, according to His own good will."

Let us listen to his improvised successor, Mr. Johnson, in his inaugural address: "The best energies of my life have been spent in endeavoring to establish and perpetuate the principles of free government. The duties of the chief of the State have become mine. I will fulfil them to the best of my ability. The result is with God."

Let us listen, upon the other side, to his rival, Jefferson Davis, the President of the rebel Confederation, in his last message, March 13, 1865.

"Rising above all selfish considerations, rendering all our means and faculties tributary to the country's welfare, let us bow submissively to the Divine will, and reverently invoke the blessing of our Heavenly Father, that as he protected and guided our sires when struggling in a similar cause, so he will enable us to guard safely our altars and firesides, and maintain inviolate the political rights which we inherited."

Listen also to the brave Lee, general-

in-chief of the insurgent army, in his farewell address after the capitulation of April 10.

"Soldiers, you will carry with you the satisfaction of duty faithfully performed; and I pray sincerely that a merciful God may grant you his blessing, and extend to you his protection. With an unbounded admiration for your constancy and your devotion to your country, and with a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration towards me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

GENERAL R. E. LEE. *

Let us listen to the Minister of the United States in France, Mr. Bigelow, in answer to an address to his fellow-countrymen in Paris, *Moniteur*, May 11. "I thank you for the eloquence and the truth with which you have interpreted our common grief. But there is no crime which may not be considered as an indirect homage to virtue. The war between the principles of good and evil is always going on, and, if the Lamb who has taken upon himself the sins of the world, has borne witness on the cross, why should he who has proclaimed the deliverance of a race of slaves be protected from the perfidious hand of an assassin? Our great national disgrace, — could it receive an end more worthy? Was it not historical justice, that the fall of slavery in the United States should be indicated by a crime, which, whatever may be said, had no other motive than the interests of slavery? Men who have always, like myself, sought for the hand of Providence in all the phases of the life of society, ought to acknowledge, like myself, that God has never been nearer to our people than at the terrible moment, when, humanly speaking, we seem to be most abandoned by Him. "The country of which the represent-

* I do not think that can be the same Gen. Lee from whom the *Moniteur* of May 14, has published a letter addressed to a journal of Montreal, and in which is found the following passage: "I have the great honor to know most of the members of the government of the Confederate States, and of having had frequent official relations with them also; for them (for their personal dignity does not permit them to reply) I swear upon my Christian faith, upon my honor as a gentleman, that my sincere belief is, that they are strangers to the murder, as Secretary Stanton himself or Vice-President Johnson."

atives and the civil and military leaders speak in such language, in such a crisis, is a great country, and, I add, a great Christian country. I know not if the eye of God, in looking down upon this earth, could find there, in the times in which we live, a spectacle more worthy of him. All this, some will say, does not rise above a vague and incomplete Christianity; a Christianity too nearly allied to deism, like that of Washington. That may be true, but, as the Bishop of Orleans said, we are still very far from it in Europe. All vague and incomplete as it may be, it seems that the most scrupulous and exacting Catholics can still admire and envy it, since Pope Pius IX. has not disdained to contribute to the monument of Washington.

If it is just to apply to politics the rule laid down by our Lord for the spiritual life: "*By their fruits ye shall know them*," I think we can look, without too much anxiety, at the future of the United States; and of all nations, who, placed in the same conditions, can follow in the same path. The state of society which produced a Lincoln, and others like him, is a good tree, — an excellent tree, whose fruits cause no envy in the products of any monarchy or of any aristocracy. I know very well that there are other fruits more harsh and less savory, but these are sufficient to authorize the confidence and hope that I feel, and with which we should inspire all those who make a point of having, not only their bones, as Lacordaire says, but their heart and their memory, on the side of virtue. Let us turn our thoughts from everything which in the Old World carries us away, by a too natural propensity, to discouragement, to debasement, and to apathy; and let us seek beyond the Atlantic to inhale the breath of a better future. Those who, like myself, have grown gray in the faith of the future of liberty, and of the necessity of its alliance with religion, ought without ceasing to recall the beautiful words of Tocqueville to Madame Swetchine.

"Effort without one's self, and still more within, is more necessary in proportion as we grow old than in youth. I compare man in this world to a traveller, who walks on without ceasing, to a region more and more cold, and who is obliged to move quicker as he advances farther. The great malady of the soul is coldness, and in order to combat this fearful evil, it is necessary, not only to keep up a lively movement of the mind by labor, but still more, by contact with his fellow-creatures and with the affairs of this world. It is especially in old age, that we are no longer permitted to live upon what we have already acquired; but it is necessary that we should exert ourselves to acquire more, and, instead of resting in ideas in which we should find ourselves, become buried in sleep, place ourselves in constant contact, and in struggle with the ideas that we adopt, and with those that are suggested by the state of society and the opinions of the time."* All this is true, not only of old people, but of old parties, of old opinions, and old creeds. Ours is the oldest in the world. It is her august privilege, it is also her glory and her strength. But, in order that this strength, applied to public and social life, should not fail nor waste itself in vain chimeras, it is necessary to immerse it, without ceasing, in the living waters of the time in which God has brought us into life, in the current of the emotions, of the legitimate aspirations of those whom God has given us for brothers. Let us profit then, by what the Almighty has caused us to witness of this great triumph of liberty, of justice, and of the gospel; of this great defeat of evil, of selfishness, of tyranny. Let us thank him for having given to Christian America, sufficient strength and virtue to keep so gloriously the promise. Let us adore his kindness, which has spared us the shame and the grief of seeing miserably abortive this great hope of modern humanity.

CH. DE MONTALEMBERT.

* Letter of Feb. 2, 1857.

TRANSLATION FROM VAPEREAU'S DICTIONNAIRE DES CONTEMPORAINES.

CHARLES-FORBES, Count de Montalembert, is a Publicist and a French statesman. His father, Marc René, was a peer of France. M. de Montalembert, who has varied much in the application and the significance of his principles, has always declared himself Catholic and Liberal. At his first appearance, he accepted that alliance of Catholicism and Democracy of which Lammenais was the apostle, and was counted amongst the first writers in the journal *L'Avenir*. Beginning from that time a sort of crusade against the University, he opened on the 2d April, 1831, with MM. de Coux and Lacordaire, a school called *Ecole libre*, which brought them before the police court. During the trial, having become a peer of France by the death of his father, he claimed the high jurisdiction of the Chamber of which he was a member, and was finally tried and condemned to pay a fine of one hundred pounds. His speech in defence, pronounced from such a *tribune*, may be considered as his debut in the political career.

The condemnation of Lammenais in the Roman court, led M. de Montalembert back to the most severe orthodoxy, and he devoted himself to studies on the middle ages, whose influences upon him have been decisive. His famous life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary dates from 1836. In 1842 he combated, to the utmost, the bill of M. Villemain, on the occasion of the discussion in the Chamber of Peers respecting the relations of the Church and the State; he published his *Manifeste Catholique*; and, in the following year, the Union of Church and State; then returned the following year, to deliver in the Chamber of Peers his three speeches upon "The Liberty of the Church," "The Liberty of Teaching," and "The Liberty of the Monastic Orders." In this last speech, he openly defended the Society of Jesus. As another result of his liberal principles, he maintained the cause of oppressed nationalities. In a speech upon *Political Radicalism*, he prophesied the Republic three months from date: it anticipated that time.

M. de Montalembert seemed to rally frankly to the new state of things, and offered his services to the democracy in a manifesto. He presented himself at the elections of the Constituent Assembly, in the department of the Doubs, where his family had great estates; was elected, the last on the list, by twenty-two thousand votes, and took his seat on the extreme right. As a member of the Electoral Committee of the Rue de Poitiers, he generally voted with the moderate party. However, he declared himself with the left against the re-establishment of giving bonds by the journals, and against the maintenance of a state of siege during the discussion of the Constitution; was opposed to the admission of Louis Bonaparte; and refused to approve of the Constitution as a whole. But, at the end of the session, he subordinated singularly one of his two principles, liberty, to the other, authority; supported, in a remarkable speech, the bill for restricting the press, presented by M. Dufaure; and gave his unqualified adhesion to the expedition to Rome

Being re-elected to the Legislative Assembly by the department of Doubs, and, at the same time, by that of the Côtes-du-Nord, M. de Montalembert showed still more strongly his lofty personality. Excited by the rival eloquence of M. Victor Hugo, who became, as it were, his natural adversary, he displayed there a remarkable talent as an orator. At the beginning of 1851, at the epoch of the first retributions of the Assembly against the President of the Republic, he often separated himself from his party, in order to take up the President's defence, by declaring that he was neither his counsellor nor his confidant, but his *witness*, and by protesting "against one of the blindest and least justified ingratitude of this time." His last grand struggle against M. Victor Hugo took place in June, 1851, at the time of the bill for the revision of the Constitution.

At the time of the *coup d'état* of the 2d December, M. de Montalembert protested against the imprisonment of the Deputies. Nevertheless he took part with the second deliberative commission, and was elected to the Corps Législatif by the department of Doubs, in 1852. He there represented, almost alone, the opposition. In 1854, upon the occasion of a confidential letter written by him to M. Dupin, published against his will in the Belgian journals and hawked about Paris, the Assembly ordered a prosecution against him, which terminated in an ordinance of *non lieu*. In the last elections of 1857, M. de Montalembert, beaten — notwithstanding all his efforts — by the candidate of the government, has, from that time, been withdrawn entirely from public life.

Aristocrat and Liberal, admirer of English institutions, and devoted to the traditions of the Court of Rome, equally absolute and radical in the most opposite theories, M. de Montalembert has a phase of his own in the midst of contemporary politics, and has more than one kind of influence. Chief of a small fraction of distinguished men whom he has baptized with the militant name of *Catholic party*, he declares himself at the same time a passionate worshipper of liberty. But, confounding it with a certain concession of individual freedom which is nothing less than privilege, he places its golden age in the middle age, in the epoch of *Evêques Seigneurs*. This commingling of principles, more or less reconcilable, has at least allowed him to express successively the most contrary opinions, without appearing in contradiction with himself; but, with the majority, and, notwithstanding his rupture with L'Univers, his name is now, as it has long been, the symbol of political and clerical authority carried to its highest expression.

As an orator, at once brilliant and full of unction, M. de Montalembert has made himself known; as a writer, by works which have earned for him, at the French Academy, the chair formerly of Droz, Feb. 5, 1852. His discourse, the ideas of which M. Guizot, who was appointed to reply to him, was eager to adopt as his own, was a very spirited attack against the conquests of 1789, and, in general, against the Revolution.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

CHARLES LAMB: GLEANINGS AFTER HIS BIOGRAPHERS.

THE life of Lamb is a subject which many have attempted, and in which no one, as it seems to us, has been very happy. We do not get at the man in any of these pen-and-ink paintings; and that is precisely what we should wish to get at. They are as unsatisfactory as his portraits, which are all unlike one another, and none of them very like the original. All that has been done hitherto in this direction has helped, more or less, to swell the stock of materials, with which somebody hereafter will have to do his best. We must be thankful to Mr. Barry Cornwall for his "Recollections;" and the late Mr. Justice Talfourd laid the world under obligations, to a certain extent, by the "Memorials" which he gave to it of his friend. But neither of these books realizes our conception of what a Life of Lamb ought to be. Miss Lamb, in an unpublished letter to a correspondent, speaks of their—her's and her brother's—*what-we-do* existence. There is want of a volume yet, which should describe that for us, which should paint the Lambs' fireside, and present to us a view, or even glimpses, of those two, as they were and moved, even at the hazard of a little pre-Raphaelitish detail.

The Lambs, we apprehend, were not genteel people in the severely conventional acceptance of the term; and it is to be added that the times in which they lived were, unhappily for them or happily for us, not quite such genteel times as we find ourselves cast in. This delightful and accomplished couple had not only poor and humble antecedents, but at the outset and for some long while after, their own circumstances were poor and humble; and there were certain old-world notions, archaic ways, in which they were born; and with these they grew up and died. A fearful domestic tragedy had darkened their youth, and coloured all their after-life: there was insanity in the blood; and, one day, the mother fell by the daughter's hand. Thenceforth, the brother and sister lived to each other, one and indivisible; and the bond, which was knit in sorrow, was severed only by death.

This is, so far, old ground, and these are familiar facts. It seemed desirable to pursue the beaten rout to a certain distance, and then, if we could, to strike into a fresh track or two.

It would be an ungracious duty, from which on more than one account we rather shrink, to point out all that is capable of

being fairly said of the last "Life of Lamb;" and we shall consequently do our best to steer clear of it. An inaccurate account is there given, however, singularly enough, of the origin of the friendship between Miss Lamb and one of her most intimate and valued friends, Miss Sarah Stoddart, who afterwards became the wife of William Hazlitt. The fact is that Miss Lamb and Miss Stoddart had become acquainted some time before the year 1803, and that in that year the two ladies were in active and affectionate correspondence. Lamb had met Miss Stoddart's brother, Dr. Stoddart, at Godwin's and at William Hazlitt's elder brother's in Great Russell Street; and in this way the friendship must have sprung up. Miss Stoddart and William Hazlitt were not married till 1808; and in the intervening five years (1803-1808) a series of letters passed between the future Mrs. Hazlitt and Miss Lamb, of which a few have been preserved. They are those written by Miss Lamb. Miss Stoddart's letters seem to have perished.

The existing remains of this correspondence supply perhaps the most ample and valuable information that we have upon the domestic and fireside life of the Lambs; they are equally admirable, whether we look at them as pictures or as compositions; and heretofore they have been passed over in complete silence, for the simple reason that they have never been printed, and still remain in private hands. They do not, of course, tell us all that we might like to know, but they tell us much, and they suggest to us much. Nor should it be forgotten that the years they illustrate are years for which a biographer is likely to feel grateful by an accession of light.

In September, 1803, Miss Stoddart was fluctuating between one of two gentlemen who were paying her attentions, and to both of whom she appears to have extended a certain share of encouragement. She took Mary Lamb entirely into confidence, and reported to her from time to time how her love-affairs sped. Now it was Mr. — who was in the ascendant, and at another, Mr. Somebody else. Miss Lamb took occasion to tell her correspondent candidly that she could not enter so completely into her feelings as she would have wished, for that her ways were not Miss Stoddart's exactly. But there was one point in which Miss Lamb found serious fault with Miss Stoddart, and it was the want of confidence she displayed towards her brother the doctor, and Mrs. Stoddart, and her failure to acquaint them with what she was about.

We are obliged to plunge a little *in medias res*; for the fact is that the correspondence begins abruptly and imperfectly, and the earlier portions might be sought for in vain.

The first article in the series is, in fact, of the 21st September, 1803, and here Miss Stoddart is "my dear Sarah," and the relations are evidently most intimate and cordial. There had been, we may be sure, many previous interchanges of thoughts and gossip. Miss Lamb here says, in reference to Miss Stoddart's, in her opinion, most injudicious reserve:—

"One thing my advising spirit must say—use as little *secrecy* as possible, and as much as possible make a friend of your sister-in-law. You know I was not struck with her at first sight, but upon your account I have watched and marked her very attentively; and, while she was eating a bit of cold mutton in our kitchen, we had a serious conversation. From the frankness of her manner I am convinced she is a person I could make a friend of, why should not you? . . .

"My father had a sister lived with us—of course lived with my mother, her sister-in-law; they were in their different ways the best creatures in the world, but they set out wrong at first. They made each other miserable for full twenty years of their lives. My mother was a perfect gentlewoman; my aunt as unlike a gentlewoman as you can possibly imagine a good old woman to be; so that my dear mother (who, though you do not know it, is always in my poor head and heart), used to distress and weary her with incessant and unceasing attention and politeness to gain her affection. The old woman could not return this in kind, and did not know what to make of it—thought it all deceit, and used to hate my mother with a bitter hatred; which of course was soon returned with interest; a little frankness, and looking into each other's characters at first, would have spared all this. . . . My aunt and my mother were wholly unlike you and your sister; yet in some degree theirs is the exact history of all sisters-in-law; and you will smile when I tell you I think myself the only woman in the world who could live with a brother's wife, and make a real friend of her—partly from early observation of the unhappy example I have just given you, and partly from a knack I know I have of looking into people's real characters. . . .

"By *secrecy* I mean you both [Miss S. and Dr. S.] want the habit of telling each other at the moment everything that happens, where you go, and what you do—

that free communication of letters and opinions, just as they arrive, as Charles and I do, and which after all is the only groundwork of true friendship.

"Charles is very unwell" . . .

It is clear enough how this bears upon the early and painful history of the Lambs; and here we have, what we can get nowhere else, Miss Lamb's own sentiments about her mother and the family affairs, almost antecedently to her brother's acquisition of a name. In 1804—the same year in which Coleridge, it may be recollected, visited Dr. Stoddart at Malta—the doctor's sister also went out on a visit; and she was in fact there to receive Coleridge when he arrived. There are two letters from Miss Lamb to Miss Stoddart during this Maltese trip; and, if we add one more from Lamb himself to Southey (only discovered quite recently), we have before us the entire Lamb correspondence for the year! What Miss Lamb says about her brother and herself, and their common home, in these two communications, may therefore be worth copying out. In the first (9th April, 1804), she says:—

"Charles has lost the newspaper; but what we dreaded as an evil has proved a great blessing, for we have both strangely recovered our health and spirits, since this has happened, and I hope when I write next I shall be able to tell you Charles has begun something which will produce a little money, for it is not well to be *very poor*, which we certainly are at this present writing.

"Is a quiet evening in a Maltese drawing-room as pleasant as those we have passed in Mitre Court and Bell Yard?" . . .

When the second letter was written, Coleridge had arrived out, and his safety had been announced by Miss Stoddart. It must consequently be referred to June, 1804. There had been a misunderstanding between Lamb and Miss Stoddart's mother about the postage of certain letters. It would be a matter scarcely worth notice here, were it not that Miss Lamb, in explaining it to her correspondent, touches interestingly on the character of Charles:—

"My brother," she writes, "has had a letter from your mother, which has distressed him sadly, about the postage of some letters being paid by my brother. Your silly brother, it seems, has informed your mother (I did not think your brother could have been so silly) that Charles had grumbled at paying the said postage. The fact was, just at that time we were very poor, having lost the *Morning Post*, and we were beginning to

practise a strict economy. My brother, who never makes up his mind whether he will be a miser or a spendthrift, is at all times a strange mixture of both; of this failing the even economy of your correct brother's temper makes him an ill judge. The miserly part of Charles, at that time smarting under his recent loss, then happened to reign triumphant, and he would not write or let me write, as often as he wished, because the postage cost two-and-fourpence; then came two or three of your poor mother's letters almost together, and the two-and-fourpence he wished, but grudging, to pay for his own, he was forced to pay for hers. . . . Charles is sadly fretted now, and knows not what to say to your mother. I have made this long preamble about it to induce you, if possible, to reinstate us in your mother's good graces. Say to her it was a jest misunderstood; tell her that Charles Lamb is not the shabby fellow she and her son took him for, but that he is now and then a little whimsical or so." . . .

What has gone before is worth half a biography of itself. It is certainly an admirable passage, and Miss Lamb was as certainly an admirable letter-writer. The bottom of the sheet is occupied by a few lines from Charles himself:—

"MY DEAR MISS STODDART,— "Long live Queen Hoop—oop—oop—ooo and all the old merry phantoms.

"Mary has written so fully to you, that I have nothing to add but that, in all the kindness she has expressed, and loving desire to see you again, I bear my full part. You will perhaps like to tear this half from the sheet, and give your brother only his strict due, the remainder. So I will just repay your late kind letter with this short postscript to hers. Come over here, and let us all be merry again.

"C. LAMB."

So much for the letters of 1804. In one of 1805, directed to Miss Stoddart at Salisbury, the writer starts with this characteristic passage:—"I have just been reading over again your two long letters, and I perceive they make me very envious. I have taken a bran new pen and put on my spectacles, and am peering with all my might to see the lines in the paper, which the sight of your even lines had well nigh tempted me to rule. I have, moreover, taken two pinches of snuff extraordinary to clear my head, which feels more cloudy than common. . . .

"If I possibly can, I will prevail upon

Charles to write to your brother by the conveyance you mention; but he is so unwell, I almost fear the fortnight will slip away before I can get him in the right vein. Indeed it has been sad and heavy times with us lately. When I am pretty well, his low spirits throw me back again; and, when he begins to get a little cheerful, then I do the same kind office for him. . . .

"Do not say anything, when you write, of our low spirits; it will vex Charles. You would laugh, or you would cry, perhaps both, to see us sit together, looking at each other with long and rueful faces, and saying, How do you do? and, How do you do? and then we fall a-crying, and say we will be better on the morrow. He says we are like toothache and his friend gum-boil, which, though a kind of ease, is but an uneasy kind of ease, a comfort of rather an uncomfortable sort.

"Do not, I conjure you, let her [Mrs. S.'s] unhappy malady afflict you too deeply; I speak from experience, and from the opportunity I have had of much observation in such cases, that insane people, in the fancies they take into their heads, do not feel as one in a sane state of mind does." . . .

Here Miss Lamb touches a delicate chord, and in a subsequent letter (14th November, 1805), written after a recovery, she returns to the same ground; in this case, however, explicitly speaking of her own occasional derangements.

She says: "Your kind heart will, I know, even if you have been a little displeased, forgive me, when I assure you my spirits have been so much hurt by my last illness, that at times I hardly know what I do. I do not mean to alarm you about myself, or to plead an excuse, but am very much otherwise than you have always known me. I do not think any one perceives me altered; but I have lost all self-confidence in my own actions; and one cause of my low spirits is, that I never feel satisfied with anything I do. A perception of not being in a sane state perpetually haunts me." . . .

There is further allusion to this illness in a letter of November 18, 1805:—

"I have made many attempts at writing to you, but it has always brought your trouble and my own so strongly into my mind that I have been obliged to leave off, and make Charles write for me. . . . I have been for these few days in rather better spirits, so that I begin almost to feel myself once more a living creature, and to hope for happier times; and in that hope I include the prospect of once more seeing my dear Sarah in peace and comfort. . . . How did I wish for your presence to cheer my

drooping heart when I returned home from banishment! . . . If you have sent Charles any commissions he has not executed, write me word; he says he has lost or mislaid a letter desiring him to inquire about a wig."

In the spring of 1806, Miss Stoddart stayed with the Lambs for a short time; she returned to Salisbury on the 20th February; and on the same day Miss Lamb wrote her a long news-letter, from which we must trouble the reader with some extracts illustrative of the domestic history of Charles and his sister, and of the renowned "Mr. H.":—

"This day" (February 20, 1806), she writes, "seems to me a kind of new era in our time; it is not a birthday, nor a New Year's Day, nor a leave-off-smoking day, but it is about an hour after the time of leaving you, our poor Phoenix, in the Salisbury stage, and Charles has just left me for the first time alone to go to his lodgings.* . . .

Writing plays, novels, poems, and all manner of such like vapouring and vapourish schemes are floating in my head, which at the same time aches with the thoughts of parting from you, and is perplexed at the idea of I-cannot-tell-what-about notion, that I have not made you half so comfortable as I ought to have done; then I think I will make a new gown, and now I consider the white petticoat will be better candlelight work; and then I look at the fire, and think, if the irons were but down, I would iron my gowns, you having put me out of conceit of mangling. . . .

"Charles is gone to finish the farce,† and I am to hear it read this night. I am so uneasy between my hopes and fears of how I shall like it that I do not know what I am doing. I need not tell you so, for before I send this I shall be able to tell you all about it. If I think it will amuse you, I will send you a copy." . . .

What follows was written the next day—February 21.

"I have received your letter, and am happy to hear that your mother has been so well in your absence, which I wish had been prolonged a little, for you have been wanted to copy out the farce, in the writing of which I made many an unlucky blunder.

"The said farce I carried (after many consultations of who was the most proper person to perform so important an office) to Wroughton, the manager of Drury Lane. He was very civil to me; said it did not

depend upon himself, but that he would put it into the Proprietors' hands, and that we should certainly have an answer from them.

"I have been unable to finish this sheet before, for Charles has taken a week's holidays [from his] lodgings to rest himself after his labour, and we have talked to-night of nothing but the farce night and day; but yesterday [I carried] it to Wroughton, and since it has been out of the [way, our] minds have been a little easier. I wish you had [been here, so] as to have given us your opinion; I have half a mind to scribble another copy and send it you. I like it very much, and cannot help having great hopes of its success.

"Continue to tell us all your perplexities; I do not mind being called Widow Blackacre. All the time we can spare from talking of the characters and plot of the farce we talk of you."

Miss Lamb sent a sort of sequel to this letter on the 14th March, and there she speaks of her brother in terms which must be understood *Lambily*:—

"Charles is very busy at the office; he will be kept there to-day till seven or eight o'clock, and he came home very *smoky* and *drinky* last night, so that I am afraid a hard day's work will not agree very well with him. . . . I have been eating a mutton chop all alone, and I have been just looking in the pint porter-pot, which I find quite empty, and yet I am still very dry; if you were with me, we would have a glass of brandy and water, but it [is] quite impossible to drink brandy and water by oneself. Therefore I must wait with patience till the kettle boils. I hate to drink tea alone; it is worse than dining alone. . . .

"The lodging, that pride and pleasure of your heart and mine, is given up—and *here he is again*—Charles, I mean, as unsettled and as undetermined as ever. When he went to the poor lodging after the holidays I told you he had taken, he could not endure the solitariness of them, and I had no rest for the sole of my foot, till I promised to believe his solemn protestations that he could and would write as well at home as there. Do you believe this?

"I have no power over Charles; he will do what he will do. But I ought to have some little influence over myself. And therefore I am most manfully resolving to turn over a new leaf with my own mind. . . .

"It is but being once thoroughly convinced one is wrong, to make one resolve to do so no more; and I know my dismal faces have been almost as great a draw-

* Some lodgings C. L. had hired at three shillings a week, under the impression that he could write there with greater facility and less constraint.

† "Mr. H."

back on Charles's comfort as his feverish teasing ways have been upon mine. Our love for each other has been the torment of our lives hitherto. I am most seriously intending to lend the whole force of my mind to counteract this, and I see some prospect of success.

"Of Charles's ever bringing any work to pass at home I am very doubtful; and of the farce succeeding I have little or no hope; but, if I could once get into the way of being cheerful myself, I should see an easy remedy in leaving town and living cheaply almost wholly alone; but till I do find we really are comfortable alone, and by ourselves, it seems a dangerous experiment."

We have printed what is certainly a most remarkable passage, showing that Miss Lamb was in 1806 turning over in her mind the necessity of a separation between her brother and herself. She saw, however, that it might be "a dangerous experiment;" it is superfluous of course to add that it was never tried. What is still more curious, we shall come by-and-by to a letter from Lamb to a friend, which compels us to believe that he contemplated at one time, at least, such a parting as a possible contingency.

In a letter of June 2, 1806, is something which will be fresh about the *Tales from Shakespeare*, on which Miss Lamb was already engaged:—

"My *Tales* are to be published [in] separate story books; I mean in single stories, like the children's little shilling books. I cannot send them you in manuscript, because they are all in Godwin's hands; but all will be published very soon, and then you shall have it *all in print*. . . . Charles has written *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, and has begun *Hamlet*. You would like to see us as we often sit writing on one table, but not on one cushion sitting, like *Hermia* and *Helena* in the '*Midsummer Nights' Dream*,' or rather like an old literary *Darby* and *Joan*, I taking snuff, and he groaning all the while, and saying he can make nothing of it; which he always says till he has finished, and then he finds out he has made something of it. . . .

"If I tell you that you *Widow Blackacre*-ise, you must tell me I *Tale*-ise, for my *Tales* seem to be all the subject-matter I write about; and, when you see them, you will think them poor little baby-stories to make such a talk about." . . .

Miss Lamb concludes with inquiries about Miss Stoddart's still pending love-affairs, and winds up thus: "I have known many single men I should have liked in my life

(if it had suited them) for a husband; but very few husbands have I ever wished were mine, which is rather against the state in general." . . .

Out of a letter of July 2, 1806, we select what follows: "The best news I have to tell you is that the farce is accepted. That is to say, the manager has written to say it shall be brought out when an opportunity serves. . . . You must come and see it the first night; for, if it succeeds, it will be a great pleasure to you, and, if it should not, we shall want your consolation. So you must come. . . .

"Charles wants me to write a play, but I am not over-anxious to set about it; but, seriously, will you draw me out a skeleton of a story either from memory of anything you have read, or from your own invention, and I will fill it up in some way or other? . . . I begin to hope the *home holidays* will go on very well." . . .

The last sentence points of course to the abandonment of the three-shillings-a-week apartment, which at first occasioned Miss Lamb considerable misgiving.

There is a letter from Miss Lamb to Miss Stoddart of the 22d October, 1806, which yields the following:—

"I thank you a thousand times for the beautiful work you have sent me. I received the parcel from a strange gentleman yesterday. I like the patterns very much. You have quite set me up in finery; but you should have sent the silk handkerchief too. Will you make a parcel of that, and send it by the Salisbury coach? I should like to have it in a few days, because we have not yet been to Mr. Babb's, and that handkerchief would suit this time of year nicely. . . .

"I have been busy making waistcoats, and plotting new work to succeed the *Tales*. As yet I have not hit upon anything to my mind.

"Charles took an amended copy of his farce [to] Mr. Wroughton the manager yesterday. Mr. Wroughton was very friendly to him, and expressed high approbation of the farce, but there are two, he tells him, to come out before it; yet he gave him hopes that it will come out this season. But I am afraid you will not see it by Christmas. . . . We are pretty well, and in fresh spirits about the farce. Charles has been very good lately in the matter of *smoking*. . . .

"When you come, bring the gown you wish to sell. Mrs. Coleridge will be in town then, and, if she happens not to fancy it, perhaps some other person may. . . .

"When I saw what a prodigious quantity of work you had put into the finery, I was quite ashamed of my unreasonable request; I will never serve you so again; but I do dearly love worked muslin." . . .

Miss Stoddart had for some time been engaged to William Hazlitt the writer, and the marriage was fixed for the spring of 1808. The Lambs were to be there. Nay, more — Miss Lamb was to be a bridesmaid! This led to a grand paper-discussion upon what she was to wear on the occasion, and a letter of March 16, 1808, is full of nothing else:

"I never heard," says Miss Lamb, alluding to some proposal which her friend had made to her, "in the annals of weddings (since the days of Nausicaa, and she only washed her old gowns for that purpose) that the brides ever furnished the apparel of their maids. Besides, I can be completely clad in your work without it, for the spotted muslin will serve both for cap and hat (*nota bene*, my hat is the same as yours), and the gown you sprigged for me has never been made up; therefore I can wear that. Or, if you like better, I will make up a new silk which Manning has sent me from China." . . .

It appears that Miss Stoddart had given Miss Lamb a gold pin, which Miss Lamb had presented to somebody else. She says: "I repent me of the deed, wishing I had it now to send to Miss H[azlitt] with the border, and I cannot, will not, give her the doctor's pin; for, never having had any presents from gentlemen in my young days, I highly prize all they now give me, thinking my latter days are better than my former. . . .

'Do not ask me to be godmother, for I have an objection to that; but there is, I believe, no serious duty attached to a bridesmaid, therefore I come with a willing mind. . . . What has Charles done that nobody invites him to the wedding?'"

Miss Stoddart became Mrs. Hazlitt on the 1st May, 1808, and after this date the letters become less frequent, and, what is more, of less consequence to our present object. We are merely dealing with unpublished details or little known facts in the history of the Lambs. We have already emerged from the very obscure period in the lives of the brother and sister; for, after 1808, we begin to obtain light from other sources. At first, however, that light shines weakly.

In 1809, the Lambs, with Martin Burney and Colonel Phillips, visited Mr. and Mrs. Hazlitt at Winterslow, near Salisbury.

Miss Lamb and Martin, it seems, arranged the preliminaries. They went down in October; and here is a wonderfully characteristic bit from a letter of June, setting forth what they had planned between them. After stating that there is a good deal of uncertainty about the time of their starting, Miss Lamb goes on to say: —

"Nor can we positively say we shall come after all, for we have scruples of conscience about there being so many of us. Martin says, if you can borrow a blanket or two, he can sleep on the floor without either bed or mattress, which would save his expenses at the Hut; for, if Phillips breakfasts there, he must do so too, which would swallow up all his money; and he and I have calculated that, if he has no more expenses, he may as well spare that money to give you for a part of his roast beef. We can spare you also just five pounds: you are not to say this to Hazlitt, lest his delicacy should be alarmed.

"Thank you very much for the good work you have done for me. Mrs. Stoddart also thanks you for the gloves. How often must I tell you never to do any needlework for anybody but me?"

"I cannot write any more, for we have got a noble 'Life of Lord Nelson' lent us for a short time by my poor relation the bookbinder." . . .

Query, was this the person out of whom Lamb got the basis and first notion of his Essay on "Poor Relations"?

In a former letter of the present series, Miss Lamb propounded to her correspondent a scheme which she had in contemplation for living apart from her brother, and so, as she considered, studying both their happinesses. We now get to a letter from Lamb to Hazlitt himself, of November, 1810 (which Talfourd has not given), in which, after referring a little at length to a very bad illness which his sister is at that juncture labouring under, he writes: —

"Some decision we must come to; for the harassing fever we have both been in, owing to Miss —'s coming, is not to be borne, and I had rather be dead than so alive." . . .

In the same letter he says: "Coleridge is in town, or at least at Hammersmith. He is writing, or going to write, in the *Courier* against Cobbe[t] and in favor of Paper-Money."

* We have nearly done, but first we must convey ourselves by a long jump to 1824, when the Stoddarts were again at Malta, where Dr. Stoddart had been appointed Chief Justice. On one foolscap sheet of paper before us is a twofold letter — one writ-

ten by Miss Lamb to Lady Stoddart, the other by Lamb to Sir John. We must confine ourselves strictly, as usual, to pertinent and neglected particulars.

"What is Henry [Stoddart] about? And what should one wish for him?" demands Miss Lamb in her part of the sheet. "If he be in search of a wife, I will send him out Emma Isola. You remember Emma, that you were so kind as to invite to your ball. She is now with us, and I am moving heaven and earth—that is to say, I am pressing the matter upon all the very few friends I have that are likely to assist me in such a case—to get her into a family as a governess; and Charles and I do little else here than teach her something or other all day long. We are striving to put enough Latin into her to enable her to teach it to young learners. . . .

"I expect a packet of manuscript from you—you promised me the office of negotiating with booksellers and so forth for your next work; is it in good forwardness, or do you grow rich and indolent now? . . . I took a large sheet of paper in order to leave Charles room to add something more worth reading than my poor mite."

As Lamb's letter has not hitherto appeared in print, it may not be uninteresting to give it entire (*exceptis excipien- dis*):

"DEAR KNIGHT—OLD ACQUAINTANCE,—'Tis with a violence to the *pure imagination* (vide the 'Excursion' *passim*) that I can bring myself to believe I am writing to Dr. Stoddart once again at Malta. But the deductions of severe reason warrant the proceeding. I write from Enfield, where we are seriously weighing the advantages of dullness over the over-excitement of too much company, but have not yet come to a conclusion. What is the news? for we see no paper here; perhaps you can send us an old one from Malta. Only I heard a butcher in the market-place whisper something about a change of Ministry. I don't know who's in or out, or care, only as it might affect you. . . . I have just received Godwin's third volume of the 'Republic' which only reaches to the commencement of the Protectorate. I think he means to spin it out to his life's thread. Have you seen Fearn's 'Anti-Tooke'? I am no judge of such things; you are; but I think it very clever indeed. If I knew your bookseller, I'd order it for you at a venture; 'tis two octavos, Longman and Co. Or do you read now? Tell it not in

the Admiralty Court, but my head aches *hesterno vino*. I can scarce pump up words, much less ideas, congruous to be sent so far. But your son must have this by to-night's post. . . . Manning is gone to Rome, Naples, &c., probably to touch at Sicily, Malta, Guernsey, &c.; but I don't know the map. . . . I am teaching Emma Latin. By the time you can answer this, she will be qualified to instruct young ladies; she is a capital English reader, and S. T. C. acknowledges that part of a passage in Milton she read better than he, and part he read best, her part being the shorter. But, seriously, if Lady St— (oblivious pen, that was about to write *Mrs. !*) could hear of such a young person wanted (she smatters of French, some Italian, music of course), we'd send our loves by her. My congratulations and assurances of old esteem. C. L."

So much for the Lamb and Stoddart correspondence between 1803 and 1824. It supplies, with what we propose to jot down by way of concluding, a certain number of *lacuna*, which will be of service to whoever, with Rembrandtish pen, shall portray hereafter the life of Lamb.

It has been of late, and since the appearance of Mr. Barry Cornwall's book, somewhat authoritatively declared that the mystery respecting the young girl Alice W—, with whom Lamb was in love, will never be unravelled, and is irrecoverably buried. Not quite so, we should say. In a memorandum, partly in Lamb's hand, and furnishing for some correspondent a key to the names of persons mentioned in the first series of "ELIA" by their initials, occurs—Alice W—? That is, the querist asks Lamb who she is, leaving a vacant space for the solution. Lamb replies: Alice W. feigned (Winterton); by which we apprehend that he meant to convey to the inquirer that Winterton was *not* the real name.

Now a conjecture arises out of this, that, if Winterton was not the real name, it was a name something similar to it. Lamb, in one or two passages of the "Essays," where she is alluded to, brings her in as "Alice W. . . n," leaving us to guess that only two letters require to be supplied to arrive at what we want. Our own conclusion is, that the name was *Winn*—Alice Winn.

Who Miss Winn was is equally doubtful. But she afterwards married Mr. Bartrum, the pawnbroker, of Princes Street; Coventry Street; and Lamb was seen by an intimate friend, subsequently to his Alice be-

coming Mrs. Bartrum, to wander up and down outside the shop, in the hope of catching a glimpse of the object of his passion.

One of Leigh Hunt's Familiar Epistles in Verse to certain of his friends is addressed to Lamb; it touches very prettily on the visits which Charles and his sister used to pay to Hunt at Hampstead in all weathers; and it might have supplied a hint or two to a biographer who was desirous of tracing the relations between these two eminent contemporaries. There are several letters, also, extant from Lamb to Hunt; which is a circumstance which might have been advantageously brought under the notice of Mr. Cornwall. The visits which the author of "Rimini" received in 1813, during his confinement in Horse-monger Lane Gaol, from the Lambs, are very feelingly and gratefully recorded in Leigh Hunt's "Autobiography."

There is one very extraordinary incident which befell Lamb during his residence at Enfield, which his biographers have either overlooked or suppressed.

It so happened that a lady and her sister came over from Edmonton one day to see the Lambs at Enfield, and in the evening Charles saw them part of the way home. He left them at a certain point, and, said he should go back straight to Mary. To Mary, however, he did *not* go straight back, but went into a roadside tavern, and called for some liquor. He sat down to his refreshment near two men, who, like himself, were drinking beer or spirits, and got into conversation with them. He did not know them; nor they him. Nothing more passed for the time. Lamb paid his reckoning, and went away.

A horrible murder had been perpetrated at Edmonton that very day. A man had been killed and robbed, and his body thrown into a ditch. The men with whom Lamb had been were the murderers! Very soon after he had quitted their society, they were arrested on the charge, and the next morning Lamb himself was apprehended on suspicion of being an accomplice! The matter, of course, was explained, and he was set at liberty; but the episode was a remarkable one, and it is now for the first time put forward, as we had it from the lips of one of the ladies whom he escorted home on that eventful evening.

The late Mr. J. B. Fulham possessed two curious and highly valuable volumes, sold after his decease, containing portions of Mr. Gutche's Bristol reprint of George Wither's works, interleaved with large quarto paper. Upon these blank sheets Mr. Gutch

himself, Dr. Nott, and, we believe, Mr. Fulham, in a few instances, wrote comments illustrative of the old poets, extending to considerable length; and to those comments Charles Lamb, to whom the volumes were forwarded by Gutch, added comments upon comments, or remarks upon remarks. Of these some were very pungent and severe, and Lamb in several places puns at Dr. Nott's expense, and passes upon that gentleman rather vigorous strictures. The two volumes are a great curiosity, but their history would be rather obscure, if it was not elucidated by a passage in Gutch's *Lytell Geste of Robyn Hode*, 1847, where a letter from Lamb to Gutch is printed, not found in Talfourd's collection.

The pencil-jottings in the interleaved Wither formed the *prima stamina* of the article "On the Poetical Works of George Wither," in the common editions of Lamb's works, but with a difference!

The story of Lamb and Martin Burney's dirty hands is too well known to need repetition here. We believe that the *jeu d'esprit* was not Lamb's at all, but was made by a gentleman who never uttered a second witticism in the whole course of his life, and who thought it a little hard to be robbed of this unique achievement! The real person, we have understood, was the father of the present Mr. Commissioner Ayrton.

There are several notices of Lamb, worthy of the attention of any future biographer, in Leigh Hunt's *London Journal*. One is a sketch by the editor; another consists of Mr. Moxon's recollections; and many pages are occupied by a narrative, based on personal intimacy, from a third pen. We observe, too, in one place—or, to be plain, at page 348 of the second volume a saying or two which should not be lost sight of.

Mr. Patmore's "Reminiscences" are also deserving of a perusal, and the same may be said of Mr. Alsop's "Recollections of S. T. Coleridge."

In the tenth volume of the third series of *Notes and Queries*, again, there is an interesting paper on the subject of Lamb, from the pen of Thomas Westwood, Lamb's landlord at Enfield. Surely all these sources ought to be exhausted, and will prove more or less informing and suggestive.

Lamb's uncollected pieces are very numerous indeed, and of very unequal worth. Perhaps he was nearer to the truth than he imagined, when he said of the second series of "Elia" that all the humour of the thing had evaporated, if there was ever any hu-

mour at all, after the first publication in 1823. He never did anything which approached in merit the contents of that admirable volume during the eleven years from 1823 to 1834.

All his periodical writings, all his plays, and all his poems are necessary, however, to a complete edition of his works; for our own part, we should be satisfied with "Elia," "Rosamund Grey," "John Woodvil," the "Farewell to Tobacco," and the "Letters." We must have the last, not as Talfourd has given them to us, but as Lamb wrote them — *ipsissimis verbis*. Talfourd has helped us to bits of them—those bits which he thought nicest and prettiest; but, if we could have the true text, we should be better pleased on the whole. Upon a moderate calculation, the collection found by Talfourd does not represent a moiety of the total. Where, let us ask, is the correspondence with Hone, with the Holcrofts, with Cottle, with Hunt, with Collier, and with Novello? A contemporary of Lamb's was lately, and may be yet, living, who possesses a series of letters, not one of which has seen the light.

From the Saturday Review.

GALLIOS.

A GOOD deal of ingenuity has been spent upon the whitewashing of various historical characters who are thought to have been treated by posterity with unnecessary injustice. Some of them, by means of the pertinacious efforts of their apologists, have almost been set upon their legs again; while others, like Mary Queen of Scots and Henry VIII., still furnish an inexhaustible subject of literary controversy. There is, however, a considerable opening for any diligent theologian who will make it his duty to repair and varnish some of those whom we may perhaps, without irreverence, be permitted to call the black sheep of Scripture. We do not for a moment allude to anybody of whose wickedness we are authoritatively assured by sacred writers. But outside the category of these there are a number of persons on whose moral or religious merits the Bible does not pronounce, but who, from some cause or another, have nevertheless come to be regarded as good for nothing and sinful creatures. Every educated person is aware of the arguments that have been urged in favour of the sincerity of Pontius

Pilate, and even of Judas Iscariot. Without going to such lengths as this, it is only fair to call attention to the very ambiguous and unsatisfactory position of a man whose name really does not seem to deserve to have become a byword of reproach. It is a little strange, in this age of civil and religious liberty, that nobody should have a good word for Gallio. His hard lot has been to be taken as a type of carelessness and of scepticism, and to be thundered at from all the pulpits of the Christian world. If we inquire carefully into what is recorded about him, it turns out that he is a strangely underrated man. His whole crime appears to consist in his having refused to listen to the accusations against the Apostle Paul, and having looked on with profound indifference at a bastinado inflicted upon the chief ruler of the synagogue. It is possible that a modern magistrate would have felt it his duty to interfere to prevent any and every breach of the peace; but a beating is not a serious matter among Oriental communities, and when inflicted upon a Jew it would be deemed a bagatelle; and at all events, as far as the Apostle was concerned, Gallio can claim the posthumous credit of having released him from his captors without even waiting to call on him for his defence. The sole political principle which we hear of his enunciating on the occasion was, according to modern political ideas, a sound one. It was nothing more or less than the non-interference of the State in matters of purely religious discipline and controversy — *Libera chiesa in stato libero*. "If it were a matter of wrong or wicked lewdness," said Gallio to St. Paul's accusers, "reason would that I should bear with you; but if it be a question of words and names and of your law, look ye to it, for I will be no judge of such." And so saying, Gallio drave them from the judgment seat; or, in other words, dismissed the prosecution, and ordered the Court to be cleared. Such being his decision, it became wholly unnecessary for him to hear the prisoner at all. We do not even know that the Apostle wished to be heard, but in any case Gallio did nothing beyond what the strictest and most orthodox Bow Street magistrate of the nineteenth century would have done. The text usually flung at the head of the much-abused deputy of Achaia has no reference at all to his treatment of the religious ideas of Paul. The "thing" for which he is said not to have cared was the beating of Sosthenes. The Church has not since attached to it much more importance than Gallio did; and so long as the whole circumstances of the chas-

tisement of Sosthenes are not before us, justice forbids us to impute Gallio's indifference to religious levity. The sole fact which remains against his character seems to be that he does not appear to have been converted to Christianity before the Apostle opened his mouth to convert him. This, after all, is not very much; and, at any rate, it is a fault which he must share in common with others. The opportunities of religious investigation which he enjoyed were not extensive; and, provided that he discharged with propriety the only secular duty he was called on to perform, he does not merit the opprobrium of being a careless thinker, any more than that of being an unjust judge.

The charge of indifference to religious truth, so far as Gallio is concerned, must accordingly be considered as not proven. Apart from this, it is a charge which is singularly inconsistent in the mouths of those who prefer it against him. It is illogical in ecclesiastical commentators to upbraid the Executive of the Roman Empire at one time for interfering, and at another for not interfering, in the early controversy between Christianity and its assailants. One of two things is obvious — either that the Imperial Government was lax or not lax upon subjects of Pagan orthodoxy; but it is idle to accuse its agents simultaneously of scepticism and of tyranny. The truth is that the line drawn by Gallio between what was and what was not a matter for State inquiry was conformable to the principles of Imperial Rome. One of the accidental merits of educated Paganism was that it generally was tolerant, just as Alexander the Great was tolerant, and as all who attempt to establish a world-wide empire must be tolerant. Rome could not afford, with her enormous frontier and her system of outlying provinces, to be anything else. The subsequent persecutions of Jews and Christians were political rather than religious in their inception. Polytheism is usually anything but an exclusive system. The worship of the gods of the hills is not essentially incompatible with a toleration of the worship of the gods of the valleys. But, unfortunately for the lives and liberties of its early followers, Christianity could not co-exist with any other form of religious creed. Neither Jew nor Christian could consent to admit the statue of the Emperor to stand on the altar of the one true God; and both Judaism and Christianity were thus driven into direct conflict with the political requirements of the Roman Empire. Still later on, when it had grown to more substantial proportions, the

Christian Church became a State danger. As its acknowledged aim was the extirpation of all other creeds, it was not strange that it should be thought a standing menace to them or to State tranquillity. The tone adopted towards it by the Emperor Julian shows what was thought by a rational adherent to old systems of belief. As time went on, a battle *à outrance* began between the old and the new. It was war to the knife between them, and, if we are to believe history, some acute observers had seen this from the first. But the distinction drawn by Gallio between matters of opinion and matters of State cognizance was not a visionary one. Such was the view of Rome. The departure from it in the case of Christian persecutions was a matter not of sectarian bitterness so much as of State policy. Indeed Gallio's theory, good or bad in the abstract as it may be, was one which, at that particular moment, the early Christians had every reason to approve. If Gallio had chosen to investigate Paul's orthodoxy, he would have had to investigate it not merely from a Jewish point of view. It would have been his business to examine whether the Apostle's opinions were consistent or inconsistent with allegiance to the Roman Emperor. His abstinence from unnecessary inquisitiveness was therefore rather a political virtue than a theological vice. That it was conformable to the maxims of the Empire is evident from the subsequent history of St. Paul. It was the spontaneous appeal of the Apostle to "Cæsar" which led him into captivity at Rome, not any interference by Imperial agents with private liberties and rights. After hearing his exposition of Christian doctrine, Agrippa and Festus agreed between them that "this man might have been set at liberty if he had not appealed unto Cæsar."

The same inconsistency which is observable in the reproaches freely poured upon Gallio is also to be seen in the censures lavished on those in our day who are supposed to be like him, and who are usually dubbed by his name. In the proper sense of the appellation, a modern Gallio is, as we have said, a gentleman who disbelieves in a State Inquisition. If so, most people are Gallios. No section of the Church at the present day is anxious to have matters of theology subjected unnecessarily to the careful cognizance of State authority — least of all those sections of the Church which might be expected to inveigh most earnestly against Gallios. Again, if it be suggested that Gallio was indifferent to the welfare of his soul, there is not the vestige of proof that he

was anything of the kind. We come, lastly, to the real derivative sense attached by pulpit orators to the term. Gallio is put forward as the type of people who, on the whole, are sceptical about the advantage of entering upon the discussion of religious controversy. It is somewhat significant that this should form part of the burden of the indictment against Pilate, who is thought to have displayed an improper incredulity as to the possibility of arriving at abstract "truth." Gallio and Pilate, as far as one can judge, were both of them sceptics in the metaphysical sense of the word, though the former seems to have been exempt from the criminal weakness which has rendered the latter an object of infamy to all time. Before condemning, in Gallio's person at all events, the spirit of philosophical scepticism, preachers will do well to consider what philosophical scepticism is, and how far it interferes with or seems contrary to the principles of orthodox religion.

It is worth remarking that the one nation in Europe which is most conservative in matters of theology is the most sceptical about metaphysics. The nation in question is ourselves. Nor is this a pure coincidence. The two things stand to each other very much in the relation of cause and effect. The reason that Englishmen believe in religious truth so firmly is that they do not believe in the attainment of philosophical truth at all. The ordinary theologian of the day makes metaphysical uncertainty, or the impossibility of discovering truth by thinking about it, the basis of his system. It is true that the edifice is not a logical result of the foundation on which it is built, and that a man may doubt everything besides religion without ceasing to doubt about religion itself. But practically, and among a large mass of English men and women, disbelief in the powers of the human mind, and belief in the doctrines taught to them, do go together. There are, however, more rational methods of reconciling Gallios and religion than this. And, in the first place, it is clear that, in declining to discuss theology, Gallios have the sanction of a large number of authorities of the Christian Church. Every modern Gallio has a right to say that theology is not his vocation. There are those whose business it is to study it and to investigate its subtleties; but a layman is no more bound to be a theologian, unless he likes, than he is bound to be acquainted with the mysteries of contingent remainders. Newspapers, for example, are continually set down as Gallios, or Sadducees, or both, simply because they feel it best up-

on the whole to abstain from controversial discussion. Their answer to such abuse is a simple and a conclusive one. They do not profess to deal with those topics any more than Gallio the Roman lawyer did. They are secular, not religious, critics, just as he was a secular, and not a religious, judge. The line they draw is precisely his line. When it comes to be a matter of wrong or of wicked lewdness they interfere, but not till then. It is their duty in the interest of the public to expose ignorance, charlatanism, or immorality, but from subjects of theology pure and simple they keep aloof. Nobody in his senses can maintain that such a view is wicked. It is simply common sense. And Gallio-haters may perhaps feel the cogency of the argument when they reflect on the nature of the other alternative that must be accepted if abstention from theological controversy is to be condemned. The alternative is that every newspaper in England shall be a religious partisan, free to adopt its own theories about religion, and to enter on a religious propaganda for the sake of persuading the public of their truth. Probably a *régime* of literary Gallios would be far more acceptable, even to theologians.

The position of Gallios in private life is not a bit less tenable than that of Gallios in journalism. It is not a crime, as some people think, to feel no interest in theological controversy. There is a point, indeed, at which such controversy usually becomes interesting. If problems are mooted affecting the future destinies of the Church, and the character of the future religious teaching of the country, people seldom fail to form a view of their own about them. In this respect few of us are Gallios, and least of all those who are oftenest suspected of the crime. But apart from such cases a Gallio point of view is not only very natural, but certainly by no means the reverse of praiseworthy. What would become of the world if every professional man and every educated layman were to strip for the controversial arena, and to descend into the pit in the costume of a theological gladiator, armed with net and dagger for the fray? Such a state of things would be the death of most easy-going country parsons. There was a Turkish Pasha in the Crimean war who expired out of sheer dismay at the fuss made at Balaclava by the Consuls of the Western Powers. A like melancholy end would befall a good many English clergymen if all the laymen in the parish insisted on sifting and controverting all the doctrines laid down, or taken for granted, in the Sun-

day sermon. Does the parson who preaches against Gallios wish for a congregation of Gallios or not? If he does, he is a very rash man. He desires to pass from a calm atmosphere of quiet into a troubled atmosphere of thesis and antithesis, of disputation, mutiny, and rebellion. If he appreciates the utility of Gallios in particular, he ought not in common fairness to preach against Gallios in general. This is especially true in times like the present, when religious tenets are held by most educated people rather as a matter of moral conviction and practical use than of mathematical certainty. If Gallios are to be put down, their place will be filled by far more inconvenient and uncomfortable disputants. Theologians ought to be satisfied with the latitude conceded to the theologians of Corinth. They have full liberty to inflict any spiritual penalties they like on a rival Sosthenes, but it is a fatal mistake on their part to object to the orthodox neutrality of Gallio.

From the Spectator.

MR. DARWIN AT THE ANTIPODES.

"THE native [Maori] saying is, 'As the white man's rat has driven away the native rat, as the European fly drives away our own, as the clover kills our fern, so will the Maoris disappear before the white man himself.'" Thus quotes Dr. Hooker, the eminent naturalist of our Kew Gardens, in a remarkable article in the new number of the *Popular Science Review* on "The Struggle for Existence amongst Plants." "The European house-fly," says Dr. Hooker, "seems to drive out before it the native blue-bottle of New Zealand, so that settlers, knowing its value, carry it in boxes and bottles to their inland stations." So, too, in the vegetable world the vegetable emigration from Europe seems to drive before it the native products of the New Zealand soil. "The noisy train of English migration is not more surely doing its work than the stealthy tide of English weeds, which are creeping over the waste, cultivated, and virgin soil, in annually increasing numbers of genera, species, and individuals." Dr. Hooker quotes a New Zealand correspondent to the same effect:—

"You would be surprised at the rapid spread of European and other foreign plants in this

country. All along the sides of the main lines of road through the plains, a *Polygonum* (*aviculare*), called 'cow-grass,' grows most luxuriantly, the roots sometimes two feet in depth, and the plants spreading over an area from four to five feet in diameter. The dock (*Rumex obtusifolius* or *R. crispus*) is to be found in every river-bed, extending into the valleys of the mountain rivers, until these become mere torrents. The sow thistle is spread all over the country, growing luxuriantly nearly up to 6,000 feet. The watercress increases in our still rivers to such an extent as to threaten to choke them altogether; in fact, in the Avon, a still deep stream, running through Christ Church, the annual cost of keeping the river free for boat navigation and for purposes of drainage exceeds 300*l*. I have measured stems twelve feet long and three quarters of an inch in diameter. In some of the mountain districts, where the soil is loose, the white clover is completely displacing the native grasses, forming a close sward."

— and later in his article he tells us the most remarkable fact of all, that, —

"The little white clover, and other herbs, are actually strangling and killing outright the New Zealand flax (*Phormium tenax*), a plant of the coarsest, hardest, and toughest description, that forms huge matted patches of woody rhizomes, which send up tufts of sword-like leaves, six to ten feet high, and inconceivably strong in texture and fibre. I know of no English plant to which the New Zealand flax can be likened, so as to give any idea of its robust constitution and habit, to those who do not know it; in some respects the great matted tussocks of *Carex paniculata* approach it. It is difficult enough to imagine the possibility of white clover invading our bogs, and smothering the tussocks of this *Carex*, but this would be child's play in comparison with the resistance the *Phormium* would seem to offer."

It is an illustration of the same process that the European horse so increases in South America as to gain rapidly upon the native animals of these plains, and that in New Zealand the English pig runs wild and multiplies at a rate which is a serious danger to the sheep farmers, whose flocks of lambs the wild hog decimates. That a little and apparently feeble plant like clover should be able to win a complete victory over the formidable sworded flax of New Zealand, and that the English fly should drive out the blue-bottle which is such a nuisance to the settlers, are striking illustrations of the apparent power which human civilization seems to lend to even the animals and plants that have thoroughly adapted themselves to its conditions, — illustrations which inevitably suggest the superstitious view of the subject conveyed

in the Maori presage with which we commenced this article. It seems as if the mere local connection with civilized beings which is implied in buzzing in civilized windows and growing on ploughed fields, were a physical tonic to the constitution of animals and plants which enables them, when put in competition with the native insects, animals, or plants of barbarous countries, to win as easy a victory as civilization wins over barbarism. Does not the English fly contract a cunning from its residence in English larders, which makes it more than the match of the big Maori blue-bottle? Have not the clover and water-cress imbibed, by the process of selection, structural habits of economizing the juices of the comparatively poor English soil, which gives them an advantage over the plants that have grown up for ages in a soil too rich to need any such provisions for assimilating all the most nutritious elements of growth? It is quite conceivable that in an old and much tilled country only the more hardy species, those which have the most powerful attraction for the juices in the soil on which they live, will succeed in yielding good crops, while in a very rich country, — especially when combined with a milder climate, — this process of contest between the more and less vigorous species will go on much more tranquilly and slowly, so that the race between one plant and another for nutrition may not have elaborated anything like such special powers of competition for sap. Dr. Hooker tells us that seedlings of the cedar and the maple come up even with us in the early spring by thousands in the grass-ground where they are planted, but then, as soon as the grass begins to grow again, the grass draws away all their supplies of nourishment, and they die away. This seems to show that perennial grasses have a much stronger relative attraction for the nutritious elements of the earth than seedling trees; but in New Zealand it would seem, from Dr. Hooker's account that even *annuals* from Europe often beat New Zealand perennials in the race. That is, it may be, the seeds of the European plants obtain in a few months as strong a hold of the ground as the native perennials have gained in many years, and then by virtue of their "naturally selected" species, assimilate with more rapidity and effect than their perennial neighbours the juices of the soil, and so starve the plants in their vicinity. The vegetable which in England has gone through centuries of competition for existence with other vegetables, has lost by the death of the

weaker plants all the more languid and feeble elements of its physiology, while the New Zealand perennial, living undisturbed in a milder climate and much richer soil, has been left comparatively without any process of competitive selection, till, like the luxurious man who has had all his comforts and necessities at his elbow, when competing for existence against the trained hunter who has lived by his knife and gun, it is worsted at every turn by the hardier rival. It would be easy, of course, to suggest a similar account of the success of the European fly and European rat in competing against the native blue-bottle and the native rat. In neither case, probably, is it due to greater strength or ferocity, greater aptitude for war, but to instincts trained through successive generations under more difficult circumstances. Those European flies and rats which have not been able to adapt themselves to their condition in a country where the most nourishing food is usually jealously guarded, and where all wild animals have less and less chance every year, have died out, and only those remained which by hardier constitution, greater caution, less offensive habits, and more subtle instincts, have been able, while supporting themselves, sufficiently to avoid the enmity of man to prevent any war of extermination being waged against them. And these trained instincts of course tell greatly in their favour when they come to be pitted against races which have not hitherto needed them for their protection. Such is the apparently most natural inference from Dr. Hooker's strange array of facts to prove that while the plants and animals of the antipodes show no increased fertility when transplanted to Europe, no tendency to run our native plants hard in the struggle for existence, our plants and animals show as much colonizing capacity as man himself when they emigrate with him to New Zealand. We take the case of New Zealand rather than that of any other virgin soil, like South America, because though many of the same phenomena are true of South America also, the conditions of climate are there generally so different that the experiment is disturbed by many other considerations. In New Zealand, on the contrary, though the climate is rather milder, owing to the greater extent of sea, the climatic conditions are exceedingly like those of England.

We have striven purposely to suggest an interpretation of these very curious and as yet unexplained facts which is entirely in the spirit of Mr. Darwin's great work, —

not, of course, as if any suggestion of ours could have the least scientific weight, but because the science of the day evidently inclines to attach more and more value to Mr. Darwin's hypothesis, at least as explaining the *modus operandi* of all those modifications of species which concern the vitality and tenacity of the surviving races. But now what picture does this process really present to us of our little universe? — one, as some of the Darwinians think, of inexorable law sifting out the weak and casting them away as refuse, or one of strangely wise preparation for the dwelling-place of a being in whom the principle of "natural selection" gives way to the higher principle of moral selection? To us the latter seems the true image left upon the mind by the curious process the naturalists indicate to us. Here are a great number of strange laws at work, the total effect of which is to give to all the plants and animals which are least inconsistent with, and most useful to, the life of the most civilized races of men, a direct share in the protection of that civilization. The shield of civilization is as it were in some sense thrown over those inferior races of existences which, themselves incompetent to share it, and generally not even directly protected or guarded by man, are yet at the second remove, as it were, most important, in order to enable him to carry with ease into the still uncultivated and uncivilized parts of the earth the full advantages he has gained by long residence in cultivated and civilized regions. The animal and vegetable train of life which he cannot help drawing after him wherever he goes, the old grasses and weeds and flowers, the old insects and beasts, as well as those more valuable plants and domestic animals which he takes pains to carry with him, have all gained by their conditions of life in the Old World that hardness which fits them to colonize as well as man himself, and to force their way into his new home without asking his consent, at the expense of the native flora and fauna. Everything not only that man intentionally brings with him, but that crawls after him almost by accident, spreads as he spreads. A moving atmosphere of power clings to his steps, so that even the lowest creatures which he has found useful or even but supportable for centuries in one place, will drive out, without giving him any trouble, the creatures which he would find comparatively useless or insupportable in another. The clover driving the fern and even the sword-flax before it, and so preparing a rich pasture for the sheep, — the little house-

fly, transported in boxes and bottles, and then left to supplant the disgusting native blue-bottle by its own energies, are but special illustrations of the general law that all that man has found on the whole — very often unconsciously, as in the case of the fly — suitable and, comparatively speaking, advantageous to him in ages of civilization, has during those ages been acquiring without knowing it the power to follow him successfully into other regions, where the conditions of animal and vegetable life would otherwise be much less favourable to his existence, and so to share the charmed life of civilization without being the objects of his intentional protection. Naturally one would have supposed that by the law of the "conflict for existence," the lush tropical forests of South America, the sworded flax tree and thick ferns of New Zealand, would have struggled with the most tremendous advantages against the foreign growths which civilized man brings with him, and which are so essential to his progress. And so it would be certainly, if art alone were his only dependence; if every animal and vegetable inconsistent with his comfort and safety had to be industriously exterminated, instead of retreating almost as if by magic, before him. But the fact is quite otherwise. The wild animals and wild growths even of the tropical forests yield easily before the weakest invader that has gone through the selecting process inseparable from civilization. The clover follows man into the heart even of South American jungles, displacing the rank grasses it finds there. The horse and the sheep and the pig multiply in these new wastes of vegetation with infinitely more rapidity than the wild animals which are native there. Man, of course, takes his arts with him, but where he might expect to have to fight Nature hardest with his most marvellous efforts, nature seems to acknowledge the mere magic of his preparations, and to yield to him without insisting on any laborious application of them. Even the tangled forests of the Amazon will probably yield to the first sincere effort at immigration with infinitely less difficulty than we expect. Rich, wild, and virgin soils nourish weak and comparatively unte-nacious forms of life, both animal and vegetable. The very luxuriance of growth is perhaps a sign of this weakness. The harder and subtler vitality of "selected," — *i. e.*, civilized, — nature, soon beats the luxuriance of wild nature in the race.

And we must remember that this process of "natural" selection, — selection with re-

spect merely to weakness and strength, — is arrested directly we reach man, directly we reach a being endowed with a character which can see that there is a weakness stronger than strength, indeed a strength in weakness itself, when that weakness is the weakness of reverence, self-denial, and love. Our Poor Laws, our hospitals, our healing art, our charities, are all so many agencies for counteracting the process of "natural selection" so soon as we arrive at a stage of culture when we can see that mere strength, mere tenacity of life, is not itself divine. Natural selection stops, or begins to stop, with the very race for whom it has hitherto worked with so beneficial an effect. It prepares a region suitable for civilized man, and enables him to conquer with infinitely greater ease other regions not thus suitable for him, and then the being for whom all this has been done, is taught that after all his highest duty and noblest function in relation to his own race lies in reversing the process, in protecting the weak, in lifting up the hands that hang down, in strengthening the feeble knees, in guarding with the tenderest care every spark of human reason and human love. How should a being placed in the position which man holds on the earth by long ages of merely "natural selection," of struggle for existence, have learned that this very process, this fierce competitive strife, is one of the very lowest of his functions, — the one, indeed, which he shares with the lower order of plants and animals, — if the Providence which had watched over the one process had not been waiting to give the corrective and the great supplement to His own teaching, the moment He had at last prepared for Himself a being worthy of it? To our minds the most wonderful side of the Darwinian theory is, that it shows us, in such strong contrast, what God has really done to perfect our physical and animal nature, and that the being for whom He has done all this, and who is the first to know it, is the first also to know that the law of conflict and competition is the lowest of the laws of human nature, and is recognized by us only in learning to keep it well under us. It would be the strangest of all paradoxes if a universe really *accounted* for by the law of competition, was crowned by the one being who, in his highest moments, reverses and repudiates that law.

From Good Words.

MORE ABOUT THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

A Supplementary Lecture, delivered to the Church of England Young Men's Association, in St. George's Hall, Canterbury, Nov. 5, 1866.

WHEN your excellent secretary requested me to open your course of lectures for this season, I naturally went to a shelf where papers await future use, to see whether the Queen's English correspondence was ample enough to warrant another lecture on that subject. I found upwards of fifty letters on questions of more or less interest, and a fair amount of cuttings from newspapers, and memoranda picked up in society and in solitude.

I therefore determined to announce "More About the Queen's English," as my subject, and to go through my file of letters and memoranda, thus forming a supplementary lecture, which might, in the next edition of my little book, either be worked in among its paragraphs, or be printed entire as an appendix at the end.

This being so, I shall not aim at arrangement or classification, but shall simply discuss the matters presented by my correspondents, and the memoranda, as they come before me.

I am asked whether an expression which I had used, "the *first foundation* of an institution," can be right, seeing that an institution can have but one foundation? The reply is to be sought in the general use of expletive, *i.e.*, superabundant words, together with others which already express the meaning required. Thus we have, "O that they would consider their *latter end*," when "their end" would, strictly speaking, have been sufficient. Thus also we say, "the utmost end of the earth," "the first beginning of creation"; the expletive prefix in each case tending to give precision and emphasis, and showing that it is on the fact reasserted by it, that the stress of the sentence is laid.

A notable and very solemn instance of this usage is found in the title, "the most Highest," given to the Almighty in the Prayer-book version of the psalms (Ps. ix. 2; xiii. 6; xxi. 7; etc.) In the Bible version the expression seems not to occur, the "Most High," or "the Highest," being its equivalent. But we have a reduplication of the same kind in Acts xxvi. 5: "After the

most straitest sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee." In this place, it is difficult to account for it, as it represents only the simple superlative in the original text. King James's translators seem merely to have retained it from the older English versions, Tyndale's, Cranmer's, and the Geneva Bible.

It may be hard to assign exactly the difference between "*oldest*" and "*eldest*." Whatever it may be, it is clearly matter of idiomatic usage, and not derivable from any distinction in the words themselves. But that there is a difference, may in a moment be shown. We cannot say, "Methuselah was the *eldest* man that ever lived"; we must say, "the *oldest* man that ever lived." Again, it would hardly be natural to say, "his father's *oldest* born," if we were speaking of the first-born. If we were to say of a father, "He was succeeded by his *oldest* son," we should convey the impression that that son was not the *eldest*, but the oldest surviving after the loss of the *eldest*. And these examples seem to bring us to a kind of insight into the idiomatic difference. "*Eldest*" implies not only more years, but also priority of right; nay, it might sometimes even be independent of actual duration of life. A first-born who died an infant was yet the *eldest* son. If all mankind were assembled, Methuselah would be the *oldest*: but Adam would be the *eldest*, of men. Whether any other account is to be given of this than the caprice of usage, I cannot say, but must leave the question to those who are better versed in the comparison of languages. My object is to describe the current coin, rather than to inquire into the archaeology of the coinage.

Connected with this inquiry about "*oldest*" and "*eldest*" is the subject of a letter which I will give you entire.

"SIR, — When I came on deck the other morning in the Red Sea (very near the place at which Moses and the Israelites are supposed to have crossed), I was seized by three fellow-passengers — a Russian, a Frenchman, and a Swiss — who, *volentem volentem*, constituted me umpire in a dispute which they were carrying on upon a point of English grammar. The Russian, it seems, was his father's *eldest* son, and he had four brothers, all, *ex necessitate*, younger than himself. In speaking of the *oldest* of these four, he called him 'my elder brother'; on which the Frenchman said, 'I thought you were your father's *eldest* son.' 'So I am,' he replied; 'but I spoke of the *elder* of my brothers. I am not one of my own brothers, and therefore when I speak of my el-

der brother, I don't include myself. He I spoke of is the *oldest* of my brothers, not the *oldest* of my father's sons.' To this I replied by quoting Milton — 'Adam the goodliest of his sons since born, the fairest of her daughters, Eve.' That, however, we agreed was only justified by poets' license. Finally, I ruled that though my Russian friend was strictly and grammatically correct, yet, according to common usage, the expression employed by him was rather calculated to mislead. He seemed to think it rather hard that the English people, having constructed a grammar, should not conform to its rules; and hinted that in Russia no such liberty of the subject would be permitted — that when laws were made, people were expected to obey them; and that a man who talked bad grammar would be in danger of the knout.

"Will you be so good as to tell us in your next edition whether the Russian or the Frenchman was right, and whether you approve of my ruling.

"Your obedient servant,

"W. F."

It was somewhat curious that the Russian should have blamed us for inconsistency: for surely "*my elder brother*" must mean "the elder brother of me," just as "*my better half*" means, "the better half of me." We may also hereby illustrate what was just now said about "*oldest*" and "*eldest*": "*my eldest brother*" could never be said by the first-born of a family, seeing that the title belongs to him alone: whereas when "*my oldest brother*" is said, he excludes himself, and indicates the brother next to him in age.

I am asked why we say "*dependent on*," but "*independent of*." The answer is surely not difficult. When we make "*dependent*" into "*independent*," we not only deny that which "*dependent*" asserts, but we construct a different word; different in its reference and its government. The "*on*," which we use after "*dependent*," implies attachment and sequence; as in "*hanging on*," "*waiting on*": the "*of*," which we use after "*independent*," expresses merely the relation of the thing following, as when we say "*inclusive of*," "*exclusive of*." In this case, the variation of prepositions might be still further exemplified; we say "*pendent from*," "*dependent on*," "*independent of*." A somewhat similar instance may be found in "*with respect to*," and "*irrespective of*."

The same correspondent who proposed the last question also asks, why we say "*contemporary with*," but "*a contemporary of*." The answer to this is to be sought from a different source. In "*contemporary*

with," the "*with*" simply carries on the force of the preposition "*con*," or "*cum*," with which the adjective is compounded. But when that adjective is made into a substantive, it then must be connected with other substantives by the customary preposition "*of*," indicating possession or relation.

A somewhat similar change takes place when substantives which may be used predicatively, are used indicatively. Thus we say "neighbour to him," but, "a neighbour *of* him," or, as we commonly express it, "*of* his." If we keep the same preposition in the two cases, the phrase does not retain the same meaning. "He is neighbour to him," means, "He lives near him": but "He is a neighbour to him," means "He behaves to him in a neighbourly manner."

The question at the end of our Lord's parable of the Good Samaritan, "Which of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among the thieves?" forms not an exception to the rule first mentioned, but rather an example of it. For the conclusion to be drawn from the parable is, that the real claim to the title of neighbour is his who acts in a neighbourly manner. So that the question does not mean, which of these three acted in a neighbourly manner to him? — but which of these three had a right to be called his neighbour — neighbour to him? Then the answer naturally comes, "He that showed mercy on him."

This correspondent also points out the curious difference which is made in the meaning of one and the same word in a sentence, when variously introduced by other words. Thus, if I say of one in India, "He will return for two years," I am rightly understood as meaning that the length of his stay at home will be two years. But, if I say, "He will not return for two years," then I do not, by the insertion of the negative, reverse the former proposition, i.e., mean that the length of his stay at home will not be two years, but I imply something quite different: viz., that two years will elapse before his return. By the insertion of the "not," the preposition "*for*," retaining its meaning of "*during*," "*for* the space of," ceases to belong to the length of time during which he will "*come*" and belongs to the length of time during which he will "*not come*."

My correspondent offers another example, which was originally given by the writer of the article on my little book in the Edinburgh Review for June, 1864. "Jack

was very respectful to Tom, and always took off his hat when he met him." "Jack was very rude to Tom, and always knocked off his hat when he met him." You will see that "his hat" in the former sentence is Jack's, but in the latter sentence it is Tom's. There is absolutely nothing to indicate this but the context. "Will any one pretend," says the Reviewer, "that either of these sentences is ambiguous in meaning, or unidiomatic in expression? Yet critics of the class now before us, [i.e., those who proceed on the assumption that no sentence is correct, unless the mere syntactical arrangement of the words, irrespective of their meaning, is such that they are incapable of having a double aspect,] are bound to contend that Jack showed his respect by taking off Tom's hat, or else that he showed his rudeness by knocking off his own."

And this is important, as showing how utterly impossible it is for every reference of every pronoun to be unmistakably pointed out by the form of the sentence. Hearers and readers are supposed to be in possession of their common sense and their powers of discrimination; and it is to these that writers and speakers must be content to address themselves.

"How is it," asks still the same correspondent, "that 'excuse my writing more,' and 'excuse my not writing more,' mean the same thing?" We may answer, that the verb to "*excuse*" has two different senses: one being to *dispense with*, and the other to *pardon*. When a school is called over, the master may excuse (*dispense with*) a certain boy's attendance: or he may excuse (*pardon*) his non-attendance. This will be at once seen, if we put, as we properly ought, the *person* as the object of the verb "*excuse*," as in, "I pray thee have me excused:" the sentence will then stand in the one case, "Excuse me *from* attendance"; but in the other, "Excuse me *for* non-attendance."

A correspondent asks whether the expression "*very pleased*" is admissible. Undoubtedly, the ordinary usage before a participle is "*very much*": "I was very much pleased." No one would think of saying, "I was very cheated in the transaction." But on the other hand we all say "very tired," "very ailing," "very contented," "very discontented." Where then is the distinction? The account to be given seems to be this: If the participle describe only the action or the suffering implied in its verb, in other words, if it continue a verb, "very" alone will not serve to quali-

fy it. "Very" simply intensifies. And it must have some quality to intensify. You cannot intensify a mere event. In other words, if "very" alone be used, it must be followed by an adjective, or by something equivalent to an adjective. "Tired" is equivalent to "weary": is a participle used as an adjective: therefore we may say "very tired": "ailing" is equivalent to "poorly": both "contented" and "discontented" are qualities and tempers, not merely records of an event which has happened. Judging then "very pleased" by this rule, it is admissible. "Pleased" is a state of mind, carried on beyond the mere occasion which gave rise to it. Introduce marked reference to the occasion, and "very" becomes inappropriate. You cannot say "very flattered," but must say, "very much flattered." I own I prefer "very much pleased," as more conformable to usage.

A difficulty arises as to the proper number of the verb substantive, when it couples a singular nominative case to a plural one. Two correspondents have written on this matter. One cites from a newspaper, "More curates are what we want," and asks whether "are" is correct. The other is a printer, and relates that on this sentence being sent for press,—"A special feature of the Reformatory Exhibition were the work-shops and work-rooms," the "Reader" in the office corrected "*were*" to "*was*"; upon which the Author corrected "*was*" back again to "*were*." A dispute arose in the office, some siding with the Reader, some with the Author. The former were the majority: and the minority, though they thought "*were*" correct, yet acknowledged that "*was*" would sound better.

And I believe that they were thus not only making an ingenuous confession, but giving the key to the whole question. In most cases of this kind, that which sounds right, is right. And that which sounds right is generally, in the examples before us, that the verb should take the number, be it singular or plural, of the preceding nominative case. "More curates are what we want." But invert the proposition, and we must say, "What we want is, more curates." So in the other case, "a special feature of the exhibition was, the work-shops, and work-rooms": but, "the work-shops and work-rooms were, a special feature of the exhibition."

Still, this rule does not seem to have been always followed by our best writers. In the English Bible, Prov. xiii. 8, we have,

"The ransom of a man's life *are* his riches": and in Prov. xvi. 25, "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof *are* the ways of death." The translators' rule seems to have been always to use the plural verb-substantive, when either of the nominatives was plural. We have in one and the same sentence, Prov. xvii. 6, "Children's children *are* the crown of old men: and the glory of children *are* their fathers": where it is plain that the occurrence of one plural, and not the order of the substantives, has ruled the number of the verb.

Every schoolboy will remember "*Amantium ira amoris integratio est*"; in reference to which we may notice, that the Latin possesses the advantage of being able so to arrange the sentence, that the verb shall stand close to, and take the number of, the more important of the two nominative cases.

A correspondent is about to dedicate a book to a Royal patroness. He wishes to express gratitude for "many kindnesses": but feeling uncomfortable as to the correctness of the expression, is afraid he shall have to write "much kindness," which does not so well express his meaning,— "kindness shown on many occasions."

It is a very easy matter to calm his apprehension, and allow him the full expression of his gratitude. Nothing is commoner than the making of abstract nouns into concrete in this manner. I trust we all remember the verse in the Lamentations of Jeremiah, ch. iii. 22, "It is of the Lord's *mercies* that we are not consumed, because His *compassions* fail not." In the same chapter we read of "all their *imaginings* against me." And in Ps. lxxxix. 49, we have the very word in question; "Lord, where *are* thy former *loving-kindnesses*, which Thou swarest unto David in thy truth?"

In all these examples, the word which originally signified an attribute, is taken to indicate an instance of the exercise of that attribute. "Loving kindnesses" are instances of loving-kindness.

A curious case of this license in speech may be seen at present on the walls of our railway stations, where an agent announces that he has upwards of 500 "*businesses*" to dispose of.

One expression in this last sentence reminds me that a correspondent at Leighton-Buzzard asks the following question: "Does *upwards* of a thousand" mean "more than," "above," "in excess of," a thousand, or, as some persons here, of good education,

maintain, "less than," "nearly approaching," a thousand? "I," adds my correspondent, "cannot see any other answer than the first: to me it is self-evident. Your valuable opinion hereon would greatly oblige." I am afraid that either good education has been sunk rather low at Leighton-Buzzard, which is hardly probable, or that my correspondent must be somewhat hard of hearing, and must have mistaken his neighbours. Our practice is always to regard abstract numbers as rising in height, as we see the concrete subjects of numbers do. The ascent is from 1 to 10, 10 to 100, 100 to 1000, and so on; and no one would dream of upwards of a thousand meaning anything else but *more than* a thousand.

Attention has been directed to the erroneous use of adjectives belonging to one bodily sense, with substantives belonging to another. We are told that "a conspicuous voice" is a not uncommon expression. I can testify to having frequently heard "a beautiful smell," and "a beautiful air." Now of course all such expressions will not bear strict investigation: but are they therefore not allowable? Every one speaks of "beautiful music": why may we not say, "a beautiful odour"?

The distinction seems to be this. Any word may be used in that which is called a metaphorical sense: i.e., may be transferred from a material to a mental meaning. Thus "beautiful," being originally a word belonging to the sense of sight, may be transferred to the inward sight, and things may be called beautiful which are apprehended by the mind, with or without the aid of sense. Thus we recognize Beauty in art. Poetry, Painting, Music, are arts: the first apprehended by the eye, the ear, and the thought,—the second by the eye and the thought,—the third by the ear and the thought. In all these the mental vision sees Beauty: we may have beautiful poetry, beautiful painting, beautiful music. But smell is not an art: the mere enjoyment of wholesome air is not an art: in neither is there any scope for Beauty, and consequently of neither must "beautiful" be said. "A conspicuous voice" is even worse: it is an absolute defiance of correctness: a torturing of the machinery of one sense into the grooves of another.

This torturing of words may sometimes be perpetrated where people little suspect it. The Americanism "proclivities" is sometimes a convenient word. It is used as equivalent to "tendencies." But, in reality, it does only half the work of the English term. *Clivus* being Latin for a

hill, *proclivis* is an adjective signifying down-hill, while *acclivis* signifies up-hill. We have the term "acclivity" in English, meaning an upward slope. So that when we use "proclivities," we must take care that we confine it to its proper meaning. To speak, as the "Record" did last week, of a statesman having "High Church proclivities," is to make a blunder in terms. A proclivity can never carry a man up on high. The achievement of the man who used to walk up an inclined plane on a rolling globe would be far surpassed by him who through any manner of proclivities should attain to High Churchmanship. I would venture to suggest that as the American term has this defect, it would be better to discard it and employ the English one.

I mentioned in one of my former lectures, that "used to was" and "used to could" were reported as said in some parts of England. I have a confirmation of this in a letter from Derby. My correspondent says both expressions are very common there. "I have even," he says, "heard 'used to did.' Perhaps," he adds, "the following example may be new to you. A young man speaks who has married in haste, and is repenting at leisure:

"And when I think on what I am,
And what I used to was,
I feel I've thrown myself away
Without sufficient cause."

The same correspondent says, "I should once have sided with your opponents as to 'the three first Gospels:' but I am convinced by your arguments." It will be remembered that I defended this expression as equally correct with "the first three Gospels." "I think, however," he continues, "you would not defend what we often hear from the pulpit, or even more commonly from the clerk's desk. 'In the third chapter of St. John, the three last verses, are these words:' Or 'Let us sing the three first and the three last verses of the 92nd Psalm.'"

To this I answer, Why not? The "three first" verses are, the three verses whose place, with reference to the rest, is first. It is only a short way of saying, the three verses which come first: and so of the "three last." Look at our daily procession into church. What is the order? The Choristers are first: *First*, is a quality which may be predicated of them just as being in white surplices may be: they are the twelve first in order: or more briefly, they are "*the twelve first*." Then come the Lay Clerks, the twelve next in order, or in brief, "*the*

twelve next." Then come the clergy, the *four, or seven, or twelve last.*

Hardly any good English expression gets so much wrath expended on it as this "*three first,*" or "*three last.*" It was but the other day that the present writer had a whole vial of scorn poured over him because he has used it in his edition of the Greek Testament: the Reviewer being of course not aware that this is done of malice prepense, and because it is believed to be right.

A curious mistake is often made in accepting invitations. In full half the notes of this kind which are sent, we see, "I shall be very happy to accept your invitation for the 9th." But the acceptance is not a thing future: the acceptance is conveyed by that very note, and your friend, when she gets it, will put you down as having accepted. The sentence is written in confusion between, "I shall be very happy to come," and "I am very happy to accept," or "I accept with pleasure." And so the former half of the first sentence gets wedded to the latter half of the second.

This kind of confusion sometimes produces comical results. "Pat, does Mr. Flanigan live here?" "Yes, yer honour, he does, but he's dead." "Why, when did he die?" "Well, yer honour, if he'd live till next Tuesday, he'd be dead a fortnight." What the man means is tolerably clear. He would say, "He'll have been dead a fortnight come next Tuesday." But in the case of a living man, any assertion of this class must be made with reserve, because he may not live till next Tuesday; so Pat puts on the reserve, and applies it to the dead, who is beyond the reach of uncertainty.

Answers to invitations are set thick with traps for the careless and the illiterate. Sometimes, instead of "invitation," we find a noun unknown to our language introduced, and the writer is happy to accept the kind "*invite,*" of his host. Sometimes, when the invitation is declined, the poor tenses of verbs are mingled in the most ruthless manner.

Take a few forms at random: "I should be happy to come, but—" "I should have been happy to come, but—" "I should have been happy to have come, but—"

I believe all these are in use, one about as often as another. Let us examine them one by one.

"I should be happy to come, but I am pre-engaged." There seems, and I believe there is, no error here. The form of accepting would be, "I shall be happy to come, as I am dis-engaged;" and "should" is the strict conditional correlative of shall.

"I should have been happy to come, but I am pre-engaged." This is wrong, and for the following reason: "should have been" is conditional, relatively to something that is past. "I should have been in Devonshire last Christmas, but I was ill." And the thing which the writer of the note is speaking of, is future, not past. Had the writer said, "I should have been happy to accept your invitation, but I am pre-engaged," all would have been right: because the act of accepting or non accepting will have belonged to the past, before the host receives the letter.

"I should have been happy to have come, but I am pre-engaged." This is doubly wrong. The "should have been" is wrong, as we have just seen: and "to have come" has really no sense at all. Turn it into an acceptance. What can "I shall be happy to have come," mean? Nothing, surely, if not this, "I shall be rejoiced when the visit is over," which is a poor compliment to one's friend.

It is astonishing what different things people sometimes say from those which they intended to say. There was a letter a short time since, in one of the London papers, concerning a matter which the writer believed to be no credit to the Church. In his opening sentence he intended to announce this. But he made a very comical mistake. He asked the editor of the paper to allow him to make a statement which was no credit to the Church. And having done this, he signed himself "A Priest of the Province of Canterbury." So that as far as appeared from the letter, a clergyman had made a discreditable statement. It was the old story, of one going out to commit murder, and committing suicide by mistake.

An odious form of speech has lately crept into our newspapers: "The death is announced of—" "The suspension is reported of—" And sometimes we have the sentence still further divaricated thus, "The death is announced in the Liverpool journals, at his seat in the North of Scotland, of acute bronchitis, of Mr. Blank. The source of this clumsy arrangement must, I suppose, be sought in the fact of our not being able to use the convenient impersonal form of the French, and to say, "They announce." But there are many ways in which the same thing might be better said, and among them the very simple one, of keeping the plain order of the words: "The death of Mr. Blank is announced in the Liverpool journals."

In a lately published volume of verse, I found a still more remarkable form of this license of separating words which ought to stand together:—

"But the crowd at the gate
Still wait and wait,
As they must, for the train is a little bit late
(And I feel I must here of necessity state
That this often occurs at this now present date,
When a train due at six, as our Bradshaws re-
late,
Will arrive at about twenty minutes to eight :
And I fear this must still for some time be our fate,
Till the railway directors shall sit tête-à-tête,
And shall hit on some plan to the nuisance
abate)."

Anderleigh Hall: a Novel in Verse.

A correspondent wishes more said on "people" and "persons." He complains that the two are used as synonymous, "to me," he says, "a very offensive vulgarism. It is periodically announced by the clergyman of the church to which I go here, that there will be the usual monthly sermons for the young this afternoon, at which the attendance of 'young people' is particularly requested. Now it seems to me that 'people' is a collective noun of the singular number, and should only be used as such, never for 'persons.' Should I be right if I said that the latter is the concrete of people?"

I observed in my book (par. 318), that I could not see the distinction, nor did I find it observed by our best writers. Even supposing it to exist, usage has set in so decidedly against it, that it would be pedantry for our age to insist on reviving it. We should have to sing, "All persons that on earth do dwell," which may be a correction, but certainly is not an improvement.

Another correspondent finds fault with a common method of speech in which we make the abstract noun into the concrete: "Twenty clergy walking in procession." But this surely is defensible, nay, is sometimes necessary. "Twenty clergymen walking in procession," may mean the same thing, but does not so plainly indicate that they walked where they did, because they were clergymen. After all, "twenty clergy" is only an abbreviated form of twenty of the clergy, the clerisy, or the clerical profession. In another profession, the adjective is used to perform a similar duty: we speak of calling in the "military."

It is somewhat curious to observe the different forms which have come to designate the professions. Ministers of religion are "the clergy," soldiers are "the military," sailors hardly have a collective name, but are individually known as "Jack" or, if pluralised, "the blue jackets;" lawyers are "the bar," or the "gentlemen of the long robe," though their robes are no longer than

those of the clergy; medical men are "the faculty;" judges are "the bench," or "big-wigs." Artists, engineers, architects, seem to be as yet without collective names.

A correspondent in Scotland writes that an English friend questions the correctness of pronouncing *heron*, as a word of two syllables, and affirms that the usage in the south is to pronounce the word as though spelt *hern*. And he enquires, 1, whether, under both forms of spelling, the word is pronounced as of one syllable; 2, whether when spelt and pronounced *heron* it departs from English usage.

My answer was that the spelling *hern* is at present unknown, except in cases presently to be noticed; but the pronunciation *hern* is universal, except rarely in poetry. That this has very long been so is testified by such proper names as *Hern Hill* (a name not peculiar to the railway junction at Camberwell, but also found in Somersetshire near Ilminster, and I dare say elsewhere) and *Herne Bay*. Another and a very curious testimony to this is found in the corruption of a proverb in which the bird is mentioned. We now say of a stupid fellow, that "he doesn't know a hawk from a hand-saw." But thus the proverb overdoes its work: for, out of idiocy itself, such stupidity could not occur, as should confound things so entirely and essentially different. As the proverb originally stood, it described a degree of unversedness in common things which doubtless was, and certainly now is, very common. In the days when hawking was to be seen in almost any neighborhood, not to know a hawk from a *herneshe*w (for so the bird at which the hawk was flown was then called) would be well understood. And "*herneshe*w" having become "*hand-saw*," is another witness to the antiquity of the monosyllabic pronunciation of "*heron*."

The contraction of "*herneshe*w" into "*heron*," puts us in mind of the little gentleman in black velvet toasted of old by the Jacobites, whose name "*mole*," is the only surviving syllable of a much longer word, "*mouldy warp*" or "*mould warp*," a creature that turns the mould.

A sportsman friend who has long lived (and long may he live) in the most beautiful part of Charnwood Forest in Leicestershire, told me, years ago, that the people round Bradgate Park, when they want to summon a passer-by, call out, not "*Hallo*" or "*Halloo*," but "*Halloop!*" and he thought that the exclamation, by this form, betrayed its having come down from the days when one cried to another "*A loup*,"

or as we say, "wolf, wolf!" This may or may not be the fact; it is at all events interesting.

Considering how commonly ingenious derivations are wrong, it is surprising that any grave writer in these days should allow himself to be taken in by one. Yet no less a person than the present Emperor of the French has fallen into this trap. You know that there is a place on the Thames, above London, called Teddington. It so happens that its situation nearly corresponds with the limit to which the tide ascends in the stream. So some ingenious person made what was little better than a pun upon the name, and called Teddington, Tide-end-town. In process of years, the public, who are always ready to accept a likely-sounding derivation, reported Tide-end-town as the origin of the name. And the Emperor Napoleon, in the 2nd vol. of his *Life of Julius Caesar*, has gravely stated the fact, and worked it into his argument. His words are these:—

"The only thing which appears to us evident is, that the Romans did not cross anywhere below Teddington. It is known that this village, of which the name is derived from Tide-end-town, marks, in point of fact, the last point of the Thames at which the tide is felt. It would be impossible to believe that *Cæsar* exposed himself to the risk of being surprised, during his passage, by the swelling of the water." Vol. ii. p. 191, Eng. transl.

The *Edinburgh Reviewer* well remarks on the singular simplicity, often observable in the Emperor's book, with which "a cockney myth, such we conceive the popular derivation of Teddington to be, is transformed into a serious piece of archæology."

A very ingenious derivation, but I believe also wrong, has been sent me by a Scottish correspondent, dwelling under the shadow of Ben-Nevis. His letter is too interesting to be abridged, so I give it as it stands:—

"KILMALLIE MANSE,
BY FORT WILLIAM, N.B.,
24th June, 1864.

"Rev. Sir, — Seeing in your 'Queen's English' mention of the Danish word '*Nabo*' as possibly the original form of the English 'Neighbour,' I am induced to give you the following facts, and a conjecture regarding the further history of that word, hoping they may prove sufficiently interesting to plead my excuse for troubling you.

"In the northern counties of the Highlands the common Gaelic term for neighbour is still, as it has been for time immemorial, this Danish *Nabi*, pronounced *Naabi*; whereas in the

southern Highlands a totally different word, and one of pure Celtic lineage, is used.

"Now it is notorious that the Norsemen held the northern Highland counties, as well as the outer Hebrides, for ages, and still there are settlers in Caithness and in Lewis who boast of unmixed Danish blood. There are very few traces of Norse in the common language of the country, but the names of places generally are Scandinavian; and on the whole the wonder is, not that *Nabo* should retain his place in the Highlands, but that there are not many more of his kith and kin along with him.

"Having thus shown that *Nabo* is naturalized in the north Highlands, I proceed to tell how he travelled to the south Highlands. When the Caledonian Canal was being wrought (from about 1800 to 1822), many north-country Highlanders were, as a matter of course, employed on it, and after it was finished several of them went to the *Crinan* Canal—also a Government work—in the south of Argyshire. There they naturally addressed one another as *Nabi*, just as an Englishman would say 'mate,' or 'comrade,' and the word, quite new to the Argyshire-men, appeared so outlandish and odd that they fixed it as a nickname on the North-men, calling them all *Naabis*.

"This is a fact of which I have abundant proof, that about forty years ago a set of canal-workers in Argyshire were called *Naabis*; and my conjecture about the further travels of the word may be easily anticipated—that here we see whence came *Navy*, about which there is so much disputing. *Navy* is said to have been originally applied to canal-workers, and hence said to be a contraction of *Navigator*, which I do not consider at all likely. My own Danoceltic account appears much more probable; for though I cannot prove that any of the Highland workers went south from Crinan (though their having done so is most likely), I know that the contractors and superintendents were English and Scotch (it being a Government work), and they would easily convey the word with them, even though they knew not its original meaning."

So far my correspondent. Now first, his account does not quite stand upright by itself. For the Northmen, who were "many" when working at the Caledonian Canal, which they left in 1822, became only "several" when they went to the Crinan Canal: and it was they only, not canal men in general, who were nicknamed "*naabies*." So that the English contractors, who seem to be the only link binding on the south to the story, would not be likely to adopt the term as a general name for all canal men when they returned to the south.

Besides, according to this account, the name did not come into England till after the completion of the Crinan Canal. Strangely enough, no history is given of this canal in

Black's or in Anderson's Guide-book: nor is the year of its completion to be found in Haydn's Dictionary of Dates, nor in the cyclopedias. It cannot have been finished till late in the *twenties* of this century. But I myself can remember, before the twenties came in, full fifty years ago, that when the canals were being made in the part of England where I was brought up, a common expression on people's lips was "the system of inland navigation:" and the men who worked at the canals were called at full length, "navigators:" the word had not yet been abridged. This my own remembrance, is to my mind decisive of the question.

The same correspondent mentions an amusing result of provincial pronunciation in the mind of an ignorant man: —

"Many years ago, in the Isle of Skye, I was reasoning with a man who thought himself very religious, who, in common with the class to which he belonged, fancied that he possessed the power of 'discerning spirits,' especially those of preachers, and reckoned it a sacred duty to refuse to listen to any one of whose conversion he felt not fully assured (the test, I am sorry to say, being the use of certain formal phrases, and specially the tone of voice). I said what I could about the truth being God's truth — to be received as such in a meek, humble, and self-searching spirit; and referred to the well-known passage — 'Take heed *how* ye hear,' &c. &c. 'No, no,' says my friend; 'it is take heed *who* (*hoo*) ye hear, and proves I am right.' He had been taught to pronounce *how*, *hoo*. He saw no necessity for *whom* — the objective — before the verb. He was convinced thoroughly that he had floored me with my own weapons, and was more and more confirmed in his spiritual pride."

Two correspondents — one within the last few days — ask for a decision as between "*spoonsfull*" and "*spoonfuls*." The same question clearly involves all similar compounds, — *handful*, *cupful*, *apronful*, &c.

There can be no real doubt about the answer. The composite word "*spoonful*" has an existence of its own, and must follow the laws of that commonwealth of words to which it belongs. To make its plural "*spoonsfull*," is to blot out its separate existence as a word. Besides, this form of plural does not convey the meaning intended. "*Three spoons full*" is a different thing from "*three spoonfuls*." The former implies that three separate spoons were used: the latter expresses three measures of the size indicated.

There seems to be great uncertainty about the spelling of the verb to *shew* (or, *show*).

The following rule was given me, I forget by whom, and I have generally found it observed by careful writers. When the verb is used of outward visible things, spell it with an *o*: "He showed me his house and his pictures." But when the verb is used of things to be manifested to the mind, and not to the sense, spell it with an *e*: "He shewed me the advantage of becoming his tenant." It follows from what has been said, that the substantive, "a show," should always be spelt with an *o*: its meaning being restricted to an outward display made to the senses. On examining the English Bible, I find that "shew" is universal, both as verb and as substantive, as literal and as metaphorical. Nor is this owing to modern printers merely. The same use prevailed through all the ancient English versions: and is found also in the Common Prayer Book. The tendency of the modern printer has been to abandon this spelling altogether, and to use the "o" in every case.

A newspaper stated in 1864, that Lord Palmerston had *attained* his eightieth year. On this a household at Beckenham fell out. The ladies maintained that the expression was equivalent to — had *completed* his eightieth year. And matter of fact was with them: for Lord Palmerston, having been born in 1784, was full eighty in 1864. But the gentleman held that, however the fact might seem to bear out the ladies' interpretation, and however the writer may have intended to express the meaning, *attained* and *completed* cannot be the same: but the expression "attained his eightieth year" must properly mean "entered his eightieth year."

It seems to me that the gentlemen were right. A youth has attained his majority the very day he enters upon it, not the day he dies and quits it, his life being complete. A man attains a position in life the moment he is appointed to it, before he has begun any of its duties. And so a man attains his eightieth year the first day that it can be said of him that he is in his eightieth year: not the last day that this can be said: for he has then attained his eighty-first year.

Ought we to say, "*be kind to one another*," or "*be kind one to another*?" The latter is beyond question the more correct, and is found in the English version of the Scriptures in such phrases as, "Be kindly affectioned one to another in brotherly love." But the former has become almost idiomatic, and the other would sound pedantic in conversation.

The history of the inaccuracy may be thus traced. When we say, "Love one another," "one another" is not a compound

word in the objective case after the verb, but is two words, the former in the nominative, the latter in the objective case: in Latin, "Diligite alius alium:" one love another. But the ear has become so accustomed to the sound of "one another" pronounced together, that we have come to regard that sound as indicating a compound word, and to treat it as such after preposition.

The same is the case with "each other." "Love each other," is "Love each the other:" and so when a preposition intervenes, we ought properly to say, "Each to the other." But we do not, and never shall. Idiom has prevailed, even when established in a mistake, over strict propriety.

A correspondent asks, whether the suppression of the *s* in the third person singular of "to need" may be regarded as sanctioned by use?

Certainly, no one in these days would think of saying, "Tell the housemaid she needs not light the dining-room fire to-day." Our practice in this case is to abridge "needs not" into "needn't." But it is to be observed that the *s* is dropped only when another verb follows: we say "He need have the strength of Hercules to lift that stone:" but if we leave out "have," we must say, "He needs the strength."

The same correspondent asks whether good writers make "dare" do duty for the past tense of "to dare?"

I do not quite understand this question. I never saw that done which is described. Does my correspondent mean that he doubts whether good writers would say, "They urged him to take the leap, but he dare not?" I imagine that every one would write "he dared not:" I am sure that every one would say, "he didn't dare to."

Let me put in a word to rescue "dare" from being treated as we just now saw "need" must be treated. It is not according to the best usage to say, "he dare not do it." The *s* of the third person present must not be suppressed: but we must say, he dares not do it.

In Psalm lxxvii. 14, the Prayer Book version has "Thou art the God that doeth wonders;" whereas the Bible version runs, "Thou art the God that doest wonders." A correspondent asks, which is right?

The answer I think must be, that both are right. The direct construction of the sentence in English requires the Prayer Book rendering, "Thou art the God that doeth wonders:" whereas the other can be accounted for by a not uncommon attrac-

tion of subordinate verbs into the form in which the main sentence is cast.

A correspondent requested me to give him an account of the varying plurals of cherub and seraph, as found in our Bible and Prayer Book. I have obtained the following from one whose scholarship I can trust:

"The forms 'cherubs,' 'cherubim,' 'cherubin,' 'cherubims,' and 'seraphs,' 'seraphim,' 'seraphin,' 'seraphims,' are, or profess to be, plurals of the words 'cherub,' and 'seraph,' respectively. The words themselves are taken directly from the Hebrew, and in that language the plurals are 'cherubim' and 'seraphim.' In the English version the plurals appear as cherubims and seraphims, the translators finding cherubim (or "in") and seraphim (or "in") in the Latin and Greek versions, and, it may be, thinking that these terminations would not carry to the majority of their readers the plural sense without the addition of *s*. * Cherubin and seraphin are properly Chaldaic or Rabbinic forms, and are those generally used in the oldest MSS. of the Septuagint version (—*ew*), that version having probably been made by persons to whom the Rabbinic form was most familiar. (The form has, however, in later MSS. and in the editions of the Septuagint, been altered to *im*.) From the Septuagint this form was introduced to the Latin versions, and so found its way into the Te Deum, where it has remained untranslated in the English Prayer Book."

One correspondent asks, whether of these two is right, "Death is obnoxious to men," or "Men are obnoxious to death!" Here the adjective "obnoxious" is used in two different senses. In Latin, "*obnoxius*" means "subject to:" "Omnes homines morti obnoxii sunt." — All men are obnoxious, subject, to Death. But this meaning has almost vanished out of our English usage, and that of noxious, hurtful, has taken its place. I need not tell scholars that this meaning crept into later Latin probably from the similarity of sound in "noxius" and "obnoxius," and is altogether unknown in the better days of the language.

I have had an amusing letter from which I extract the following: "All you say is indeed most true: I grieve over the changes and innovations in our language I hear daily around me, especially among young people. Young people say 'Thanks' now, never 'Thank you.' I am sick of 'abnormal,' and 'aesthetic,' and 'elected,' for 'chosen,' all

* The earlier English Bibles have generally *cherubims*, &c.

used most absurdly by modern writers. 'Advent' for 'coming' I hate; it seems a sacred word, which ought to be only used for our Saviour's coming. Why has 'people' now an *s* added to it? it never used to have; we do not yet say 'sheeps'; and both are nouns of multitude. I can't bear to be asked at dinner if Mr. Blank shall assist me to anything instead of help, and yet both mean much the same, but the former smacks of 'the commercial gent.' I dare say I could think of many more follies and vulgarisms, but I shall tire you. I wish you to write a third article on the subject. Excuse an old-fashioned single woman (not a *female*) having plagued you with this letter."

We had better take in order the words complained of. "Thanks" for "Thank you," seems to deserve better treatment than it meets with at our good Priscilla's hands. It is, first, of respectable parentage and brotherhood: having descended from classic languages, and finding both examples in our best writers,* and present associates in the most polished tongues of Europe. And then, as generally used, it serves admirably the purpose of the generation now coming up, who are for the most part a jaunty off-handed set, as far as possible removed from the prim proprieties of our younger days. "Thank you" was formal, and meant to be formal: "Thanks" is both a good deal more gushing for the short time that it takes saying, and also serves the convenient purpose of nipping off very short any prospect of more gratitude or kindly remembrance on the part of the young lady or gentleman from whose mouth it so neatly and trippingly flows. Let "thanks" survive and be welcome; it is best to be satisfied with all we are likely to get.

"Abnormal" is one of those words which has come in to supply a want in the precise statements of science. It means the same as "irregular:" but this latter word had become so general and vague in its use, that it would not be sure to express *departure from rule*, which "abnormal" does. Thus far its use is justified, and even the old-fashioned lady could hardly complain: but the mischief is that the apes of novelty have come to substitute it for "irregular" in common talk; and Miss, at home for the holidays, complains towards the end of breakfast, that "the post has become quite abnormal of late." The effect of this, as of fine talk in general, will be to destroy the proper force of the word, and drive future philosophers to seek a new one, which in its turn will share the like fate with its predecessor.

* It occurs fifty-five times in Shakespeare: and, in the formula "Thanks be to God," four times in the English Bible.

"*Æsthetic*," again, has its proper use in designating that which we could hardly speak of before it came into vogue. Unfortunately our adjective, formed from the substantive "sense," had acquired an opprobrious meaning: and the attempt to substitute sensuous for it had altogether failed. There was no remedy but to have recourse to the Greek, the language of science, and take the word we wanted. If it has suffered in the same manner as the last, it is no more than might have been expected: but I do not remember to have heard it used, where any other word would serve the turn.

"Elect," for choose is one of our modern newspaper fineries: and it is not to be denied that "*Advent*" is rapidly losing its exclusively sacred reference. I am not sure that this is to be regretted, as the popular mind will thus become aware, without explanation, what is meant by the solemn season when it comes round.

The adding of "s" to "people" has been rather a convenience. We always spoke of the English people, the French people, the German people: why then should we not say, the European *peoples*? At all events, it is better than what is now "newspaper" for it, "nationalities."

"Assisting" at dinner is of course what the single lady characterizes it as being, — and even worse. I don't imagine the respectable class whom she somewhat uncondemningly snubs would be flattered by the idea that they can descend to any expression so simply detestable. Another correspondent says, "I have been often amused by a host, requesting her guest (this gender is unkind), to *assist herself*." The construction in which the unfortunate verb finds itself in this usage, is somewhat curious. The challenge runs, "Mr. Blank, shall I assist you to beef?" The impression of those who are unacquainted with the vulgarism would be, that "to beef" was a verb, meaning to eat beef, or, as very refined people say, to "partake of" beef.

They do the thing somewhat differently over the water. An English gentleman for the first time seated at the table of an American family, was thus accosted by the lady of the house: "Mr. Smith, sir, do you feel beef?"

I witnessed the other day a curious example of the use of fine words. A blacksmith was endeavouring to persuade the smoke of my kitchen range to go up the chimney instead of filling the room. He tried to explain to me the conditions under which this might be done; and to my astonishment added, "you may always measure the suc-

cess of an apparatus of this construction, by the *incandescence of the ignited material.*"

In reference to the mispronunciation of Scripture proper names, I have had several anecdotes sent me. The only one worth recounting is, that an informant, whom I well know, heard the name of the returned slave in St. Paul's Epistle to Philemon, read, "One (monosyllable) Simus," instead of Onésimus.

A correspondent is highly offended with the very common expression, "I beg to inform you," "I beg to state," etc., requiring that the word "leave" should be inserted after the verb, otherwise, he says, the words are nonsense.

In this case, I conceive that custom has decided for us, that the ellipsis, "I beg," for "I beg leave," is allowable.

If ingenious derivations are often wrong, so also are ingenious corrections of common readings. I may give as an instance, a correction, often made with some confidence, of a word in the famous passage in Shakespeare's *Tempest*, beginning, "The cloud-capped towers." We commonly read in the modern editions, "And, like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind." No, says the corrector, not wreck, but "rack;" rack being thin floating vapour, such as is seen on the blue sky before a change of weather. Now the original word, it is true, is "*rack*," but there is every probability that by this Shakespeare meant *wreck*, not *floating vapour*. Two reasons may be given for this opinion: 1. In this very play, he calls the wreck of a ship by the name "*wrack*:"—"The direful spectacle of the *wrack*, which touched the very virtue of compassion in thee;" and in *Measure for Measure*, III. i., "her brother Frederick was *wracked* at sea." 2. The word *rack*, in the sense of the thin cloud spread over the blue sky, is never found except with the definite article, "*the rack*." Thus in *Hamlet*, "We often see against some storm, a silence in the heavens, the *rack* stand still." And Bacon, in his natural history, says, "the clouds above, which we call '*the rack*.'" In all other examples given in the dictionaries, the same is the case; and it would appear as contrary to usage to say "*a rack*" as it would be to say "*a north*," or "*a zenith*." This being so, we have no resource but to face the corrector boldly, and to maintain that "leave not a *wrack* behind," means, leave not behind so much as a ship when she is broken up,—not even a spar to be remembered by.

Another erroneous correction (if one may venture on such an Hibernianism in terms,)

is the inserting the word "*may*" in the sentence of the general thanksgiving, "and that we shew forth Thy praise not only with our lips but in our lives." This construction without "*may*," was not uncommon, when the contemplated result was to be stated. Thus in the first Prayer Book, in the collect for St. Mary Magdalen's day, we have, "Give us grace that we never presume to sin through the example of any creature."

A statement is sometimes made about this word, which is not in accordance with fact. I remember, a short time since, seeing in a book of instructions how to read the Liturgy, that the omission of the word "*may*" is only a blunder of the printers, for that it exists in the "sealed book," from which our prayer-books ought to be copied. This is true, and it is untrue. It did exist in the sealed book, but was erased by the bishops, who put the pen through it. Thus its omission was no mistake, but a deliberate act, and intended to convey a particular meaning.

I will conclude with a few scraps which I have collected, as specimens of broken or imperfect English.

The first shall be a letter written to a friend of mine by a German not deeply versed in our language.

"DEAR FRIEND,—With pleasure I took out of your kind letter your good arrival at Lausanne, although sleeping.

"I find that the intentions [of your Papa] as to your voyage for England are lightly justified as I think you would renounce upon without many pains.

"Very much more desagréable seems your second plan of a course of mountains, if you must make it only. But I think as much as I hear of politic [& after the judgements of Mr.—] the peax is also retablied. At least the mights are calmed, so that probably your father can accompany you.

"As the sojourn you demand, I, if I had a choose should (scribe) write to some of my schoolcompanions for accompanying you. Perhaps you find on and after I would make a foot-voyage in (Valais) Wales, it is very agreeable to journey with good friends. But if weather will remain as it is now, I hold it for the best to go at Basle.

"An other proposition is this. My friends are at —, in the canton of —. That bath after their description is very fine and the country around also very nice. There you find my friends who as I think will remain there still two weeks. You make the knowledge of Mr. Doctor & other Persons you may take baths of cold water which would bee very good fore you for it is said to have been made there since spring very good curs. I know not if there are mountains for making great promenades, may

I write to day to my friend and will demand him if my council I give you is acceptable, than I write you without hesitation.

"The (society) company in at bath is to be very little and there fore familiar. I think that an sojourn as this would be more agreeable because you have knowledges also. And during this bad time you have ever a refuge before rain.

"I am very curious if you agreed with my plan, however you must not delay if you will meet my friends.

"Receive my cordial salutations.

"Your true friend,
"—."

My reason for quoting this letter is, to show you that probably when the average Englishman attempts a letter in French or German, this may be not an unfair representation of his performance.

Really ambiguous sentences are to be found even in our most careful writers. One would think that Miss Austen, if any one, would not be caught tripping in this matter. But I read in "*Pride and Prejudice*," ch. xxviii. pt. i.: "Mr. Collins and Charlotte appeared at the door, and the carriage stopped at the small gate, which led by a short gravel walk to the house, amidst the nods and smiles of the whole party." And again, ch. xiii. pt. ii.: "Elizabeth hesitated, but her knees trembled under her, and she felt how little could be gained by an attempt to pursue them." I also find in the same novel, ch. xx. pt. ii.: "Each felt for the other, and of course for themselves." In this case the correction is easy, as the two persons were Jane and Elizabeth: "Each felt for the other and of course for herself:" but had the genders been different, it would have been impossible to write the sentence in this form at all.

I find the following sentence in Thackeray's "*Virginians*," Part IV.:

"He dropped his knife in his retreat against the wall, which his rapid antagonist kicked under the table."

A letter in the *Pall Mall Gazette* about a fortnight ago (Oct. 23, 1866), begins, "Sir, I have been spending this autumn in the vicarage of a pleasant village in Blankshire, famous for its cricket, which I have rented during the parson's holiday."

In a review in the same paper of Aug. 24, 1866, we read as follows:

"We defy any sensible bachelor anxious to change his condition, to read Lady Harriett Sinclair's book without drawing a painful contrast in his mind between a future passed with that gifted lady, and with (the writer means, and one passed with) the fast, very fast, young women with

whom he rides in the morning, plays croquet and drinks tea in the afternoon, sits by at dinner, and dances with at night, but wisely abstains from marrying."

One of the commonest of newspaper errors is to use a participial clause instead of a verbal one, leaving the said clause pendent, so that in the reader's mind it necessarily falls into a wrong relation. Thus we had in the *Times* the other day, in the description of the York congress, assembled under the presidency of the Archbishop: "His Grace said, &c., and after pronouncing the benediction, the assembly separated." And again, in the account of the Queen's visit to open the Aberdeen waterworks, "In 1862, the Police Commissioners, headed by the Provost, set themselves in earnest to the work of obtaining a new Police and Water act, and, succeeding in their labours, the splendid undertaking opened to-day is the result."

The notable and often exposed vulgarity "and which," or "and who," when no "which" or "who" has before occurred, seems as frequent as ever. This is an answer to an address presented to the Princess of Wales, and is the composition of an English nobleman:

"H. R. H. the Princess of Wales acknowledges, &c., and for which she is profoundly recognisant."

I quote the following from a novel which shall be nameless: "His having been with Lorenzo at the time of his death, and who had wished to confess to him, raised him prodigiously in the opinion of all those who had been the admirers of that prince."

I have received a notice this very day from a London bookseller to this effect:

"A. B. C. begs to announce the above important contributions by Dr. T. to Biblical Criticism as nearly ready, and which he will have for sale as soon as published."

Mistakes in the arrangement of words and clauses are found in high quarters not less frequently than of old. In the *Times* of Saturday last, a paragraph is headed "The Late Queen's Huntsman," when "The Queen's Late Huntsman," is intended. A correspondent sends the following from a letter describing the great hurricane at Calcutta in 1864: "The great storm wave which passed up the lower Hooghly is said to have been of the height of a man at a distance of ten miles from the bed of the river."

The ignorant use of one word for another continues to give rise to curious mistakes. A letter to a newspaper says, "There is in the parish of Helmingham, Suffolk, an

ancient graveyard of human skeletons, bearing much resemblance to, *if not identical with* that mentioned in your impression on Thursday last as being recently discovered on the farm of Mr. Attrim at Stratford-on-Avon."

In this sentence let me notice that "as being discovered" is also wrong. The writer meant, "as having been discovered."

The secretary of a railway publishes in the *Times* of Oct. 17, this year, the following notice. I suppose he is an Irishman. "The *present* service of trains between Three Bridges and East Grinstead, and the coach now running between Uckfield and Tunbridge Wells, is now discontinued."

In the leading article of the *Times*, the same day, appeared this sentence: "To our mind it was impossible to entertain any doubt on the subject, at least not since the intimation conveyed by the American minister." You will observe that there is here a "not" too much. The writer meant, "at least since the intimation, &c."

A correspondent sends me a very rich example of this confusion of ideas. It occurs in a leading article of the *Standard*: "The progress of science can neither be arrested nor controlled. Still less, perhaps, in this hurrying nineteenth century, can we expect to persuade men that, after all, the most haste may finally prove the worst speed, and that as a rule it must be of less importance to arrive at your journey's end quickly than it is not to arrive at all." Of course the writer meant, "than it is to make sure of arriving at all."

I have one or two more illustrations of the blunder of using one word when another is meant. In a well-known novel by one of our most popular writers, we read: "He had not learned the *heart* (*sic*) of assuming himself to be of importance wherever he might find himself."

This can hardly be a misprint.

In another novel of the day, we read: "For these pious purposes, a visible and attractive *presentation* of the newly promoted Saint is indispensable."

The author meant "*presentment*": "*presentment*" being a foreboding within the mind, not a demonstration before the eyes.

In the *Times* of April 20, of this year, we read: "The prisoners are allowed . . . to receive food from their friends outside, an indulgence which has been in many instances abused by the *secrection* of tobacco and written communications in the food sent in."

Had the writer consulted his dictionary, he would have found that *secrection* means "that agency in the animal economy that

consists in separating the various fluids of the body." He meant *secreting*."

If our last example presented a physical curiosity, our next even surpasses it. The *Times* Law report of Feb. 13, last year, told us of a plaintiff or defendant. "He, though a gentleman of property, was unhappily paralysed in his lower limbs." What a delightful idea this writer had of the usual exemption of the rich from the ills of humanity!

Nor does the level of physical intelligence rise in our next example, — an advertisement of Keating's Persian Insect-destroying powder. It states that "this powder is quite harmless to animal life, but is unrivalled in destroying fleas, bugs, flies, cockroaches, beetles, gnats, mosquitos, moths in furs, and every other species of insect." We thought we had more frequently found the converse mistake made, and the appellation "animals" applied somewhat exclusively to the unlovely genera here enumerated. The advertisement loses none of its richness as it proceeds: "Being the original importer of this article, which has found so great a sale that it has tempted others to vend a so-called article, the public are therefore cautioned to observe that the packets of the genuine powder bear the autograph of Thomas Keating."

One more specimen, and I have done.

"Notice. An advertisement headed Evans and Co., merchants, Shanghai, appears in the London *Daily Telegraph* of June 4th, intimating I was about, or had left, China. I beg to state, I never authorised H. Evans, baker and biscuit maker, to state I had, or intended leaving Shanghai. — John Deverill."

Well, my friends, our evening is over, and if it has amused you, and given you any hints leading to the sensible use of your own language, our purpose is answered. No further results are contemplated. We shall never persuade the *Times* to mend its ways in spelling; on Saturday last it made an English Bishop write of his "diocess," while I observe the adjective *diocesan* is commonly left in its correct form; and a few weeks since it spoke, in a leading article, of the book of Revelations. Nor shall we be able to persuade the public to call the kings of Egypt Pharaoh and not Pharos. There are doubtless wise reasons for the constant preference of the latter form.

In this, as in some other matters, "Great is error, and it will prevail." For, as the most facetious of my former censors reminded me, "The progress of language is a thing far mightier than the breath of Deans."

THE STARLING.

BY NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D., EDITOR OF GOOD WORDS.

CHAPTER I. — ADAM MERCER, POACHER AND SOLDIER.

"THE man was ance a poacher!" So said, or rather breathed, Peter Smellie, grocer and elder, with his hard wheezing breath, into the ears of Robert Menzies, a brother elder, who was possessed of a more humane disposition. They were conversing in great confidence about the important "case" of Sergeant Adam Mercer. What that case was, the reader will learn by and by. The only reply of Robert Menzies was, "Is't possible!" accompanied by a start and a steady gaze at his well-informed brother. "It's a fac' I tell ye," continued Smellie, "but ye'll keep it to yersel' — keep it to yersel', for it doesna do to injure a brither wi'oot cause; yet it's richt ye should ken what a bad beginning our freen has had. Pit your thumb on't, however, in the *mean* time — keep it, as the minister says, in *relentis*, which I suppose means, till needed."

Smellie went on his way to attend to some parochial duty, nodding and smiling, and again admonishing his brother to "keep it to himself." He seemed unwilling to part with the copyright of such a spicy bit of gossip. Menzies repeated to himself, "A poacher! wha would have thoct it? Yet——" We shall not record the harmonies, real or imaginary, which Mr. Menzies so intuitively discovered between the early and latter habits of the Sergeant.

And yet the gossiping Smellie, whose nose had tracked out the history of many people in the parish of Drumsylie, was in this, as in most cases, accurately informed. The Sergeant of whom he spoke had been a poacher some thirty years before, in a district many miles away. The wonder is how Smellie had found the fact out, or how, if true, it could affect the present character or position of one of the best men in the parish; yet true it was, and it is as well to confess it, not with the view of excusing it, but only to account for Mercer's having be-

come a soldier, and to show how one, "meek as a sheathed sword" in his later years, had in his earlier ones been possessed of a very keen and ardent temperament, whose ruling passion was the love of excitement, in the shape of battle with game and keepers. We accidentally heard the whole story, truly told, and, on account of other circumstances in the Sergeant's later history, it interested us more than we fear it can do our readers.

Mercer did not care for money, nor seek to make a trade of the unlawful pleasure of shooting without a license. Nor in the district in which he lived was the offence then looked upon in a light so very disreputable as it is now; neither was it pursued by the same disreputable class. The sport itself was what Mercer loved for its own sake, and it had become to him quite a passion. For two or three years he had frequently transgressed, but he was at last caught on the early dawn of a summer's morning by the well-known John Spence, who for many years protected the game on the lands of Lord——. John had many assistant keepers, from whom he received reports every now and again of some unknown and mysterious poacher who had hitherto eluded every attempt to seize him. Though rather old for active service, Spence resolved to concentrate all his experience — for, like many a thoroughbred keeper, he had himself been a poacher in his youth — on the securing of Adam Mercer; but how he did so it would take pages to tell. Adam never suspected John of troubling himself about such details as watching poachers, and John never suspected that Adam was the poacher; for the keeper was cousin-german to Mercer's mother, and he therefore felt his own credit and honor involved in the capture. The capture itself was not difficult; for John having lain in wait suddenly confronted Adam, who, scorning the idea of flying, much more of struggling with his old cousin, quietly accosted him with, "Weel, John, ye hae catched me at last."

"Adam Mercer!" exclaimed the keeper, with a look of horror. "It canna be you! It's no' possible!"

"It's just me, John, and no mistak'," said Adam, quietly throwing himself down on the heather and twisting a bit about his finger. "For better or waur, I'm in yer power; but had I been a ne'er-do-weel, like Willy Steel, or Tam McGrath, I'd have blackened my face and whammell'd ye ower and pit your head in a well-ee afore ye could cheep as loud as a stane-chucker; but when I saw wha ye war, I gied in."

"I wad rather than a five-pun-note I had never seen yer face! Keep us! what's to be dune! What wull yer mither say? and his Lordship? Na, what wull onybody say wi' a spark o' decency when they hear——"

"Dinna fash yer thoomb, John; tak' me and send me to the jail."

"The jail! What gude will that do to you or me, laddie? I'm clean donnered about the business. Let me sit down aside ye; keep laigh, in case the keepers see ye, and tell me by what mishanter ye ever took to this wicked business, and under my nose, as if I couldna fin' ye oot!"

"Sport, sport!" was Mercer's reply. "Ye ken, John, I'm a shoemaker, and it's a dull trade, and squeezing the clams against the wame is ill, they tell me, for digestion; and when that fails, ane's speerits fail, and the warld gets black and dull; and when things wad be thus gaun wrang wi' me, I couldna flee to drink; but I thoct o' the moors that I kent sae weel when my faither was a keeper to Murray o' Cultrain. Ye mind my faither? was he no a han' at a gun!"

"He was that—the verra best," said John.

"Aweel," continued Adam, "I used, when doon in the mouth and dowie, to ponder ower the braw days o' health and life I had when carrying his bag, and getting a shot noos and thans as a reward; and it's a truth I tell ye, that the *whirr kick-ic-ic* o' a covey o' muirfowl aye pits my bluid in a tingle. It's a sort o' madness that I canna accoot for; but I think I'm no responsible for't. Pairricks are maist as bad, though turnips and stubble are no to be compared wi' the heather, nor walkin' among them like the far-af braes, the win'y taps o' the hills, or the lown glens. Mony a time I hae promised to drap the gun and stick to the last, but when I'm no' weel and wauken and see the gun glintin', and think o' the wide bleak muirs, and the fresh caller air o' the hill, wi' the scent o' the braes, and hear thae whirr'in' cratures—man, I canna help it!

I spring up and grasp the gun, and I'm aff!"

The reformed poacher and keeper listened with a poorly-concealed smile, and said, "Nae doot, nae doot, Adam; it's a' natural—I'm no' denying that; it's a glorious business; in fac', it's jist pairt o' every man that has a steady han' and a guid e'e and a feelin' heart. Ay, ay. But, Adam, were ye no frightened?"

"For what?"

"For the keepers!"

"The keepers! Eh, John, that's half the sport! The thoct o' dodgin' keepers, jinkin' them roon hills, and doon glens, and lyin' among the muir-hags, and nickin' a brace or twa, and then fleein' like mad doon aen brae and up anither; and keekin' here and creepin' there, and cowerin' along a fail dyke, and scuddin' thro' the wood—that's mair than half the life o't, John! I'm no sure if I could shoot the birds if they were a' in my ain kail-yaird, and my ain property, and if I paid for them!"

"I faith," said John, taking a snuff and handing the box to Adam, "it's human natur'! But, ye ken, human natur's wicked, desperately wicked! and afore I was a keeper my natur' was fully as wicked as yours,—fully, Adam, if no waur. But I hae repented ever since I was made keeper; and I wadna like to hinder your repentance. Na, na. We mauna be ower prood! Sae I'll—Wait a bit, man, be canny till I see if ony o' the lads are in sicht;" and John peeped over a knoll, and cautiously looked around in every direction until satisfied that he was alone. "—I'll no mention this job," he continued, "if ye'll promise me, Adam, never to try this wark again; for it's no respectable; and, warst o' a, it's no' safe, and ye wad get me into a habble as weel as yersel; sae promise me, like a guid cousin, as I may say, and then just creep doon the burn, and along the plantin', and ower the wa', till ye get intil the peat road, and be aff; but I canna wi' conscience let ye tak the birds wi' ye."

Adam thought a little, and said, "Ye're a gude sowl, John, and I'll no' betray ye." After a while he added, gravely, "But I maun kill something. It's no in my heart as wickedness; but my fingers maun draw a trigger." After a pause, he continued, "Gie's yer hand, John; ye hae been a frien' to me, and I'll be a man o' honor to you. I'll never poach mair, but I'll list and be a sodger!"

"A sodger!" exclaimed John.

But Adam, after seizing John by the

hand and saying, "Good-bye!" suddenly started off down the glen, leaving two brace of grouse, with his gun, at John's feet; as much as to say, Tell my lord how you caught the wicked poacher, and how he fled the country.

John told how he had caught a poacher, but never gave his name, nor ever hinted that Adam was the man.

It was thus Adam Mercer poached and enlisted.

One evening I was at the house of a magistrate with whom I was acquainted, when a man named Andrew Dick called to get my friend's signature to his pension paper. I am fond of old soldiers, and never fail when an opportunity offers to have a talk with them about "the wars." Dick had been through the whole Peninsular campaign, with what credit I cannot tell. But on the evening in question, my friend Findlay, the magistrate, happened to say in a bluff kindly way, "Don't spend your pension in drink."

Dick replied, saluting him, "It's very hard, sir, that after fighting the battles of our country, we should be looked upon as 'worthless,' by gentlemen like you."

"No, no, Dick, I never said you were worthless," was the reply.

"Please, yer honor," said Dick, "ye did not say it, but I consider any man who spends his money in drink is worthless, and, what is mair, a fool — that's to say, he has no recovery in him, no supports to fall back on, but is in full retreat, as we would say, from decency."

"But you know," said my friend, looking kindly on Dick, "the bravest soldiers, and none were braver than those who served in the Peninsula, often exceeded fearfully — shamefully, and were a disgrace to humanity."

"Well," replied Dick, "it's no easy to make evil good; but yet ye forget our difficulties and temptations. Consider only, sir, that there we were, not in bed for months and months; marching at all hours; ill-fed, ill-clothed, and uncertain of life — which I assure your honor makes men indifferent to it; and we had often to get our mess as we best could, — sometimes a tough steak out of a dead horse or dead mule, for when the beast was skinned and dead it was difficult to make out its kind; and after toiling and mousing, up and down, here and there and everywhere, summer and winter, when at last we took a town with blood and wounds,

and when a cask of wine or spirits fell in our way, I don't believe that you, sir, or the justices of the peace, or, with reverence be it spoken, the ministers themselves, would have said 'No,' to a drop, and perhaps to more than was good for them. You'll excuse me, sir; I'm free with you."

"I didn't mean to lecture you, or to blame you, Dick, for I know the army is not the place for Christians."

"Begging your honor's pardon, sir," said Dick, "the best Christians I ever knewed were in the army, men who would do their dooty to their king, their country, and their God."

"You have known such?" I asked, breaking into the conversation to turn it aside from what threatened to be a dispute.

"I have, sir! There's one Adam Mercer, in your own town, an elder of your Church — excuse me, sir, I'm a dissenter on principle — for I consider —"

"Go on, Dick, about Mercer; never mind your church principles."

"Well, sir, as I was saying — though, mind you, I'm not ashamed of being a dissenter — Adam was our sergeant; and a worthier man never shouldered a bayonet. He was no great speaker, and was quiet as his gun when piled; but when he shot — he shot! short and pithy, a crack, and right into the argument. He was well respec'kit, for he was just and mercifu' — never bothered the men, and never picked oot faults, but covered them; never preached, but could gie an advice in two or three words that gripped firm about the heart and took the breath frae ye. He was extraordinar' brave! If there was any work to do by ordinar', up to leading a forlorn hope, Adam was sure to be on't; and them that kent him, even better than me, said that he never got courage frae brandy — altho' that has its ain gude in my opinion — but, as they assured me, though ye'll maybe no believe it, his preparation was a prayer! I canna tell how they found this oot, for Adam was unco quiet; but they say a drummer caught him on his knees afore he mounted the ladder wi' Canash at the siege of Badajoz, and that Adam told him no to say a word about it, but yet to tak his advice and seek God's help mair than man's."

This narrative interested me much, so that I remembered its facts, and connected them with what I afterwards heard about Adam Mercer many years ago, when on a visit to Drumsylie.

CHAPTER II. — THE ELDER AND HIS
STARLING.

WHEN Adam Mercer returned from the wars, nearly half a century ago, he settled in the village of Drumsylie, situated in a remote district in the northern parts of Scotland, and about twenty miles from the scene of his poaching habits, of which he had long ago repented. His hot young blood had been cooled down by hard service, and his vehement temperament subdued by military discipline; but there remained an admirable mixture in him of deepest feeling, regulated by habitual self-restraint, and expressed in a manner outwardly calm but not cold, undemonstrative but not unkind. His whole bearing was that of a man accustomed at once to command and to obey. Corporal Dick had not formed a wrong estimate of his Christianity. The lessons taught by his mother, whom he fondly loved, and whom he had in her widowhood supported to the utmost of his means from pay and prize-money, and her example of a simple, cheerful, and true life, had sunk deeper than he knew into his heart, and, taking root, had sprung up amidst the stormy scenes of war, bringing forth the fruits of stern self-denial and moral courage tempered by strong social affections.

Adam had resumed his old trade of shoemaker, occupying a small cottage, which, with the aid of a poor old woman in the neighborhood, who for an hour morning and evening did the work of a servant, he kept with singular neatness. His little parlor was ornamented with several memorials of the war—a sword or two picked up on memorable battlefields; a French cuirass from Waterloo, with a gaudy print of Wellington, and one also of the meeting with Blucher at La Belle Alliance.

The Sergeant attended the parish church as regularly as he used to do parade. Any one could have set his watch by the regularity of his movements on Sunday mornings. At the same minute on each succeeding day of holy rest and worship, the tall, erect figure, with well-braced shoulders, might be seen stepping out of the cottage door—where he stood erect for a moment to survey the weather—dressed in the same suit of black trousers, brown surtout, buff waistcoat, black stock, white cotton gloves, with a yellow cane under his arm—everything so neat and clean, from the polished boots to the polished hat, from the well-brushed grey whiskers to the well-arranged locks that met in a peak over his high fore-

head and soldierlike face. Never was there a more sedate or attentive listener.

There were few week days, and no Sunday evenings, on which the Sergeant did not pay a visit to some neighbor confined to bed from sickness, or suffering from distress of some kind. He manifested rare tact—made up of common sense and genuine benevolence—on such occasions. His strong sympathies put him instantly *en rapport* with those whom he visited, enabling him at once to meet them on some common ground. Yet in whatever way the Sergeant began his intercourse, whether by listening patiently—and what a comfort such listening silence is!—to the history of the sickness or the sorrow which had induced him to enter the house, or by telling some of his own adventures, or by reading aloud the newspaper—he in the end managed with perfect naturalness to convey truths of weightiest import, and fraught with enduring good and comfort—all backed up by a humanity, an unselfishness, and a gentlemanlike respect for others, which made him a most welcome guest. The humble were made glad, and the proud were subdued—they knew not how, nor probably did the Sergeant himself, for he but felt aright and acted as he felt, rather than endeavored to devise a plan as to *how* he should speak or act in order to produce some definite result. He numbered many true friends; but it was not possible for him to avoid being secretly disliked by those with whom, from their character, he would not associate, or whom he tacitly rebuked by his orderly life and good manners.

Two events, in no way connected, but both of some consequence to the Sergeant, turned the current of his life after he had resided a few years in Drumsylie. One was, that by the unanimous choice of the congregation, to whom the power was committed by the minister and his Kirk Session, Mercer was elected to the office of elder in the parish.* This was a most unexpected compliment, but one which the Sergeant for a time declined; indeed, accepted it only after many arguments addressed to his sense

* Every congregation in the Church of Scotland is governed by a court, recognized by civil law, composed of the minister, who acts as "Moderator," and has only a casting vote, and elders ordained to the office, which is for life. This court determines, subject to appeals to higher courts, who are to receive the Sacrament, and all cases of church discipline. No lawyer is allowed to plead in it. Its freedom from civil consequences is secured by law. In many cases it also takes charge of the poor. The eldership has been an unspeakable blessing to Scotland.

of duty, and enforced by pressing personal reasons brought to bear on his kind heart by his minister, Mr. Porteous.

The other event, of equal — may we not safely say of greater importance to him? — was his marriage! We shall not weary the reader by telling him how this came about; or by tracing out all the subtle magic ways by which a woman worthy to be loved untwined the cords that had hitherto bound the Sergeant's heart; or how she alone tapped the deep well of his affections into which the purest drops had for years been falling, until it gushed out with a freshness, fullness, and strength, which are, perhaps, oftenest to be found in an old heart, when it is touched by one whom it dares to love, as that old heart of Adam Mercer's required to do if it loved at all.

Katie Mitchell was out of her teens when Adam, in a happy moment of his life, met her in the house of her widowed mother, who was confined to a bed of feebleness and pain for years, and whom she had attended, with a patience, cheerfulness, and unwearied goodness which makes many a humble and unknown home a very Eden of beauty and peace. Her father had been a leading member of a very strict Presbyterian body, called the "Old Light," in which he shone with a brightness which no church on earth could of itself either kindle or extinguish; and when it passed out of the earthly dwelling, it left a subdued glory behind it which never passed away. "Faither" was always an authority with Katie and her mother, his ways a constant teaching, and his words an enduring strength, for they were echoes from the Rock of Ages.

The marriage took place after the death of Katie's mother, and soon after Adam had been ordained to the eldership.

A boy was born to the worthy couple, and named Charles, after the Sergeant's father.

It was a sight to banish bachelorship from the world, to watch the joy of the Sergeant with Charlie, from the day he experienced the new and indescribable feelings of being a father, until the flaxen-haired blue-eyed boy was able to *toddle* to him, he received into his waiting arms, and then mounted on his shoulders, while he stepped round the room to the tune of the old familiar regimental march, performed by him with half whistle half trumpet tones, which vainly expressed the roll of the band that crashed harmoniously in memory's ear. Katie "didna let on" her motherly pride and delight at the spectacle, which never became stale or common-place.

Adam had a weakness for pets. Dare

we call such tastes a weakness, and not rather a minor part of his religion, which included within its scope a love of domestic animals, in whom he saw, in their willing dependence on himself, a reflection of more than they could ever know, or himself fully understand? At the time we write, a starling was his friend, but one neither deaf nor dumb. This starling had been caught and tamed for his boy Charlie. He had taught the creature with greatest care to speak with precision. It's first, and most important lesson, was, "I'm Charlie's bairn." And one can picture the delight with which the child heard this innocent confession, as the bird put his head askance, looked at him with his round full eye, and in clear accents acknowledged his parentage; "I'm Charlie's bairn!" The boy fully appreciated his feathered confidant, and soon began to look to him as essential to his daily enjoyment. The Sergeant had also taught the starling to repeat the words, "A man's a man for a' that," and to sing a bar or two of the ditty, "Wha'll be king but Charlie."

Katie had more than once confessed that she "wasna unco fond o' this kind o' diversion;" had pronounced it to be "neither natural nor canny," and had earnestly remonstrated with the Sergeant for what she called his "idle, foolish, and even profane" painstaking in teaching the bird. But one night, when the Sergeant announced that the education of the starling was complete, she became more vehement than usual on this assumed perversion of the will of Providence. "Nothing," he said, "could be more beautiful than his 'A man's a man for a' that.'" Katie said "The mair's the pity, Adam! Its wrang — clean wrang — I tell ye; and ye'll live to rue it. What right has he to speak? cock him up wi' his impudence!" There's many a bairn aulder than him canna speak sae weel. It's no a safe business, I can tell you, Adam."

"Gi' ower, gi' ower, woman," said the Sergeant; "the creatur' has its aingifts, as we hae ours, and I'm thankfu' for them. It does me mair gude than ye can see when I tak' the boy on my lap, and see hoo his e'e blinks, and his bit feet gang, and hoo he laughs when he hears the bird say, 'I'm Charlie's bairn.' It's a real blessing to me, for it makes our bonnie bairn happy. And when I'm cutting, and stitching, and hammering, at the window, and dreaming o' auld langsyne, and fechtin' my battles ower again, and when I think o' this and that awfu' time that I have seen wi' brave comrades noo lying in some neuk in Spain; and when I hear the roar o' the big guns, and the splut-

tering crackle o' the wee anes, and see the crowd o' red coats, and the flashing o' bayonets, and the awfu' hell — excuse me — o' the fecht, I tell you its like a sermon to me when the cratur' says, 'A man's a man for a' that!'" The Sergeant would say this, standing up, and erect, with one foot forward as if at the first step of the scaling ladder. "Mind you, Katie, that it's no every man that's 'a man for a' that;' but mair than ye wad believe are a set o' fushionless, water gruel, useless cloots, cauld sowans, when it comes to the real bit — the grip atween life and death! O ye wad wunner, woman, hoo mony men when on parade, or when singing sangs about the war, are gran' hands, but wha lie flat as scones on the grass when they see the cauld iron! Gie me the man that does his duty, whether he meets man or deevil — that's the man for me in war or peace; and that's the reason I teach-ed the bird thae words. It's a testimony for auld friends that I focht wi', and that I'll never forget — no, never! Dinna be sair, gudewife, on the puir bird." — "Eh, Katie," he added, one night, when the bird had retired to roost, "just look at the cratur'! Is'na he beautifu'? There he sits on his back as roon as a clew, an' his bit head under his wing, dreaming about the woods maybe — or about wee Charlie — or aiblins about naething. But he is God's ain bird, wonderfu' and fearfully made."

Still Katie, feeling that "a principle" — as she *à la mode*, called her opinion — was involved in the bird's linguistic habits, would still maintain her cause with the same arguments, put in a variety of forms. "Na, na, Adam!" she would persistingly affirm, "I will say that for a sensible man an' an elder o' the kirk ye'r ower muckle ta'en up wi' that cratur'. I'll stick to it, that it's no fair, no richt, but a mockery o' man. I'm suré faither wadna have pitten up wi't."

"Dinna be fleyting on the wee thing wi' its speckled breast and bonnie e'e. Charlie's bairn, ye ken — mind that!"

"I'm no fleyting on him, for it's you, no him, that's wrang. Mony a time when I spak to you mysel', ye were as deaf as a door nail to me, and could hear naething in the house but that wee neb o' his fechtin' awa' wi' its lesson. Na, ye needna glower at me, and look sae astonished, for I'm perfect serious."

"Ye're speaking perfect nonsense, gudewife, let me assure you; and I am astonished at ye," replied Adam, resuming his work on the bench.

"I'm no sich a thing, Adam, as spakin' nonsense," retorted his wife, sitting down with

her seam beside him. "I ken mair about they jabbering birds maybe than yersel'. For I'll never forget an awfu' job wi' ane o' them that made a stramash atween Mr. Carruthers, our Auld Licht minister, and Willy Jamieson the Customer Weaver. The minister happened to be veesitin in Willy's house, and exhorting him and some neebours that had gathered ben to hear. Weel, what hae ye o't, but ane o' they parrots, or Kickeuckkoo birds — or hoo d'ye ca' them? — had been brocht hame by Willy's brither's son — him that was in the Indies — and didna this cratur' cry oot 'Stap yer blethers?' just abint the minister, wha gied sic a loup, and thoct it a cunning device o' Satan!"

"Gudewife, gudewife!" struck in the Sergeant, as he turned to her with a laugh. "O dinna blether yersel', for ye never did it afore. They micht hae hung the bird-cage oot while the minister was in. But what had the puir bird to do wi' Satan or religion? Wae's me for the religion that could be hurt by a bird's cracks! The cratur' didna ken what it was saying."

"Didna ken what it was saying!" exclaimed Katie, with evident amazement. "I tell you, I've see'd it mony a time, and heard it, too; and it was a hantle sensibler than maist bairns ten times its size. I was watching it that day when it disturbed Mr. Carruthers, and I see'd it looking roon, and winkin' its een, and seartin' its head long afore it spak; and it tried its tongue — and black it was, as ye micht expek, and dry as ben leather — three or four times afore it got a sound oot; and tho' a' the forenoon it had never spak a word, yet when the minister began, its tongue was lowsed, and it yoked on him wi' its gowk's sang, 'Stap yer blethers, stap yer blethers!' It was maist auful to hear it! I maun alloo, hooever, that it cam' frae a heathen land, and wasna therefore sae muckle to be blamed. But I couldna mak' the same excuse for *your* bird, Adam!"

A loud laugh from Adam proved at once to Katie that she had neither offended nor convinced him by her arguments.

But all real or imaginary differences between the Sergeant and his wife about the starling, ended with the death of their boy. What that was to them both, parents only who have lost a child — an only child — can tell. It "cut up," as they say, the Sergeant terribly. Katie seemed suddenly to become old. She kept all her boy's clothes in a press, and it was her wont for a time to open it as if for worship, every night, and to "get her greet out." The Sergeant

never looked into it, but read his Book at the fireside, put his mark into it, prayed, and went to bed in peace. Once, when his wife awoke and found him weeping bitterly, he told his first and only fib; for he said that he had an excruciating headache. A headache! He would no more have wept for a headache of his own than he would for one endured by his old foe, Napoleon.

This great bereavement made the starling a painful but almost a holy remembrancer of the child. "I'm Charlie's bairn!" was a death knell in the house. When repeated no comment was made. It was generally heard in silence; but one day, Adam and his wife were sitting at the fireside taking their meal in a sad mood and the starling, perhaps under the influence of hunger, or, who knows, from an uneasy instinctive sense of the absence of the child, began to repeat rapidly the sentence, "I'm Charlie's bairn!" The Sergeant rose and went to its cage with some food, and said, with as much earnestness as if the bird had understood him, "Ay, yer jist his bairn, and ye'll be *my* bairn too as long as ye live!"

"A man's a man for a' that!" quoth the bird.

"Maybe," murmured the Sergeant.

CHAPTER III. — THE SERGEANT AND HIS STARLING IN TROUBLE.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning in spring. The dew was glittering on every blade of grass; the trees were bursting into buds for coming leaves, or into flower for coming fruit; the birds were "busy in the wood" building their nests, and singing jubilate; the streams were flashing to the sea; the clouds, moisture laden, were flying across the blue heavens driven by the winds; and signs of life and joy filled the earth and sky.

The Sergeant hung out Charlie in his cage to enjoy the air and sunlight. He had not of late been so lively as usual; his confession as to his parentage was more hesitating; and when giving his testimony as to a man being a man, or as to the exclusive right of Charlie to be king, he often paused as if in doubt. All his utterances were accompanied by a spasmodic chirp and jerk, evidencing a great indifference to humanity. A glimpse of nature might possibly recover him. And so it did; for he had not been long outside until he began to spread his wings and tail feathers to the warm sun, and to pour out more confessions

and testimonies than had been heard for weeks.

Charlie soon gathered round him a crowd of young children with rosy faces and tattered garments, who had clattered down from lanes and garrets to listen to his performances. Every face in the group became a picture of wonder and delight, as intelligible sounds were heard coming from a hard bill; and any one of the crowd would have sold all he had on earth — not a great sacrifice, after all: I should say about a penny at most — to possess such a bird. "D'ye hear it, Archie?" a boy would say, lifting up his little brother on his shoulder, to be near the cage. Another would repeat the words uttered by the distinguished speaker, and direct attention to them. Then, when all were hushed into silent and eager expectancy, awaiting the next oracular statement, and the starling repeated "I'm Charlie's bairn!" and whistled "Wha'll be King but Charlie!" a shout of joyous merriment followed, with sundry imitations of the bird's peculiar guttural and rather rude pronunciation. "It's a witch, I'll wager!" one boy exclaimed. "Dinna say that," replied another, "for wee Charlie's dead." Yet it would be difficult to trace any logical contradiction between the supposed and real fact.

The audience was disturbed by the sudden and unexpected appearance, from round the corner, of a rather portly man, dressed in black clothes; his head erect; his face intensely grave; an umbrella, handle foremost, under his right arm; his left arm swinging like a pendulum; a pair of black spats covering broad flat feet, that advanced with the regular beat of slow music, and seemed to impress the pavement with their weight. This was the Rev. Daniel Porteous, the parish minister.

No sooner did he see the crowd of children gathered at the elder's house than he paused for a moment, as if he had unexpectedly come across the execution of a criminal; and no sooner did the children see him, than with a terrified shout of "There's the minister!" they ran off as if they had seen a wild beast, leaving one or two of the younger ones sprawling and bawling on the road, their natural protectors being far too intent on saving their own lives to think of those of their nearest relatives.

The sudden dispersion of these lambs by the shepherd soon attracted the attention of their parents; and accordingly several half-clad, slatternly women rushed from their

respective "closes." Flying to the rescue of their children, they carried some and dragged others to their several corners within the dark caves. But while rescuing their wicked cubs, they religiously beat them, and manifested their zeal by many stripes, and not a few admonitions:—"Tak' that—and that—and that—ye bad, bad, wicked wean!" "Hoo daur ye! I'll gie ye yer pay, I'se warrant ye!" &c. &c. These were some of the motherly teachings to the terrified babes; while cries of "Archie!" "Peter!" "Jamie!" with threatening shakes of the fist, and commands to come home "immediatly," were addressed to the elder ones, who had run off to a safe distance. One tall woman, whose dusty brown hair escaped from beneath a cap black enough to give one the impression that she was humbling herself in sackcloth and ashes, proved the strength of her convictions by complaining very vehemently to Mr. Porteous of the Sergeant for having thrown such a temptation as the starling in the way of her children, whom she loved so tenderly and wished to bring up so piously. All the time she held a child firmly by the hand, who attempted to hide its face and tears from the minister. Her zeal we must assume was very real, since her boy had clattered off from the cage on shoes made by the Sergeant, which his mother had never paid for, nor was likely to do now, for conscience sake, on account of this bad conduct of the shoemaker. We do not affirm that Mrs. Dalrymple never liquidated her debts, but she did so after her own fashion.

It was edifying to hear other mothers declare their belief that their children had been at the morning Sabbath School, and now express wonder and anger at their absence from it; more especially as this—the only day, of course, on which it had occurred—should be the day that the Minister accidentally passed to church along their street!

The Minister listened to the story of their good intentions and of the ill doings of his elder with an uneasy look, but promised speedy redress.

Mr. Porteous had been minister of the parish for upwards of thirty years. Previously he had been tutor in the family of a small laird who had political interest in those old times; and through his influence with the patron of the parish, he had obtained the living of Drumslyie. He was a man of unimpeachable character. No one could charge him with any act throughout his whole life inconsistent with the "walk

and conversation" becoming his profession. He performed all the duties of his office with the regularity of a well-adjusted, well-oiled machine. He visited the sick, and spoke the right words to the afflicted, the widow, and the orphan, very much in the same calm, regular, and orderly manner in which he addressed the Presbytery or wrote out a minute of Kirk Session. Never did a man possess a larger or better-assorted collection of what he called "principles" in the carefully-locked cabinet of his brain, applicable at any moment to any given ecclesiastical or theological question. He made no distinction between "principles" and his own mere opinions. The *dixit* of truth and his *ipse dixit* were looked upon by him as one. He had never been accused of error on any point, however trivial, except on one occasion in the Presbytery, when a learned clerk of great authority interrupted his speech by suggesting that their respected friend was speaking heresy. Mr. Porteous exclaimed, to the satisfaction of all, "I was not aware of it, Moderator! but if such is the opinion of the Presbytery, I have no hesitation in instantly withdrawing my unfortunate and unintentional assertion." His mind ever after was a round, compact ball of worsted, wound up, and "made up." The glacier, clear, cold, and stern, descends into the valley full of human habitations, corn-fields, and vineyards, with flowers and fruit-trees on every side; and though its surface melts occasionally, it remains the glacier still. So it was with him. He preached the truth—truth which is the world's life and which stirs the angels—but he did so very much as a telegraphic wire transmits the most momentous intelligence; and he held the truth very much as a sparrow grasps the wire by which the message is conveyed. The parish looked up to him, obeyed him, feared him, and so respected him that they were hardly conscious of not quite loving him. Nor was he conscious of this blank in their feelings; for feelings and tender affections were in his estimation generally dangerous and always weak commodities,—a species of womanly sentimentalism, and apt sometimes to be rebellious against his "principles," as the stream will sometimes overflow the rocky sides that hem it in and direct its course. It would be wrong to deny that he possessed his own "fair humanities." He had friends who sympathized with him; and followers who thankfully accepted him as a safe light to guide them, and as one stronger than themselves to lean on, and as one whose word was law to them.

To all such he was bland and courteous; and in their society he would even relax, and indulge in such anecdotes and laughter as bordered on genuine hilarity. As to what was deepest and truest in the man we know not, but we believe there was real good beneath the wood, hay and stubble of formalism and pedantry. There was doubtless a kernel within the hard shell, if only the shell could be cracked. Might not this be done? We shall see.

It was this worthy man who, after visiting a sick parishioner, suddenly came round the corner of the street in which the Sergeant lived. He was, as we said, on his way to church, and the bell had not yet begun to ring for morning worship. Before entering the Sergeant's house (to do which, after the scene he had witnessed, was recognized by him to be an important duty), he went up to the cage to make himself acquainted with all the facts of the case, so as to proceed with it regularly. He accordingly put on his spectacles and looked at the bird, and the bird, without any spectacles, returned the inquiring gaze with most wonderful composure. Walking sideways along his perch, until near the minister, he peered at him full in the face, and confessed that he was Charlie's bairn. Then, after a preliminary *kic* and *kirr*, as if clearing his throat, he whistled two bars of the air, "Wha'll be King but Charlie!" and, concluding with his aphorism, "A man's a man for a' that!" he whetted his beak and retired to feed in the presence of the church dignitary.

"I could not have believed it!" exclaimed the minister, as he walked into the Sergeant's house, with a countenance by no means indicating the sway of amiable feelings.

The Sergeant and his wife, after having joined, as was their wont, in quiet morning worship, had retired, to prepare for church, to their bedroom in the back part of the cottage, and the door was shut. Not until a loud knock was twice repeated on the kitchen-table, did the Sergeant emerge in his shirt sleeves to reply to the unexpected summons. His surprise was great as he exclaimed, "Mr. Porteous! can it be you? Beg pardon, sir, if I have kept you waiting; please be seated. No bad news, I hope?"

Mr. Porteous, with a cold nod, and remaining where he stood, pointed with his umbrella to the cage hanging outside the window, and asked the Sergeant if that was his bird.

"It is, sir," replied the Sergeant, more puzzled than ever; "it is a favorite starling

of mine, and I hung it out this morning to enjoy the air, because" —

"You need not proceed, Mr. Mercer," interrupted the minister; "it is enough for me to know from yourself that you acknowledge that bird as yours, and that you hung it there."

"There is no doubt about that, sir; and what then? I really am puzzled to know why you ask," said the Sergeant.

"I won't leave you long in doubt upon that point," continued the minister, more stern and calm if possible than before, "nor on some others which it involves."

Katie, at this crisis of the conversation, joined them in her black silk gown. She entered the kitchen with a familiar smile and respectful curtsy, and approached the minister, who, barely noticing her, resumed his subject. Katie, somewhat bewildered, sat down in the large chair beside the fire, watching the scene with curious perplexity.

"Are you aware, Mr. Mercer, of what has just happened?" inquired the minister.

"I do not take you up, sir," replied the Sergeant.

"Well, then, as I approached your house a crowd of children were gathered round that cage, laughing and singing, with evident enjoyment, and disturbing the neighborhood by their riotous proceedings, thus giving pain and grief to their parents, who have complained loudly to me of the injury done to their most sacred feelings and associations by you — please, please, don't interrupt me, Mr. Mercer; I have a duty to perform, and shall finish presently."

The Sergeant bowed, folded his arms, and stood erect. Katie covered her face with her hands, and exclaimed, "Tuts, tuts, I'm real sorry — tuts."

"I went up to the cage," said Mr. Porteous, continuing his narrative, "and narrowly inspected the bird. To my — what shall I call it? astonishment? or shame and confusion? — I heard it utter such distinct and articulate sounds as convinced me beyond all possibility of doubt — yet you smile, sir, at my statement! — that" —

"Tuts, Adam, it's dreadful!" ejaculated Katie.

"That the bird," continued the minister, "must have been either taught by you, or with your approval; and having so instructed this creature, you hang it out on this, the Sabbath morning, to whistle and to speak, in order to insult — yes, sir, I use the word advisedly" —

"Never, sir!" said the Sergeant, with a calm and firm voice; "never, sir, did I intentionally insult mortal man."

"I have nothing to do with your intentions, but with *facts*; and the fact is, you did insult, sir, every feeling the most sacred, besides injuring the religious habits of the young. You did this, an elder — *my* elder, this day, to the great scandal of religion."

The Sergeant never moved, but stood before his minister as he would have done before his general, calm, in the habit of respectful obedience to those having authority. Poor Katie acted as a sort of *chorus* at the fireside.

"I never thoct it would come to this," she exclaimed, twisting her fingers. "Oh! it's a pity! Sirs a day! Waes me! Sic a day as I have lived to see! Speak, Adam!" at length she said, as if to relieve her misery.

The silence of Adam so far helped the minister as to give him time to breathe, and to think. He believed that he had made an impression on the Sergeant, and that it was possible things might not be so bad as they had looked. He hoped, and wished, to put them right, and desired to avoid any serious quarrel with Mercer, whom he really respected as one of his best elders, and as one who had never given him any trouble or uneasiness, far less opposition. Adam, on the other hand, had been so suddenly and unexpectedly attacked, that he hardly knew for a moment what to say or do. Once or twice the old ardent temperament made him feel something at his throat, such as used to be there when the order to prepare to charge was given, or the command to form square and receive cavalry. But the habits of "drill" and the power of passive endurance came to his aid, along with a higher principle that flowed into the earthly mould thus prepared for it. He remained silent. When the steam had roared off, and the ecclesiastical boiler of Mr. Porteous was relieved from extreme pressure, he began to simmer, and to be more quiet about the funnel-head.

Sitting down, and so giving evidence of his being at once fatigued and mollified, he resumed his discourse. "Sergeant" — he had hitherto addressed him as Mr. Mercer — "Sergeant, you know my respect for you. I will say that a better man, a more attentive hearer, a more decided and consistent churchman, and a more faithful elder, I have not in my parish" —

Adam bowed.

"Be also seated," said the minister.

"Thank you, sir," said Adam, "I would rather stand."

"I will after all give you credit for not intending to do this evil which I complain

of; I withdraw the appearance even of making any such charge," said Mr. Porteous, as if asking a question.

After a brief silence, the Sergeant said, "You have given me great pain, Mr. Porteous."

"How so, Adam?" — still more softened.

"It is great pain, sir, to have one's character doubted," replied Adam.

"But have I not cause?" inquired the minister.

"You are of course the best judge, Mr. Porteous; but I frankly own to you that the possibility of there being any harm in teaching a bird never occurred to me."

"Oh, Adam!" exclaimed Katie, "I ken it was aye *your* mind that, but it wasna mine, although at last" —

"Let me alone, Katie, just now," quietly remarked Adam.

"What of the scandal? what of the scandal?" struck in the minister. "I have no time to discuss details this morning; the bells have begun."

"Well, then," said the Sergeant, "I was not aware of the disturbance in the street which you have described; I never, certainly, could have intended *that*. I was, at the time, in the bedroom, and never knew of it. Believe me when I say't, that no man lives who would feel mair pain than I would in being the occasion even of leading any one to break the Lord's day by word or deed, more especially the young; and the young about our doors are amang the warst. And as to my showing disrespect to you, sir! — that never could be my intention."

"I believe you, Adam, I believe you; but" —

"Ay, weel ye may," chimed in Katie, now weeping as she saw some hope of peace; "for he's awfu' taen up wi' guid, is Adam, though I say it."

"Oh, Katie; dinna, woman, fash yersel' wi' me," interpolated Adam.

"Though I say't that shouldna say't," continued Katie, "I'm sure he has the greatest respect for you, sir. He'll do onything to please you that's possible, and to mak' amends for this great misfortun'."

"Of that I have no doubt — no doubt whatever, Mrs. Mercer," said Mr. Porteous, kindly; "and I wished, in order that he should do so, to be faithful to him, as he well knows I never will sacrifice my principles to any man, be he who he may — never!"

"There is no difficulty, I am happy to say," the minister resumed, after a moment's pause, "in settling the whole of this most unpleasant business. Indeed I promised to

the neighbors, who were very naturally offended, that it should never occur again; and as you acted, Adam, from ignorance — and we must not blame an old soldier *too much*," the minister added with a patronising smile, — "all parties will be satisfied by a very small sacrifice indeed — almost too small, considering the scandal. Just let the bird be forthwith destroyed."

Adam started.

"In any case," the minister went on to say, without noticing the Sergeant's look, "this should be done, because being an elder, and as such a man with grave and solemn responsibilities, you will I am sure see the propriety of at once acquiescing in my proposal, so as to avoid the temptation of your being occupied by trifles and frivolities — contemptible trifles, not to give a harsher name to all that the bird's habits indicate. But when, in addition to this consideration, these habits, Adam, have, as a fact, occasioned serious scandal, no doubt can remain in any well-constituted mind as to the *necessity* of the course I have suggested."

"Destroy Charlie — I mean, the starling?" inquired the Sergeant, stroking his chin, and looking down at the minister with a smile in which there was more of sorrow and doubt than of any other emotion. "Do you mean, Mr. Porteous, that I should kill him?"

"I don't mean that, necessarily, *you* should do it, though *you* ought to do it as the offender. But I certainly mean that it should be destroyed, in any way, or by any person you please, as, if not the best possible, yet the easiest, amends which can be made for what has caused such injury to morals and religion, and for what has annoyed myself more than I can tell. Remember also, that the credit of the eldership is involved with my own."

"Are you serious, Mr. Porteous?" asked the Sergeant.

"Serious! Serious! — Your minister! — on Sabbath morning! — in a grave matter of this kind! — to ask if I am serious! Mr. Mercer, you are forgetting yourself."

"I ask pardon," replied the Sergeant, "if I have said anything disrespectful; but I really did not take in how the killing of my pet starling could mend matters, for which I have already said, and say again, that I am really vexed, and ax yer pardon. What has happened has been quite unintentional on my part, I do assure you, sir."

"The death of the bird," said the minister, "I admit, in one sense, is a mere trifle — a trifle to *you*; but it is not so to *me*,

who am the guardian of religion in the parish, and as such have pledged my word to your neighbours that this, what I have called a great scandal, shall never happen again. The least that you can do therefore, I humbly think, as a proof of your regret at having been even the innocent cause of acknowledged evil; as a satisfaction to your neighbour, and a security against a like evil occurring again; and as being what is due to yourself as an office-bearer and to the congregation to which you belong, and, I must add, to *me* as your pastor, and *my* sense of what is right; and, finally, to avoid a triumph to dissent on the one hand, and to infidelity on the other, — it is, I say, beyond all question that you get quit of the cause of the offence and destroy that paltry insignificant bird. I must say, Mr. Mercer, that I feel not a little surprised that your own sense of what is right does not make you at once and promptly acquiesce in my very moderate demand. I am almost ashamed to make it."

No response from the Sergeant.

"Many men, let me tell you," continued Mr. Porteous, "would have summoned you to the Kirk Session, and rebuked you for your whole conduct, actual and implied, in this case, and, if you were contumacious, would libel and depose you!" The minister was warming as he proceeded. "I have no time," he added, rising, "to say more on this painful matter. But I ask you now, after all I have stated, and before we part, to promise me this favour — no, I won't put it on the ground of personal favour, but on *principle* — promise me to do this — not to-day of course, but on a week-day, say to-morrow — to destroy the bird, and I shall say no more about it. Excuse my warmth, Adam, as I feared you did not see the gravity of your position and mine." And Mr. Porteous stretched out his hand to the Sergeant.

"I have no doubt," said the Sergeant, "you mean to do what is right, and what you believe to be your duty. But" — and there was a pause, "but I will not deceive you, nor promise to do what I feel I can never perform. I cannot kill the bird. It is simply impossible! Do pardon me, sir. Do not think me disrespectful or proud. At this moment I am neither, but very vexed to have had any disturbance. Yet" —

"Yet what, Mr. Mercer?"

"Well, Mr. Porteous, I don't wish to detain you; but as far as I can see my duty, or understand my feelings" —

"Feelings! forsooth!" exclaimed Mr. Porteous.

"Or understand my feelings," continued Adam. "I cannot — come what may, let me out with it — I *will* not kill the starling!"

Mr. Porteous rose and said, in a cold, dry voice, "If such is your deliverance, so be it. I have done my duty. On you, and you only, the responsibility must now rest of what appears to me to be *contumacious* conduct — an offence, if possible, worse than the original one. I must wish you good morning. This matter cannot rest here. But whatever consequences may follow, you, and you alone, I repeat, are to blame — *my* conscience is free. You will hear more of this most unfortunate business, Sergeant Mercer." And Mr. Porteous, with a stiff bow, walked out of the house.

Adam made a movement towards the door, as if to speak once more to Mr. Porteous muttering to himself, "He canna be in earnest! — The thing's impossible! — It canna be!" But the minister was gone, and Adam was left alone with his wife. His only remark as he sat down opposite to her was this: "Mr. Porteous forgot himself, and was too quick;" adding, "Nevertheless it is our duty to gang to the kirk."

"Kirk!" exclaimed Katie, walking about in an excited manner; "that's a' ower! Kirk! pity me! hoo can you or me gang to the kirk? Hoo can we be glowered at and made a speculation o', and be the sang o' the parish? The kirk! wae me! that's a' by! I never, never thoct it wad come to this wi' me or you, Adam! I think it wad hae broken the warm hearts o' our parents. It's an awfu' chastisement."

"For what?" quietly asked the Sergeant.

"For the bird, gudeman. I aye telt ye that ye was ower fond o't, and noo! — I'm real sorry for ye, Adam. It's for *you*, for *you*, and no for mysel', I'm sorry. Sirs *me*, what a misfortun'!"

"What are you sorry for?" meekly inquired Adam.

"For everything!" replied Katie, groaning; "for the stramash amang the weans; for the clish-clash o' the neebours; for you and me helping to break the Sabbath; for the minister being sae angry, and that nae doubt, for he kens best, for gude reasons; and, aboon a', for you, Adam, my bonnie man, an elder o' the kirk, brocht into a' this habble for naething better than a bit bird!" And Katie threw herself into the chair, covering her face with her hands.

The Sergeant said nothing, but rose and went outside to bring in the cage. There were signs of considerable excitement visible in the immediate neighborhood. The visit of

the minister could mean only a conflict, which would be full of interest to those miserable gossips, who never thought of attending church, except on rare occasions, and who were in want of something to occupy their idle time on Sunday morning. Sundry heads were thrust from upper windows, directing their gaze to the Sergeant's house. Some of the boys reclined on the grass at a little distance, thus occupying a safe position, and commanding an excellent retreat should they be pursued by parson or parents. The cage was the centre of attraction to old and young.

The Sergeant at a glance saw how the enemy lay, but without appearing to pay any attention to the besiegers, he retired with the cage into the house and fixed it in its accustomed place over his boy's empty cot. When the cage was adjusted, the starling scratched the back of his head, as if something annoyed him; he then cleaned his bill on each side of the perch, as if present duties must be attended to; after this he hopped down and began to describe figures with his open bill on the sanded floor of the cage, as if for innocent recreation; then, being refreshed by these varied exercises, he concluded by repeating his confession and testimony with a precision and vigour never surpassed.

Katie still occupied the arm-chair, blowing her nose with her Sunday pocket-handkerchief. The Sergeant sat down beside her.

"It's time to gang to the kirk, gudewife," he remarked, although, from the bells having stopped ringing, and from the agitated state of his wife's feelings, he more than suspected that, for the first time during many years, he would be obliged to absent himself from morning worship — a fact which would form another subject of conversation to his watchful and thoughtful neighbours.

"Hoo can we gang to the kirk, Adam, wi' this on our conscience?" muttered Katie.

"I hae naething on *my* conscience, Katie, to disturb it," said her husband; "and I'm sorry if anything I have done should disturb yours. What can I do to lighten it?"

Katie was silent.

"If you mean," said the Sergeant, "that the bird should be killed, by a' means let it be done. I'll do onything to please *you*, though Mr. Porteous has, in my opinion, nae richt whatever to insist on my doing it to please *him*; for he kens naething aboot the cratur. But if you, that kens as weel as me a' the bird has been to us, but speak the word, the deed will be allowed by me. I'll never say no."

"Do your duty, Adam," said his wife.

"That is, my duty to *you*, mind, for I owe it to none else I ken o'. But that duty shall be done — so you've my full leave and liberty to kill the bird. Here he is. Tak' him oot o' the cage, and finish him. I'll no interfere, nor even look on, cost what it may." And the Sergeant took down the cage, and held it near his wife. But she said nothing, and did nothing.

"I'm Charlie's bairn!" exclaimed the starling.

"Dinna tell me, Adam, to kill the bird. It's no me, but you, should do sic wark. Ye're a man and a sodger, and it was you teacht him, and got us into this trouble."

"Sae be it!" said the Sergeant. I've done mair bluidy jobs in my day, and needna fear to spill, for the sake o' peace, the wee drap bluid o' the puir harmless thing. What way wad ye like it kilt?"

"Ye should ken best yersel', gudeman; killin' is no woman's wark," said Katie, in a low voice, as she turned her head away and looked at the wall.

"Aweel then, since ye leave it to me," replied Adam. "I'll gie him a sodger's death. It's the maist honourable, and the bit mannie deserves a' honour frae our hands, for he has done his duty pleasantly, in fair and foul, in simmer and winter, to us baith, and to — I mean, to the hale house. I'll shoot him at dawn o' day, afore he begins whistling for his breakfast; and he'll be buried too. You and Mr. Porteous will no be bothered wi' him lang. So as that's settled and determined, we may gang to the kirk wi' a guid conscience."

Adam rose, as if to enter his bed-room.

"What's your hurry, Adam?" asked Katie, in a half-peevish tone of voice. "Sit doon and let a body speak."

The Sergeant resumed his seat.

"I'm jist thinking," said Katie, "that ye'll maybe no get onybody to gie you a gun for sic a cruel job; and if ye did, the noise sae early in the morning will frighten folk, and mak' an awfu' talk amang neebours, and look dreadfu' daft in an elder."

"Jock Hall has a gun I could get. But noo that I think o't, Jock himsel' will do the job for *you*, if no for me. I'll send him Charlie and the cage in the morning, afore ye rise; sae keep your mind easy," said the Sergeant, carelessly.

"I wadna trust Charlie into Jock Hall's power — the ne'er-do-weel that he is! Na, na; whatever has to be done maun be done decently by yersel', gudeman," protested Katie.

"As ye said, gudewife, to Mr. Porteous,"

replied Adam, "I'll do onything to please him and to gie satisfaction for this misfortune, as ye ca'ed it; and since you and he agree that the bird is to be kilt, I see but ae way left o' finishing him."

"What way is that?" asked Katie.

"I'll throw his bit neck."

"Doonricht cruelty," suggested Katie, "to throw the neck o' a wee thing like that! Fie on ye, gudeman."

"It's the *only* way left, unless we burn him; so I'll no argue mair about it. There's nae use o' pittin' it aff ony longer; the better day, the better deed. Sae here goes! It will be a' ower wi' him in a minute;" and the Sergeant rose and again took down the cage, which he placed on a table near the window where the bird was accustomed to be fed. Charlie, in expectation of receiving food, was in a high state of excitement, and seemed anxious to please his master by repeating all his lessons as rapidly and correctly as possible. The Sergeant rolled up his white shirt sleeves, to keep them from being soiled by the work in which he was about to be engaged. Being thus prepared, he opened the door of the cage, thrust in his hand, and seized the bird, saying, "Bid fareweel to yer mistress, Charlie."

Katie sprang from her chair, and with a loud voice commanded the Sergeant "to haud his han' and let the bird alane!"

"What's wrang?" asked the Sergeant, as he shut the door of the cage and went towards his wife, who again sank back in her chair, and covered her eyes with her pocket-handkerchief.

"O Adam!" she said, "I'm a waik, waik woman. My nerves are a' gane; my head and heart are baith sair. A kind o' glamour, a temptation has come ower me, and I dinna ken what's richt or what's wrang. But neither by you nor by ony ither body can I let that bird be kilt; for I just thocht eenoo that I seed plainly afore me our ain wee bairn that's awa' — and" —

Katie burst into a fit of weeping, and could say no more. The Sergeant hung up the cage in its old place; then going to his wife, he gently clapped her shoulder, and bending over her whispered in her ear, "Dinna ye fear, Katie, aboot Charlie's bairn!"

Katie clasped her hands around his neck and drew his gray head to her cheek, patting it fondly.

"Dry yer een, wife," said Adam, "and feed the cratur, and syne we'll gang to the kirk in the afternoon." He then retired to the bedroom, shut the door, and left Katie

alone with her starling and her conscience — both at peace, and both whistling, each after its own fashion.

CHAPTER IV.—THE SERGEANT ON HIS TRIAL; OR, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

THE Sergeant went to church, but he went alone. Katie was inexorable. She "couldna' stan' the clash." But this excuse not being quite satisfactory to her conscience, she had recourse to that accommodating malady which comes to the rescue of universal Christendom when in perplexity — a headache. In her case it really existed as a fact, for she suffered from a genuine pain which she had not sufficient knowledge or fashion to call "nervous," but which, it is more than likely, came under that designation. She only said that her "head was bizzin' like a bees' skep."

As the Sergeant marched to church, with his accustomed regular pace and modest look, he could, without seeming to remark it, observe an interest taken in his short journey never manifested before. An extra number of faces filled the windows near his house, and looked at him with half smile, half sneer.

There was nothing in the sermon of Mr. Porteous which indicated any wish to "preach to the times,"—a temptation which is often too strong for preachers who have nothing else ready or more interesting to preach about. Many in a congregation who may be deaf and blind to the Gospel, are wide awake and attentive to gossip from the pulpit. The good man delivered himself of an excellent sermon, which, as usual, was sound in doctrine and excellent in arrangement, with suitable introduction, "heads of discourse," and practical conclusion. His hearers as a class were not of a character likely either to blame or praise the teaching, far less to be materially influenced by it; they were much too respectable for that. They had "done the right thing" in coming to church, and were satisfied. Those whom he wished most to please among the local aristocracy, noticed with pleasure how exact he was in preaching to the forty-five minutes.

But there were evident signs of life in the announcement which he made at the end of the service. He "particularly requested a meeting of Kirk Session in the vestry after the benediction, and expressed a hope that all the elders would, if possible, attend."

Adam Mercer snuffed the battle from afar; but as it was his "duty" to obey the summons, he obeyed accordingly.

The Kirk Session, in spite of defects which attend all human institutions, including the House of Lords, with its Bench of Bishops, is one of the most useful courts in Scotland, and has contributed immensely in many ways to improve the moral and physical condition of the people. In the parish of Drumsylie it consisted of seven elders, with the ministers as "Moderator." These elders represented very fairly, on the whole, the sentiments of the congregation on most questions which could come before them.

As all meetings of Kirk Session are held in private, the public, reporters, and lawyers being alike excluded, we shall not pretend to give any account of what passed at this one. The parish rumours were to the effect that the "Moderator," after having given a narrative of the occurrences of the morning, explained how many most important principles were involved in the case as it now stood — principles affecting the duty and powers of Kirk Sessions, the social economy of the parish, the liberties and influence of the church, and the cause of Christian truth; and concluded by suggesting the appointment of two members, Mr. Smellie and Mr. Menzies, to "deal" with Mr. Mercer, and to report to the next meeting of Session. This led to a sharp discussion, in which Mr. Gordon, a proprietor in the neighbourhood, protested against any matter "so trifling and unworthy of their grave attention," as he dared to describe the case, being brought before them at all. He also appealed the whole case to the next meeting of Presbytery, which unfortunately was not to take place for two months. The Sergeant, strange to say, lost his temper when, having declared, "upon his honour as a soldier," that he meant no harm and could therefore make no apology, he was pulled up by the Moderator for using such a word as honour in a church court. Thinking his honour itself called in question, he abruptly left the meeting. Mr. Gordon, it was alleged, had been seen returning home, at one moment laughing, and the next storming because of the proceedings; and more than one of the elders, it was rumoured, were disposed to join him, but were afraid of offending Mr. Porteous — a fear not unfrequently experienced in the case of many of his parishioners. For while the minister was fond of quoting the text, "*first pure, then peaceable*," he never seemed to have satisfactorily mastered the antecedent of this aphorism, as he seldom attempted to practise its consequent.

It was after this meeting of Session that

Mr. Smellie remarked to Mr. Menzies, as we have already recorded, "The man was ance a poacher!" a fact which, by the way, he had communicated to Mr. Porteous for the sake of "edification." Mr. Smellie bore a grudge to the Sergeant, who had unwittingly ruffled his vanity or excited his jealousy. He was smooth as a cat; and, like a cat, could purr, fawn, see in the dark, glide noiselessly, or make a sudden spring on his prey. The Sergeant, from certain circumstances, understood his character as few in the parish did. Mr. Menzies was a very different man; his only fault was that he believed in Smellie.

The Sergeant was later than usual in returning home. It was impossible to conceal from the inquiring and suspicious look of his wife that something was out of joint, to the extent at least of making it allowable and natural on her part to ask, "What's wrang noo, Adam?"

"Nothing particular, except wi' my honour," was the Sergeant's cool reply.

"Yer honour! What's wrang wi' that?"

"The minister," said the Sergeant, "doots it, and he tells me that it was wrang to speak aboot it."

On this, Katie, who did not quite comprehend his meaning, begged to know what had taken place.

"What did they say? What did they do? Wha spak?" And she poured out a number of questions which could not speedily be replied to. I hope it will not diminish the interest of the reader in this excellent woman if I admit that for a moment she became the slave of gossip. I deny that this prostration of the heart and head to a mean idol is peculiar to woman — this craving for small personal talk, this love of knowledge regarding one's neighbours in those points specially which are not to their credit, or which at least are desired to be kept secret from the world. Weak, idle, and especially vain men are as great traffickers as women in this dissocial intercourse. Katie's fit was momentary, and in the whole circumstances of the case excusable.

The Sergeant told her the story, and ended it with an indignant burst about his honour.

"What do they mak'," partly asserted, partly inquired Katie, "o' 'Honour to whom honour?' and 'Honour all men?' — and 'Honour the king?' — and 'Honour father and mither?' — what I did a' my life! I'll maintain the word is Scriptural?"

But the Sergeant, not being critical or

controversial, did not wish to contend with his wife on the connection which, as she supposed, existed between the word honour, and his word of honour. His mind was becoming perplexed and filled with painful thoughts. This antagonism into which he had been driven with those whom he had hitherto respected and followed with unhesitating confidence, was growing rapidly into a form and shape which was beyond his experience — alien to his quiet and unobtrusive disposition, and contrary to his whole purpose of life. He sat down by the fire-side, and went over all the events of the day. He questioned himself as to what he had said or done to give offence to mortal man. He recalled the history of all his relationship to the starling, to see, if possible, any sin in it. He reviewed the scene in the Kirk Session, and his conclusion, on the one hand, was a stone blindness as to the existence of any guilt on his part, and on the other a strong suspicion that his minister *could* not do him a wrong — *could* not be so displeased upon unjust, ignorant, or unrighteous grounds, and that consequently there was *something*, though what it was he could neither discover nor guess, which Mr. Porteous had misunderstood and had been misled by. He pondered again over this long account of debit and credit, but still he could discover nothing against himself, except possibly his concealment from his minister of the reason why the starling was so much beloved, and also perhaps his having taken offence, without adequate cause, at the meeting of Session. The result of all these complex cogitations between himself and the red embers in the grate, was a resolution to go that evening to the Manse, and by a frank explanation put an end to all misunderstanding. In his pure heart the minister was reflected as a man of righteousness, love, and peace. He almost became annoyed with the poor starling, especially as it seemed to enjoy perfect ease and comfort on its perch, where it had settled for the night.

By-and-by he proceeded to call upon the minister, but did not confide the secret to Katie.

The manse inhabited by Mr. Porteous, like most of its parochial companions at that time — for much improvement in this as in other things has taken place since those days — was not beautiful, either in itself or in its surroundings. Its three upper windows stared day and night on a blank hill, whose stupid outline concealed the setting sun and never welcomed the rising one. The two lower windows looked into a round

plot of tawdry shrubs, surrounded by a neglected boxwood border which defended them from the path leading from the small green gate to the door; while twenty yards beyond were a few formal ugly-looking trees that darkened the manse, and separated it from the arable land of the glebe. No blame to the minister for his manse or its belongings! On 200*l.* per annum, he could not keep a gardener, or afford any expensive ornaments. And for the same reason he had never married, although his theory as to "feelings" may have possibly hindered him from taking this humanizing step. And who knows what effect the small living and the bachelor life may have had on his principles! His sister lived with him. To many a manse in Scotland the minister's sister has been a very angel in the house, a noble monument of devoted service and of self-sacrificing love — only surpassed by that paragon of excellence, if excellent at all, the minister's wife. But with all charity, Miss Porteous — Thomasina she was called, after an uncle in the West Indies, who had left her nothing — was not in any way attractive, and never gave one the impression of self-sacrifice. She evidently felt her position to be a high one. Being next to the Bishop, she evidently considered herself an Archdeacon, Dean, or some such responsible ecclesiastical personage. She was not ugly, for no woman is or can be that! but yet she was not beautiful. Being about fifty, as was guessed by the most charitable, her looks were not what they once were, nor did they hold out strong hopes of being improved, like wine, by age. Her hair was rufous, and the little curls which clustered around her forehead suggested, to those who knew her intimately, the idea of screws for worming their way into characters, family secrets, and similar private matters. She was, unfortunately, the minister's newspaper, his remembrancer, his spiritual detective and confidential informant as to all that belonged to the parish and its passing history. It was she that, in the absence of their servants, who were hearing a sermon in the village, opened the door to the Sergeant, and expressed her great surprise at seeing him at the Manse on Sunday evening. Mr. Porteous was in his study, a small room, with a book-press at one end, and a table in the centre, with a desk on it, besides "Cruden's Concordance," an "Edinburgh Almanac," and a few "Reports." Beside the table, and near the fire, was an arm chair, in which the minister sat reading a volume of sermons. No sooner was

the Sergeant announced than Mr. Porteous rose, looked over his spectacles, hesitated, and at last shook hands, as if with an icicle, or in conformity with Act of Parliament. Then, motioning Mr. Mercer to a seat, he begged to inquire to what he owed this call, accompanying the question with a hint to Thomasina to leave the room. The Sergeant's first feeling was that he had made a great mistake, and he wished that he had never left the army.

"Well, Mr. Mercer?" inquired the minister, as he sat opposite to the Sergeant.

"I am sorry to disturb you, sir," replied the Sergeant, "but I wished to say that I think I was too hot and hasty this afternoon in the Session."

"Pray don't apologize to me, Mr. Mercer," said the minister. "Whatever you have to say on that point, had better be said publicly before the Kirk Session. Anything else?"

The Sergeant wavered, as military historians would say, before this threatened opposition.

"Well, then," he at last said, "I wish to tell you frankly, and in as few words as possible, what no human being keeps but my wife. I never blame ignorance, and I'm no gaun to blame yours, Mr. Porteous, but" —

"My ignorance!" exclaimed the minister. "It's come to a pretty pass indeed, if you are to blame it, or remove it! Ignorance of what, pray?"

"Your ignorance, Mr. Porteous," continued the Sergeant, "on a point which I should have made known to you, and for which I alone and not you are in fault."

The minister seemed relieved by this admission.

The Sergeant forthwith told the story of the starling as the playmate of his child, the history of whose sickness and death was already known to Mr. Porteous; and having concluded, he said, "That's the reason why I could not kill the bird. I wadna tell this to ony man but to yersel'; for I never send the drum about the toon for pity or for sympathy; but I wish you, sir, to ken faes for your ain guidance and the guidance o' the Session."

"I remember your boy well," remarked Mr. Porteous, handing his snuff-box in a very kindly way to his visitor.

The Sergeant nodded. "Ye did your duty, minister, to us on that occasion, or I wadna have come here the nicht. I kent ye wad like onything Charlie was fond o'."

"I quite understand your feelings, Sergeant, and sympathize with them."

The Sergeant smiled, and nodded, and said, "I hope ye do, sir; I was sure ye would. I'm thankfu' I cam', and sae will Katie too."

"But," said Mr. Porteous, after a pause and a long snuff, "I must be faithful with you, Adam; 'First pure, then peaceable,' you know."

"And I hope, sir," said Adam, "'easy to be entreated.'"

"That," replied Mr. Porteous, "depends on circumstances. Let us, therefore, look at the whole aspects of the case. There is to be considered, for example, your original delinquency, mistake, or call it by what name you please; then there is to be also taken into account my full explanation, given in your own house, of the principles which guided my conduct; then there is the matter of the Kirk Session—the fact that they have taken it up, which adds to its difficulty—a difficulty, however, let me say, Mr. Mercer, which has not been occasioned by me. Now, review these. Consider, for example, the *origo mali*, so to speak—the fact that a bird endeared to you by very touching associations was, let me admit it, accidentally, unintentionally, made by you the occasion of scandal. We are agreed on that point."

"It was on that point," interrupted the Sergeant, "I thought you doubted my honour."

"No!" said Mr. Porteous, "I only declared that 'honour' was a worldly not a Christian phrase, and unfit for a Church court."

The Sergeant was nonplussed. Putting down his ignorance to sin, he bowed, and said no more.

"I am glad you acquiesce so far," continued Mr. Porteous. "Again, observe that the visible, because notorious, *fact* of scandal demands some reparation by a fact equally visible and notorious. What reparation I demanded, you already know. I smile at its amount, in spite of all you have said, and said so well; nay, I sympathize with your kindly, though, permit me to say, your weak, *feeling*, Adam. But is feeling principle? Were our covenanting forefathers guided by feeling in giving their testimony for *truth* by the sacrifice of their very lives? Were the martyrs of the early Church guided by *feeling*? But I will not insult an elder of mine by any such arguments, as if he were either ignorant of them, or insensible to their importance. And let me just add," concluded the minister, in a low and solemn voice, laying one hand on

Adam's knee, "what would your dear boy now think—supposing him to be saved—if he knew that his father was willing to lose, or even to weaken, his influence for good in the parish—to run the risk of being suspended, as you now do, from the honourable position of an elder—and all for what?" asked the minister, spreading out his hands—"all for what? a toy, a plaything, a bird! and because of your *feeling*—think of it, Adam—your *feeling*! All must yield but you; neighbours must yield, Session must yield, and I must yield; no sacrifice or satisfaction will you make, not even of this bird; and all because your feelings, forsooth, would suffer! *That's* your position, Adam. And finally, as I also hinted to you, what would the Dissenters say if we were less pure in our discipline than themselves? Tell it not in Gath—the Philistines would rejoice! Take any view of the case you please, it is bad—very bad."

Adam at that moment felt as if he was the worst man in the parish, and given over to the power of evil.

"I dinna understand," he said, bending down his head, and scratching his whisker.

"I thought you did not, Adam—I thought you did not," said Mr. Porteous; "but I am glad you are beginning to see it. Once you get a hold of a principle, all becomes clear."

"It's a sharp principle, minister; it's no easy seen. It has a fine edge, but cuts deep—desperate deep."

"That is the case with most principles, Adam. They have a fine edge, but one which separates between a lie and truth, light and darkness. You have it—hold it fast."

Mr. Porteous threw himself back in his chair, thrust his hands into the pockets of his old dressing-gown, and looked at Adam. The minister's principles seemed unanswerable; Adam's sense of right unassailable. Like two opposing armies of apparently equal strength they stood, armed, face to face, and a battle was unavoidable. Could both be right, and capable of reconciliation? Could right principle and right feeling, or logical deductions from sound principles, ever be really opposed to the strongest instincts, the intuitive convictions of a true and loving heart? But if either the minister's so-called principles, or Adam's feelings in regard to present duty were wrong, which was it? A confused medley of questions in casuistry tortured

his simple conscience, until they became like a tangled thread, the more knotted the more he tried to disentangle the meshes.

The Sergeant rose to depart, saying, "I have a small Sabbath class which meets in my house, and I must not be too late for it; besides, there is no need of my waiting here longer: I have said my say, and can say no more."

"You will return to your class with more satisfaction," replied Mr. Porteous, "after this conversation. But, to prevent all misunderstanding or informality, you will of course be waited upon by your brethren; and when they understand, as I do, that you will cheerfully comply with our request, and when they report the same, no more will be said of the matter unless Mr. Gordon foolishly brings it up. And if—let me suggest, though I do not insist—if, next Sunday, you should hang the cage out without the bird in it, the neighbours would, I am sure, feel gratified, as I would do, by such an unmistakable sign of good-will to all parties."

The Sergeant had once or twice made an effort to "put in a word," but at last thought it best to hear the minister to the end. Then drawing himself up as if on parade, he said, "I fear you have taken me up wrong, Mr. Porteous. My silence was not consent. Had my old Colonel—one of the best and kindest of men—ordered me to march up to a battery, I would have done it, though I should have been blown the next moment to the moon; but if he had ordered me, for example, to strike a child, or even to kill my bird, I wad hae refused, though I had been shot the next minute myself. There are things I canna do, and winna do, for mortal man, as long as God gies me my heart; and this is ane o' them—I'll never kill 'Charlie's bairn.' That's my last word—and ye can do as you and the Session please."

The Sergeant saluted the minister soldier fashion, and walked out of the room, followed by Mr. Porteous to the front door. As he passed out, the minister said, "Had you shot fewer birds, sir, in your youth, you might have escaped the consequences of refusing to shoot this one now. 'Be sure your sin will find you out.'" Smellie had informed him that forenoon of Mercer's poaching days.

The minister returned to his study with a grim smile.

"Capital!" exclaimed Miss Thomasina, as she followed him into the study out of a dark corner in the lobby near the door, where she had evidently been ensconced,

listening to the whole conversation. "Let his proud spirit take *that*! I wonder you had such patience with the upsetting, petted fellow. Him and his bird, forsooth, to be disturbing the peace of the parish!"

"Leave him to me," quietly replied Mr. Porteous, as he resumed his volume of sermons. "I'll work him."

As the Sergeant returned home the sun set, and the whole western sky became full of glory, with golden islands sleeping on a sea in which it might seem a thousand rainbows had been dissolved; while the holy calm of the Sabbath eve was disturbed only by the "streams unheard by day," and by the notes of the strong blackbird and thrush,—for all the other birds, wearied with singing since daybreak, had gone to sleep. The beauty of the landscape, a very gospel of "glory to God in the highest, on earth, peace, and good will to men," did not, however, lift the dull weight off Adam's heart. He felt as if he had no right to share the universal calm.

"Be sure your sin will find you out!" So his minister had said. Perhaps it was true. He had sinned in his early poaching days; but he thought he had repented, and become a different man. Was it indeed so? or was he now suffering for past misconduct, and too blind to see it? It is twilight with Adam as well as with the world!

He expected to meet his small evening class of about a dozen poor neglected children who assembled every Sunday evening in his house, and which, all alone, and without saying anything about it, he had taught for some years, after his own simple and earnest fashion. He would be glad of their presence to-night. It would give him something to do—something to occupy his disturbed mind—a positive good about which there was no possible doubt; and it would also prevent Katie from seeking information which it would be painful for him to give and for her to receive.

To his astonishment he found one girl only in attendance. This was wee Mary, as she was called; a fatherless and motherless orphan, who was boarded by the Session, as the only poor-law guardians in the parish, with a widow in the immediate neighbourhood, to whom two shillings weekly were paid for her. Adam and his wife had taken a great fancy to Mary. She was nervous and timid from constitutional temperament, which was aggravated by her poor upbringing as an infant, and by the unkind usage, to say the least of it, she often received from Mrs. Craigie. Adam had more than once expostulated with the Kirk

Session for boarding Mary with this woman; but as Mrs. Craigie was patronized by Mr. Smellie, and as no direct charge against her could be substantiated, Mary was not removed. But she often crept into the Sergeant's house to warm herself and get a "piece" with Charlie; for she was so meek, so kind, so playful, that she was welcomed as a fit companion for the boy. This was, perhaps, the secret of the attachment of Adam and his wife to her.

But where were the other children of the class? Mrs. Mercer could not conjecture! could Mary? She hung her head, looked at her fingers, and "couldna say," but yet seemed to have something to say, until, at last, she said: "Mrs. Craigie flyed on me for wanting to come to the Sabbath-nicht skule, and said she wad gie me a thrashing if I left the house when she gaed to the evening sermon, and I ran awa' to the class, and I'm feared to gang hame."

"Why feared?"

"The bird!"

"The bird, Mary?"

Yes, the bird, Sergeant! — for Mary went on to tell in her own way how "a' the weans had been ordered, by their folk, no to come to the class, as" —

Mary hangs down her head again, and is silent.

"As what, Mary?"

"As" — And she wept as if her heart would break.

"As what, Mary?"

"As the Sergeant was an awfu' bad man."

"Don't cry, Mary — be calm."

"But I've com'd, as I kent it was a lee."

Mary had faith! But if the Sergeant had any doubt as to Mary's story, it was soon dispelled by the sudden appearance of Mrs. Craigie, demanding the child in a very decided tone of voice, and without making any apology for the sudden intrusion, or offering any explanation. "Did I no tell ye to bide at hame, ye guid-for-nothing lassie? Come awa' wi' me this minute!" she said, advancing to take hold of Mary. Mary sprang to the Sergeant and hid herself behind his back.

"Not so hasty, Mrs. Craigie," said the Sergeant, protecting her; "not so hasty, if you please. What's wrong?"

"Dinna let her tak' me! Oh, dinna let her tak' me!" cried Mary, from behind the Sergeant, and holding fast by his coat-tails. "She struck me black and blue; look at my arm," she continued, and she showed her little thin arm, while concealing her body.

"Ye leein cuttie!" exclaimed Mrs. Crai-

gie, "I'll mak ye that ye'll no elipe fibs on me!" shaking her clenched fist at the unseen Mary. Then, looking the Sergeant in the face, with arms a-kimbo, she said, "I'll mak you answer for this, ye hypocrite! that tried, as I ken, mony a time to beguile Mary frae me. But I hae friens, ay, friens that will see justice dune to me, and to you too — that wull they, faix! Black and blue! She fell running frae your ain wicked bird, when ye were corrupting the young on this verra Sabbath morning. And I said to Mr. Smellie at the kirk-door in the afternoon, when the Session was by, 'Mr. Smellie,' says I, 'you gied me a bairn to keep,' says I, 'and to be brocht up in the fear o'religion,' says I; 'but it's ill to do that,' says I, 'beside yon Sergeant,' says I. I did that, that did I; and Mr. Smellie telt me he wad see justice dune me, and dune you, and that ye war afore the Session, and that's what I never was. Gie me my bairn, I say!" and she made another pounce at Mary, followed by another cry for protection.

Katie had retired to the bedroom and shut the door.

The Sergeant said, "I'll keep Mary. Go home, Mrs. Craigie. I'll answer to the Session for you. No more scolding here." And he pressed foward with outstretched arms, Mrs. Craigie retreating to the door, and finally vanishing with exclamations, and protestations, and vows of vengeance, which need not be here repeated.

"Sirs me!" ejaculated Katie, as she came out of her retreat, "that's awfu'!"

"Dinna be frightened, my wee woman," said the Sergeant, as he led Mary to the fireside. "Warm yer bit feet, and get yer supper, and I'll gie ye a lesson afore ye gang to your bed."

Mary blew her nose, dried her eyes, and did as she was bid.

The Sergeant motioned to his wife to come to the bedroom. He shut the door, and said, "I'll never pairt wi' Mary, come what may. My heart tells me this. Get Charlie's bed ready for her; she'll lie there, and be our bairn. God has sent her."

"I was thinking that mysel'," said Katie; "I aye liked the wee thing, and sae did Charlie."

The Sergeant's lesson was a very simple one, as, indeed, most of his were. He took the child on his knee, and putting on his spectacles, made her read one or two simple verses of Scripture. This night he selected, from some inner connection, the verse from the Sermon on the Mount: — "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet

your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?"

And he said, "Mary, dear, did you come and hear my bird whistle?"

"Oo, ay," replied Mary. "It was real bonnie; and I thoct a' the time o' wee Charlie."

"But why did ye run awa' and mak' a noise on the Sabbath morning? Ye shouldna hae been sporting on the Lord's day."

"I was frichtened for the minister," replied Mary.

"Why were ye frichtened for the good man?"

"I dinna ken," said Mary; "but the boys ran, and I ran, and Archy Walker fell ower me and hurted me. I wasna meanin' ony ill;" and Mary threatened to give way again.

"Whisht, Mary," said the Sergeant. "I wasna blaming you; but ye ken I didna hang Charlie's bird out to harm you, or mak' sport, but only because he wasna weel."

"What was wrang wi' him?" asked Mary. "There's an awfu' heap o' measles gaun about."

"Not that," said the Sergeant, smiling; "but it was to mak' him well, no to mak' you play, I put him out. But ye see God kens aboot the bird, and it was Him that made him; and that feeds him; and see hoo he sleeps ower your bed, — for that's whaur Charlie used to sleep; and ye'll sleep there, dear, and bide wi' me; and God, that

takes care o' the wee birds, will tak' care o' you."

Mary said nothing, but turned her face and hid it in the Sergeant's bosom, next his heart; and he was more than ever persuaded that his heart was not wrong in wishing the orphan to lie there.

"Mary," the Sergeant whispered to her after a while, "ye maun aye ca' me faith-er."

Mary lay closer to his heart.

Katie, who had been sitting in the same arm-chair which she had occupied in the morning, heard her husband's words, and rising, bent over the child, and added, "And, Mary, ye maun ca' me mither."

The starling, who was asleep, awoke, shook himself, elevated his yellow bill above the round ball of feathers, looked at the group with his full bright eye, and although he did not attempt to say "I'm Charlie's bairn," he evidently remembered the relationship, and would have expressed it too — partly from jealousy, partly from love — had he not been again overpowered by sleep.

"We'll have worship," said the Sergeant, as he put down Mary, placing her in a little chair that had never been occupied since his boy died. After reading the Scriptures — it was the 23d Psalm — the Sergeant prayed, Mary concluding, at his request, by repeating the Lord's Prayer aloud. They then retired to rest — Charlie's bed once more occupied; and the quiet stars never shone on a more peaceful home.

THE *Westminster Review* had a recent article, entitled the "Ladies' Petition," in which the suffrage was claimed for women upon legal and logical grounds, "merely natural reasons, such as difference of sex," against the claim being set aside as alike frivolous and insufficient. Mr. J. S. Mill follows up with an appeal to the gallantry and the justice of the working man, and once more testifies his belief in the right of English women to the franchise. Upon purely abstract principles, something might be said in favour of the ladies, but would they themselves like to be regarded from the abstract point of view? However female suffrage may do for America, we believe it to be completely opposed to the sentiments of our countrymen and coun-

trywomen. Aristophanes wrote of a Ladies' Parliament, and those who remember his account of the assembly will bear in mind the character of the debate with which it opened. A female franchise would be the thin end of the wedge towards a House of dames. After that men would subside into social and political Mantalinis. It is altogether impossible to treat this subject seriously, and we regret that a philosopher, such as Mr. Mill, should be the advocate of the inveterate blue stockings of England, whose numbers, we are happy to say, are becoming gradually more limited. The "merely natural reasons, such as difference of sex," will prevail against any other reasons whatever. — *London Review*, 9 March.

From the Saturday Review.

BURTON'S HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.*

THE history of most countries, but that of Scotland perhaps more conspicuously than most others, may be written in two ways. There may be a history of the country itself as a geographical division—an account of all the people who may have lived in it, beginning with the earliest times of which anything is either recorded in written documents or can be made out from antiquarian remains. Or there may be a history of the people now inhabiting the country, tracing them from the earliest seats in which they can be found, making their history, their settlements, their conquests, the leading idea of the work, dealing with the country itself simply so far as it became their country, and speaking of earlier or other inhabitants only so far as to make the story of their extermination, subjection, or incorporation intelligible. To take the particular case before us, one would be a History of Scotland, the other a History of the Scots. A History of Scotland is a history of the land which is now called Scotland, and of everybody who ever lived in it from the earliest time of which anything is known. In such a history one part of the country now called Scotland has as good a claim to notice at any time whatsoever as another. Agricola, who entered what is now Scotland, but who never saw a Scot, is here quite in place. But a History of the Scots would make everything centre round the true Scots who passed from Ireland into Northern Britain; Picts, Strathclyde Welsh, English and Danes of Lothian, would come in for mention each at the time when they come in contact with the true Scots, with just such an account of their earlier history as is needed to make their relation to the true Scots intelligible. All these nations, as they gradually come under Scottish rule and assume the Scottish name, obtain a right to be dealt with in a History of the Scots, but not before. If Agricola's name so much as occurred in such a history, the place assigned to him must be very small indeed.

Each of these ways of writing has its advantages. The former is the more complete and is probably the more generally satisfactory. It is the way most likely to occur to a native writer and most likely to be ap-

preciated by native readers. People generally quite forget their nation in their country; they care more for the history of the soil which they tread than for that of their remote ancestors who never trod it. Englishmen in general feel more interest in Caractacus than they do in Arminius, and they would be puzzled at an English history which, instead of beginning with Julius Cæsar, began with whatever can be found out of certain Low-Dutch tribes near the mouth of the Elbe. But the other way is clearer and more philosophic; it better obviates that natural sort of confusion which identifies the present inhabitants of a land with all its former inhabitants, which looks on the artificial boundaries which circumstances have given to modern Scotland, modern France, or any other modern country, as something fixed in the eternal fitness of things. On the other hand, the former way is more complete; the latter requires to be eked out by other histories. An Englishman curious about the early history of his own land would not be satisfied with a book which gave him nothing beyond a mere sketch of anything before the fifth century. This more philosophic mode of treatment is more likely to occur to a stranger, looking at a country and its inhabitants from the outside and assigning them their relative place with regard to other nations, than to a native, who naturally desires a full account of his country from the beginning, and is perhaps unconsciously swayed by the almost unavoidable tendency to confound the land and its inhabitants.

We have made these remarks, because Mr. Burton has not only chosen the former and not the latter method of treating his subject, but has carried it out with greater fulness than perhaps any other writer of history of this class. He has chosen the plan which we hold to be the less philosophical, but which is more usual, more complete, and certain to be far more acceptable to the great mass of readers, especially of Scottish readers. A small minority may wish that he had chosen the other course, but, when he had chosen the course which he has, there can be no doubt as to his having taken the best way to carry it out in detail. From the point of view which he has chosen, it is right that he should tell us everything about the land which is now called Scotland from the earliest times. And this he effectually does. Some may think that he dwells too much upon purely antiquarian, as distinguished from strictly historical, details. We do not think so. In a work composed

* *The History of Scotland from Agricola's Invasion to the Revolution of 1688.* By John Hill Burton. Vols. I. II. III. IV. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1867.

on the plan which Mr. Burton has chosen, his antiquarian chapters are perfectly in place. During a considerable part of the period with which he has to do, antiquarian remains are almost the only means of learning anything at all. For some centuries, if he had not discussed the primæval antiquities, he would have had nothing to discuss. Nor do we at all grudge the space which, in other parts of the work, he devotes not only to the consideration of the laws, the local institutions, the social state of the country, but also to points like language, architecture, fortification, which hardly enter into the received notion of history, but which we hold with Mr. Burton are essential to any complete view of the history of any country at any period. In all these matters Mr. Burton has given us, for its scale, one of the completest histories that we ever saw of any country. We are not sure that he has worked in these matters quite so artistically as he might have done. We were a little surprised, when just on the threshold of the Reformation, Mr. Burton stopped to give us a sketch of the mediæval language and mediæval architecture of Scotland. Several chapters of this kind are thus intercalated before the narrative goes on again. We cannot help thinking that a portion of their contents might have been brought into closer connexion with the general narrative. For instance, it is well known, and Mr. Burton brings out the fact very strongly, that Scottish architecture before the War of Independence is essentially English, differing from other English architecture simply as the architecture of one part of England differs from that of another, while, after the War of Independence, Scottish architecture has a character of its own, but one coming much nearer to French than to English. It would be hard to find an instance where the political history of a country is more clearly written on its buildings. Now such a speaking architectural fact as this, one to which Mr. Burton does thorough justice, would surely have come in with more effect, and have been more likely to be remembered, if it had been worked into a general description of the effects of the elder English and of the later French connexion than placed as it is in a series of antiquarian chapters inserted in the middle of the reign of Mary.

Mr. Burton's merits as an historical writer are great. Through the greater part of his narrative he goes along at a good equable pace, never rising very high nor sinking very low, but always clear, sensible, and

interesting. He writes throughout in a thoroughly straightforward and unaffected way. Vivid and picturesque description is not his strong point, but no one would carry away from his book the memory of any passage which is mean, ridiculous, or in any way unworthy of the subject. And towards the end of his book, when he has to deal with the great case of Queen Mary, his treatment of the subject becomes a model of argument, at once clear and powerful, but at the same time never overstepping the bounds of the judicial function of the historian. This last portion is the gem of Mr. Burton's book, but with his whole subject throughout he is thoroughly acquainted. He does not make the same display of learning as another very able writer on Scottish history, Mr. E. W. Robertson; but we suspect that the difference is mainly in the style and form of the two books, and that Mr. Burton gives us the results of as much reading as Mr. Robertson. And Mr. Burton is certainly fairer and more skilful than Mr. Robertson in his way of dealing with controverted times. We will not say that Mr. Burton does full justice to Edward the First; but he distinctly tries to do so, and he succeeds probably as far as any Scottish writer is likely to succeed. In dealing with the wars between England and Scotland, as with the wars between England and France, absolute impartiality is not to be looked for in a writer belonging to any of the nations concerned. A writer who is determined not to be partial to his own countrymen often ends by doing his own countrymen less than justice. Thus Thierry is distinctly hard on William and his Normans; Lord Brougham is distinctly hard on Henry the Fifth and his Englishmen. Mr. Burton, in dealing with these matters, naturally looks on many points in a different way from that in which we look upon them. But he is always fair: he never shrinks from facts; he brings into prominence several neglected facts on both sides alike. There is not a trace of that malignant abuse and misrepresentation of the great English King which is so common in inferior Scottish writers. Mr. Burton gives his readers, as an historian always should give them, the means of coming, if they choose, to a different conclusion from himself. And in all the latter part of his mediæval history, we not only appreciate his fairness, but he thoroughly carries our sympathies with him. The English claim to superiority over Scotland was thoroughly good from 924 to 1328. After its distinct renunciation in the latter year,

it ought never to have been heard of again. The conduct of the later English Kings towards Scotland was often simply detestable. That of Henry the Eighth was perhaps the worst of all. Mr. Burton stops several times to contrast him with the great Edward. Edward, at all events, made war as a statesman; Henry made war simply as a savage. And Mr. Burton well brings out two points in the history of the War of Independence. We do not suppose that he would be exactly pleased if we said that the Scots faithfully discharged their duty to their overlord by always setting on the rebellious Normans and English under Robert Earl of Carrick and others. But that is certainly the impression which we get from his pages. The whole affair was a Lowland business. We do not suppose that the true Scots had any love to Edward, but they had a very distinct hatred to Edward's enemies. The Highlanders were hardly in a state to be allies of anybody, but they were always the bitter enemies of the "Saxon" or English part of Scotland, and the Lord of the Isles was constantly the ally of England on the very same principle on which the King of Scots was constantly the ally of France. We do not say that Mr. Burton draws all this out as formally as we have done; but the facts are all in his book, and they are very often supplied with pertinent comments.

The other point is one which we never saw so clearly brought out before. This is Edward's scheme for the government of Scotland. It was to be something like the government of Ireland at this moment. There was to be a viceroy, but Scotland was to be represented in the English Parliament. We do not say that Scotland was to be adequately represented. But neither was it adequately represented in the Parliament of Oliver Cromwell or in the Parliament of Queen Anne. Perhaps Mr. Disraeli is, after all, doomed to redress the torts of all three. But there are few things which more strongly set before us the wide reach of Edward's statesmanship than that a King, in days when Parliamentary representation in his original kingdom was still in its merest infancy, should think of conferring any Parliamentary representation at all on a conquered country.

Other points well brought out by Mr. Burton are that Scotland was, before the War of Independence, by no means so poor a country as is generally thought, and that, both before and after the War, the Scots were a freer people and much less under the control of their nobility than most writ-

ers represent them. Mr. Froude for instance, will have it that the Scots were good for very little till they took to pulling down churches. We reject, from our purely English point of view, so unworthy a view of what, putting a misleading nomenclature aside, was really the most English part of England. We are sometimes told that if Edward's conquest had been lasting—as, if Edward had lived, it doubtless would have been—Scotland would have been simply another Ireland. The truer way of looking at the matter is that there were two Englands and two Irelands. The northern England, in some points the truer England of the two, has its Ireland geographically continuous and not divided by the sea; that is the only difference. This is not a mere analogy. The English King at Westminster and the other English King at Edinburgh had to keep in order the very same troublesome subjects. As "*Scotus*" anciently meant an Irishman, so in later times the Highlanders are sometimes, with strict ethnological truth, called Irish. This is the plain state of the case; the fact that the King at Edinburgh or Stirling, though essentially English, had a long pedigree of real Scottish ancestors made no practical difference. The English Kings were always trying to identify themselves with Brutus and Camber, and no one knows who. Whether, in this state of things, it would have been any very great loss if the two English Governments had become one, may be doubted. We say doubted, because there are arguments the other way. Our common country has in many respects gained in the long run by the development of two distinct types of Englishmen, the Northern type being none the less worthy of the English name because they disclaim it.

The volumes which Mr. Burton has at present published contain the history from the beginning, or from before the beginning, down to the abdication of Mary. Some further portions, especially that where Mr. Burton is strongest of all, the history of Mary herself, we reserve for notice in a second article.

IN our first notice of Mr. Burton's book we said that the last part was the best. The last chapter alone would be the making of an historian. Mr. Burton stands at what might seem to be the disadvantage of telling a story which most people have just been reading in the later volumes of Mr. Froude. For in this case it is a disad-

vantage. To write, as Mr. Brewer is called on to do, the history of Henry the Eighth after Mr. Froude, may be called an advantage or a disadvantage, according to the temper of the historian. But in the case of Mary Stuart, Mr. Burton has to put himself into competition with the best things which Mr. Froude has written. The history of Mary is the part of Mr. Froude's book where his narrative combines the greatest amount of life and vigour with the least amount of extravagance. It is the part where, by some happy accident, Mr. Froude's judgment is found on the side of fact and common sense. Yet, when we turn from Mr. Froude to Mr. Burton, we feel that we are turning from one who is, after all, only playing with his subject, to one who is, in every sense, master of it. Mr. Burton cannot compete with Mr. Froude as the mere teller of a story; and, wisely as we think, he makes no attempt at any such competition. But even here, if he never gives us anything like Mr. Froude's picturesque scenes, he never brings in any of the extravagant metaphors and other absurdities with which Mr. Froude defaces his best passages. Mr. Burton's Death of Darnley, cannot, as a story, be compared to Mr. Froude's Death of Darnley. But then Mr. Burton has not one word which is unworthy of the occasion, while Mr. Froude spoils his picturesque story with the ludicrous touch of Darnley being found "lying dead in the garden under the stars." When, however, we come to reasoning, nay to real vigour of expression as distinguished from mere narrative prettiness, we feel at once that Mr. Burton is an historian, and that Mr. Froude is not. It is just the difference between a taking book for drawing-room and a sound and lasting possession for the scholar's library. We confess that, great as were the merits which we saw in Mr. Burton's book throughout, yet the earlier portions did not lead us to expect anything like the impressive grandeur of this last chapter. We now only wish that he had had time or space or inclination to work out his whole story as he has worked out this one portion. The comparison is indeed instructive between the real scholar, who has clearly given his whole life to his work, who knows everything in the history of his country from the beginning, who clearly knows how to compare the history of his own country with that of other lands, and the man who has rushed at the history of a single century, while all that went before it is to him evidently an utter blank.

And yet in one point, not perhaps strictly

of mere narrative, but in arrangement of narrative, Mr. Burton maintains his supremacy over Mr. Froude as conspicuously as he does in all higher qualities. Mr. Froude's narrative is picturesque and all that, but Mr. Burton's is tragic; we read it with something like the interest with which we read the Agamemnon or the Oedipus. Mr. Froude works in the evidence derived from the Casket Letters with his narrative of the preparations for the King's murder. Mr. Burton follows a more artistic method. He first tells the story in all those particulars about which no one ever doubted. In these particulars there are things indicative of guilt on Mary's part, but there is no direct statement. A reader who had never heard the story before would be asking all along whether Mary really had any hand in all this. A reader who does know is actually asking all along, whether Mr. Burton holds that Mary had any hand in it. He goes on with all the later events, the sham trial of Bothwell, the divorce, the marriage, all looking in the same direction, none perhaps alone proving the case. At last comes the discovery of the Casket, like the evidence of the shepherd of Cithæron. Now all is out. Mr. Burton by unanswerable arguments, but with a vigour which almost reaches vehemence, but which is never unscholarlike or unjudicial, shows that the letters are genuine, and that Mary therefore was guilty. In this way the narrative of Mr. Burton raises a suspense in the mind, and carries on his reader with far more of real interest and excitement than, as far as picturesqueness of description goes, the far more vivid narrative of Mr. Froude.

We do not know exactly how far Mr. Burton may be running counter to general prejudice in his own country by thus vigorously and unshrinkingly setting forth the manifest truth on this matter. We know that with some Scotch people it is a point of national honour to believe Mary innocent, just as it is a point of national honour to believe whatever is written in Barbour and Blind Harry, or distilled from them into the Tales of a Grandfather. It is certainly the strangest point of national honour that ever was taken up, as it involves the sacrifice of the great mass of the Scottish people to one woman who had nothing Scottish about her except her mere birth and lineage. The Scottish people, with a sound moral instinct, rose against their guilty Queen and deposed her. Their so doing was very much to the national honour, and it is rather hard to sacrifice the real honour of a nation to a sentimental feeling for a

murderess and adulteress, simply because she had a handsome face and a winning tongue. Her contemporary defenders, as Mr. Burton shows, took a different ground. All that they could say was that the charge of murder and adultery was not proved, and that even if it were proved, murder and adultery were not grounds for deposing a sovereign. Her crime, after all, was only "one simple murder," while many of her enemies "did daily commit many horrible murders." Even if she were guilty, "King David was both an adulterer and also a murderer," and "God was highly displeased with him therefore, yet he was not therefore by his subjects deposed."

The forms of Scottish law supply Mr. Burton with a clinching illustration of the line taken by Mary's advocates:—

But while thus tenacious of the privileges of an accused person, these enthusiasts demand a conclusion from which such a person is excluded by the act of seeking their protection. The verdict of "not guilty" founded on imperfection in the evidence, is no proclamation of innocence. Its tenor is generally more distinctly interpreted by an expressive form in use in Scotland. When the jury do not find reason to proclaim a case of calumniated innocence, but give the accused the benefit of defective evidence, they find a verdict of "not proven." It would perhaps surprise some enthusiasts of the present day to find contemporary vindicators going no farther than the demand of a verdict of "not proven." Their reason was the same material one that influences modern trials. They maintained that there was no sufficient case made out for depriving her of her queenly rights. The evidence was not conclusive, and she should have had the benefit of the doubt. Those who believe in her as a saint martyred by wicked men would find disagreeable revelations in reading what is said by the early class of vindicators.

Just before, Mr. Burton had been dwelling on the agreement between the evidence of the Casket Letters and the evidence given by Thomas Crawford before the Commissioners at York. He goes on:—

Such theories, and the impossibility of confuting them to the conviction of those who choose to maintain them, is one of the incidents of the rather forensic tone in which the great controversy about Queen Mary has been conducted. A leaf has been taken from the Old Bailey, and it has been maintained that she should be counted innocent until she is proved guilty. But in the legal sense this is impossible about long past events. To comply with it, we would require to place Crawford in the witness-box, cross-question him, and search the

world for testimony until we fill up all gaps and explain all inconsistencies. These things are the strong securities with which the law surrounds the rights of living men, especially their lives or their liberties. We all know multitudes of things which are not judicially proved, which we could not judicially prove; yet the law requires that before we act on them, to the injury of our neighbour, they shall be so proved. If the life or liberty of a British subject could be made to depend either on proving Queen Mary guilty or proving her innocent, neither could be made out in such a manner as to secure a verdict. At the present day we have no evidence on which we could hang Felton, who stabbed the Duke of Buckingham in Charles I.'s time, or even the man who shot Spencer Perceval. It would be the same with the death of Cæsar and the execution of Charles I. Such a way of going to work would blot out history, by making its parts extinguish each other, like the equivalents in an equation. If Queen Mary is entitled to the benefit of all doubts, the confederate lords who brought the charges and evidence against her are entitled to the benefit of all doubts to protect their character from the stigma of conspiracy.

The judge may be bound to release the accused, although in his secret heart believing him to be guilty; but in history belief is all, and belief cannot be resisted when it comes, nor can a leaning to the stronger probabilities where there is doubt, let the effect on the fame of some long dead actor in the history of the world be what it will.

Still, with Mr. Burton's strong conviction of Mary's guilt, she is not in his eyes a monster. The evil alike of indiscriminate panegyric and of indiscriminate invective is to blot out all the finer shades of human character—to make people, in short, not human at all, but either angels or fiends. Thus Mr. Burton expressly refuses his assent to the description of Mary given in the "Detection" of Buchanan. A great master of Latin rhetoric, honestly believing in Mary's guilt, had to set forth that guilt in a rhetorical invective composed in a language in which invective is perhaps more at home than in any other. His rhetoric is valuable as a witness to the state of popular feeling in Scotland at the time; of that popular feeling it is a most excellent representation; but his account is incredible; his portrait is not human. Therefore, argues Mr. Burton, Buchanan cannot be the author, that is the forger, of the Casket Letters. Those letters betray the innermost feelings of a guilty woman, but still of a woman, a human being with human feelings. Buchanan, had he made the attempt, would have blurred all this out with one undistinguishing daub of black:—

Buchanan is the person naturally hinted at as the author of the contents of the casket, having been the first to draw public attention to them. But if we suppose him morally capable of such an act, it is pretty clear that it did not come within his intellectual capacity, extensive as that was. The little domesticities in the letters would not suit the majestic march of his pen. In the Detection, to which he appended the documents, he shows that, had he prepared these himself, he would certainly have overdrawn them. In fact, in that philippic the great scholar and poet shows that, although he may have known politics on a large scale, he was not versed in the intricacies of the human heart. Everything is with him utterly and palpably vile and degrading, without any redeeming or mitigating element.

Mr. Burton had himself just before said, in a most remarkable passage :—

Suppose it to have been settled in conclave that such a set of letters were to be forged, who was there with the genius to accomplish the feat? Nowhere else, perhaps, has the conflict of the three passions, love, jealousy, and hatred, been so powerfully stamped in utterance. Somewhat impoverished though it may be in the echo of a foreign medium, we have here the reality of that which the masters of fiction have tried in all ages, with more or less success, to imitate. They have striven to strip great events of broad, vulgar, offensive qualities, and to excite sensations which approach to sympathy with human imperfections. And, indeed, these letters stir from their very foundation the sensations which tragic genius endeavours to arouse. We cannot, in reading them, help a touch of sympathy, or it may be compassion, towards the gifted being driven in upon the torrent of relentless passions, even though the end to which she drifts is the breaking of the highest laws, human and divine. A touch of tenderness towards those illustrious persons who show their participation in the frailty of our common nature by imperfections as transcendent as their capacities, is one of the mysterious qualities of the human heart, and here it has room for indulgence. In fact it is the shade that gives impressiveness to the picture. With all her beauty and wit, her political ability and her countless fascinations, Mary, Queen of Scots, would not have occupied nearly the half of her present place in the interest of mankind had the episode of Bothwell not belonged to her story.

These are the kind of things which we confess that we hardly expected from the early parts of Mr. Burton's book, highly praiseworthy as they are in their own way. But perhaps the remarkable thing is, after all, what we have called the completeness of his book. As a rule, men who can write

in the way in which Mr. Burton writes in the passages which we have just been quoting, do not occupy themselves with the kind of antiquarian details, primeval, architectural, legal, of any sort indeed, which take up so large a space in his earlier volumes. We suspect that this completeness has some connexion with Mr. Burton's position as a Scottish historian. We do not find it, we do not expect it in historians of England or France. We are not sure that we should think it in place if we did find it. Yet, once accepting the choice which Mr. Burton has made between the two possible ways of treating his whole subject, they seem, in his history, perfectly in place. Has not this something to do with the peculiar position of Scotland? Scotland—in this respect like Ireland, though in most points so unlike—is not quite a nation, and yet is something more than a province. A country in this sort of position awakens a peculiar sort of patriotism, one far more extensive and far more susceptible than the patriotism of either nations or provinces. We have no doubt that we have sometime or other quoted the remark, but it is quite worth quoting twice, that an Englishman never stops to think that he is not a Scotchman, while the Scotchman always bears about with him the distinct remembrance that he is not an Englishman. Does not this ever-conscious feeling of nationality lead a man who studies the history of his country at all to study it in a more complete way, to look at it in all its aspects, to make it his business to find out all that he can about everything that concerns it? Of course this may be done under the guidance of mere provincial prejudice. But, if it is done in an impartial and enlightened way, as in the case of Mr. Burton, it produces the happiest results. We have tried Mr. Burton on the points on which we should naturally try any Scottish writer. In the matter of King Edward, we get out of him as much as we have any right to expect; in the matter of Queen Mary, we have simply to read and admire. But these are, after all, only two points out of many. The variety of subjects dealt with in Mr. Burton's book is really amazing. It is an odd change of subject to pass from Queen Mary to the Druids. But Mr. Burton's remarks in his first volume on the way in which people use the words Druid and Druidism as a mere shelter for ignorance, are just as good in their way as his remarks on the Casket Letters, and they display exactly the same power of thoroughly appreciating evidence :—

To all inquiries as to the religion from which the inhabitants of North Britain were converted when they became Christians, there has generally been an easy answer. Of course it was from Druidism. That term has been used in history much in the same way as the names of general but undefined causes have been used in physics — to bring out a complete result without the trouble of inquiry. It is thus that we have had the theories of antipathies and affinities, animal spirits, the sensorium, phlogiston, and the like; and thus too have been frequently employed such terms as electric currents and magnetic influences.

It is appropriate to all these solvents of difficulties, which have passed current from time immemorial, and are accepted without examination, that there are no strict boundaries to their sphere of application. Whenever the difficulty arises, the solvent is at hand without a question whether its application has limits which have been passed. What is said of old about the Druids is applicable to the Celts, as distinguished from the Germans. Those who have gone into the causes of Druidism attribute its vast power and mysterious influence to the special proneness of the Celtic tribes to subject themselves to the influence of some priesthood, while the Gothic people were shy of any intervention by human beings between themselves and the mighty deities they idolized. Yet in modern literature we find Druidism applied to the Goths as readily as to the Celtic nations, and that although there are full means of being acquainted with the religion of those nations, and of knowing that it was something entirely different from the system brought into shape under the name of Druidism.

Modern authors, succeeding each other, have filled up the details of that system, and made it almost as complete as the Roman hierarchy. We have Archdruids and simple Druids; some set to this kind of work, some to that. We are told of the doctrines that they taught, and especially what they thought of the immortality of the soul. We are told of their various arrangements for exercising the influence of mystery on their deluded followers, and for preserving in profound secrecy the traditions of their order and the sources of their influence. Their costume, their pomp and ceremonies, are accurately described. They were long-bearded men clothed in white, and went forth with golden sickles to cut the mistletoe at the appointed hour of doom. We have their temples among us in a very distinct condition, with the altars on which they offered up human sacrifices, and the mystic signs which they left on the rock pillars which of old stood in the centres of their sacred groves.

After reading all that is thus piled up with the solemn gravity of well-founded knowledge, it is positively astounding to look back and see on how small and futile a foundation it all rests. When we are told of the interesting mysteries that surround the functions of this potent priesthood, we are led to a real source

of mystery — how to account for the perverse ingenuity which framed such a baseless system, and for the marvellous credulity that accepted it as solid truth.

In such a book as this, if we point out a few slips, we feel sure that the author will simply take them as hints for its still further improvement. "We do not know," says Mr. Burton, "in what sort of tongue the Carthaginians [why this unusual spelling?], the rivals of Rome herself, discoursed" (i. 197). We need not go to the Pænulus. The name Hannibal alone, the heathen form of John, shows that they spoke something very like Hebrew. We will not dispute about Picts, but we are distinctly surprised at Mr. Burton's giving the least ear to the notion that they were Teutonic. "Thursday is not 'from Thor, a word which means Thunder and was the name of the thundering god'" (i. 233). Thunder, *Dunresdag*, *Donnerstag*, is from *Thunder* itself. The form *Thor* is distinctly Scandinavian. Mr. Burton's remarks in vol. i. p. 243, on the Northern Mythology and its relation to other mythologies, require correction by the new light of the Comparative school. It is odd and misleading, though perhaps not absolutely untrue in words, to speak (iii. 17) of "the old code called the Salic Law — which is now supposed to have been intended for the internal regulation of some part of Germany." It was not Charles the Eighth (iii. p. 255), but Louis the Twelfth, who married Henry the Eighth's sister, and the King of England called himself not "Duke" (iii. 361) but "Lord" of Ireland. The wars of the Roses cannot be said to have kept the English army at home during the reign of James the Fourth (iv. 159), who came to the Crown in the year after Bosworth. We cannot make out how the Guises "gave themselves out as the true descendants of Charlemagne, through that Lothaire, the founder of Lotharingia or Lorraine, whose race was superseded on the throne of France by the dynasty of Hugh Capet" (iv. 247). The West-Frankish Karlings are not descended from Lothar but from Charles the Bald.

But things like these are, in a book like this, mere spots on the sun. In a book which contained nothing else they might be serious. Our only regret is that we have not space for several more extracts from various parts of Mr. Burton's volumes. In all the latter part especially, his knowledge of human nature comes out as strongly as his power of dealing with historical evi-

dence. We recommend the book to all historical students, and we shall look with anxiety for the remaining volumes.

From the Saturday Review.

THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.*

HISTORICAL criticism, [as it is now understood, may almost be called the creation of the present century, and in the hands of German writers it has done wonders in the rehabilitation of injured characters and the reversal of unrighteous judgments. This has perhaps especially been the case as regards what were once considered, in the worst and most exclusive sense, the "dark ages," but which are now restored to their proper place in common estimation as an important stage in the social and moral education of modern Europe. One result, however, of the discovery of this new science has been to foster a kind of monomania for whitewashing soiled reputations, which of course implies blackening a good many that were previously thought spotless; and thus we are gravely bidden to respect in Richard III. a bright example of the *animus paternus* in an uncle, and in Henry VIII. a model husband, though of somewhat frigid temperament. Even in these extreme cases there is usually, though not always, some force in the appeal against the traditional verdict. Neither Richard nor Henry, for instance, are so black as they have often been painted; but there is still every reason for believing that the former murdered his nephews, and no sort of doubt that the latter divorced and decapitated his wives in a way hardly consistent with a high standard of marital excellence. On the other hand, Mr. Lewes has entirely failed to convince us that Nero was not the "monster" contemporary historians represent him. The battle is still raging over the grave, or rather the casket, of Mary Stuart. Very different is the case of Marie-Antoinette which is brought before us in these volumes. Few prominent personages in history have been so cruelly and so persistently assailed, and fewer still have won so complete a posthumous triumph.

Mr. Vizetelly has not added much to the substance of what is contained in the fourth volume of Mr. Carlyle's *Miscellaneous Essays* on the too famous story of the Diamond

Necklace, but he has given us both the story and the evidence at full length for the first time, and, it is fair to add, in a very readable form. Indeed his tale has all the interest of a romance which is too strange not to be true. We could wish he had been content to use Mr. Carlyle's materials without being so fond, both in the text and the headings of chapters, of imitating his style, which, however striking, is—or at least was originally—even in its author an affectation, and in his imitators becomes simply intolerable. When Mr. Vizetelly allows himself to write naturally, his English is simple and clear enough; and this makes us regret the more that it should be disfigured by so many lapses into Carlylese, and by the occasional introduction of such questionable grammar as "a person who lived in the same house that she did, and whom she knew was a native of that place." These are minor blemishes in what is really a good book on the whole. The most original portion of it is the summing up of the evidence at the end, to which we shall have to refer again presently, and especially the exhaustive analysis and refutation of M. Louis Blanc's adverse arguments. To the concluding words no reader will be likely to refuse his assent:—"Time, that rights all things, is at last doing Marie-Antoinette justice; and she whom patriotism accused, and demagogism condemned, humanity [we should rather have said justice] has well nigh absolved." The actual story of the necklace may be told in very few words; that it should ever have received the interpretation which darkened the last years, and was long suffered to stain the memory, of the unfortunate Queen, can only be explained by the critical state of affairs at the period, and the intense bitterness of party spirit. There are none of whom it may be said, with greater truth, *Delicta majorum immeritus lues*, than of Louis XVI. and his unhappy consort. The following passage shows how well the soil was prepared for the seeds of calumny so artfully sown by the real culprit in the plot, whose superlative knavery elevated her for the time into a heroine, and has secured for the name of an unscrupulous and abandoned woman, who knew no motive but the grossest selfishness, and no aim but the gratification of her ambition or her lust, an historical connexion with the outbreak of the French Revolution:—

From the day she became Queen, to the very hour of her death, and even after the grave had closed over her headless corse, the unhappy

* *The Story of the Diamond Necklace*. By Henry Vizetelly. 2 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers, 1867.

Marie-Antoinette was fated to be the victim of calumny. Her youthful levity was magnified into natural vice. Her most innocent amusements were made the objects of dark suspicion. Her friendships were so many criminal attachments. From Marly to Versailles, and from Versailles to Marly, slander pursued her. It penetrated the groves of Trianon, and insinuated that secret orgies, rivalling those of the "Parc aux cerfs," were carried on in this now favourite retreat. Indecent pamphlets referring to her, written by hireling scribes, were circulated all over France. Libels against her were even forged in the police bureau. Scandalous songs were thrown in the "Œil-de-Bœuf," at the King's feet. Scandalous libels were placed under his dinner-napkin. Courtiers repeated the last foul epigram, the last lying report against the Queen, in the royal ante-chambers, whispered it and chuckled over it even in the Queen's presence; carried it from Versailles or Marly, post haste to Paris, to the different hostile salons, to the green-rooms of the theatre and the opera, and to the *cafés*, thence to be disseminated all over the capital, even to the *halles*; carried it to their country châteaux, and laughed over it at their dinner-tables, whence it spread among their tenantry and the inhabitants of the adjacent towns.

The Countess de la Motte was the eldest daughter of Jacques de Saint-Remi de Valois, an illegitimate descendant of Henry II. of France, "high and puissant lord and knight," and titular heir of many broad domains, but in actual life a beggar, who, after six months' imprisonment for debt, died in a ward of the Hôtel Dieu at Paris. Jeanne, the future Countess, and her younger sister, were turned out by their mother to beg in the streets; and it may literally be said of her that from this time to the end of her life her face was her fortune, being, according to the description Mr. Carlyle is so fond of quoting, "not beautiful, but with a certain piquancy." The children attracted the benevolent notice of the Marchioness de Boulainvilliers, who adopted them, and made them inmates of her own home. The younger girl soon after died, but Jeanne, after being some years at school, was apprenticed to a mantua-maker in Paris; and being obliged from ill-health to throw up her engagement, was subsequently sent to board in a convent, in order to place her beyond the reach of the Marquis's improper attentions. Not long afterwards she fell in at Bar-sur-Aube with Count de la Motte, whom she married after a short flirtation, neither of them having anything but their wits to live upon; and to make the most of that somewhat precarious means of livelihood, they established

themselves on a fifth floor in Paris. Here began her discreditable connexion with her accomplice and dupe in the diamond necklace affair, his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop Prince Louis de Rohan — or, as Mr. Carlyle prefers more laconically to style him, "Eminence de Rohan" — at this time nearly fifty years of age. One of the most noticeable features, we may observe, in this strange story is the light it throws incidentally on the almost incredible moral depravity of the aristocratic, and especially the higher clerical, society of the period in France. The Countess, who was always very far from being "ashamed to beg," contrived to get a good deal out of various wealthy potentates on the strength of her royal descent and her personal attractions; but her chief almoner was the Cardinal, who was madly in love with her, and whose letters, of which several hundreds were burnt just before her apprehension by the police, were, according to M. Beugnot, who had looked over them, so filthy that no man who respected himself would choose to read them through. But even the Cardinal's lavish generosity was insufficient to keep her exchequer supplied, and accordingly she hit upon the ingenious device of at once enriching herself and still further captivating her lover, whose great ambition it was to recover the good graces of the Court, by means of the diamond necklace. This necklace, containing 629 rare diamonds, had been ordered by Louis XV. of the Court jewellers, Böhmer and Bassenge, for Madame du Barry; but the King died before it was paid for, and thenceforward it was a terrible incumbrance to the jewellers, who vainly tried to dispose of it, first to Marie-Antoinette, and then to various European sovereigns, and were meanwhile unable themselves to pay the debts contracted for the purchase of the diamonds. The Countess having completely deceived the Cardinal, by a series of forged letters, as from the Queen — the work of one Rétaux de Villette, another of her admirers — into the belief that Marie-Antoinette was ready to take him into favour, at last arranged the bold stroke of a midnight meeting in the gardens of Versailles between the Queen and the Cardinal, the Queen being personated on the occasion by a Parisian courtesan, Mademoiselle d'Oliva, or Leguaz, who appears to have been strikingly like her in face. The next thing was to persuade the Cardinal and the jewellers that the Queen — who had never seen her, but with whom she professed to be on terms of the closest intimacy — wished to purchase

the necklace privately, making the Cardinal her agent for the purpose. They eagerly caught the bait, and in February, 1785, the Cardinal having obtained the necklace from the jewellers on presenting a forged order signed "Marie-Antoinette de France," handed it over to the Countess for Her Majesty. Madame de la Motte of course lost no time in disposing of the diamonds for her own advantage, and the jewellers, after many vain attempts to extract payment from her or from the Cardinal, at length brought the affair before the notice of the Queen, and the bubble burst. On the 15th of August, the feast of the Assumption, Cardinal de Rohan was arrested in full pontificals, when preparing to celebrate mass in the Royal chapel at Versailles, and a few days later the Countess and her accomplices were also lodged in the Bastille. The Cardinal was finally acquitted, though banished from the precincts of the Court. The Countess was condemned to be whipped, branded, and imprisoned for life; but in the following year she escaped to England, where she was killed at the age of thirty-four, in August, 1791, by falling from a window two stories high from which she had jumped out to avoid the bailiffs who had come to seize her for debt; not however before she had left abundant materials, in her autobiography and her lying "*Mémoires Justificatifs*," to sustain for long afterwards the odious and baseless calumnies against the Queen which she had so sedulously propagated on her trial and throughout her subsequent career.

For the fate of her husband and the other minor characters in this extraordinary drama we must refer our readers to Mr. Vizetelly's pages, which will well repay a perusal. His summing up of the evidence, both negative and positive, which exculpates Marie-Antoinette from any complicity whatever with the scandalous intrigue in which she was represented as bearing so prominent a part, is admirable. One passage we must extract, on the force of the negative argument. After showing that the Countess must have been able to offer some shadow of proof of her alleged intimacy with the Queen, if it really existed, and that through all the revolutionary period some evidence against the Queen would surely have been forthcoming, he proceeds:—

And yet not a scintilla of evidence, true or false, against the Queen has come to light. In none of the memoirs of the time, written by those who had opportunities of knowing some-

thing of the facts, do we find the slightest accusation against the Queen with regard to the Diamond Necklace. No one has stated that she was ever seen either with the Necklace itself, or any of the loose diamonds composing part of it, in her possession. No one connected with the Court, neither Besenval nor De Lauzun, both on terms of closest intimacy with, and both, to some extent, detractors of the Queen, has stated that Madame de la Motte was ever once seen in the Queen's company, but all who have made allusion to her, like Lacretelle, Besenval, and Madame Campan, have stated precisely the reverse. If she was in almost daily communication with the Queen, as she pretended was the case, she must have been constantly seen by some of the inferior servants; her friend the gate-keeper of Little Trianon, for instance, or the *valet de chambre*, Deselos, who, when the Queen had perished by the guillotine, and there was no longer any motive for preserving silence, would have talked of the affair for talking's sake.

And if there is no evidence, neither is there any assignable motive for the Queen's desiring to obtain the necklace:—

It was certainly not for the purpose of wearing it, for no one ever pretended to have seen it on her person. It was not with the object of selling it piecemeal, to stave off some pressing pecuniary difficulty, for the De la Mottes had the whole of the proceeds; and in none of the contradictory statements made by them did they ever pretend they were selling the diamonds on the Queen's behalf. The statement the Count made to the jewellers was, that he inherited the diamonds from his mother; then their joint statement was, that they sold them on behalf of the Cardinal; their final statement was, that they were a present to the Countess from the Queen, the wage in fact for the dishonourable service which she so unblushingly asserts she rendered to Marie-Antoinette. Supposing the Queen to have had some motive for possessing the Necklace which we cannot penetrate, would she have purchased it through such a doubtful pair of agencies as the Countess de la Motte and the Cardinal de Rohan?

On the other hand there is direct evidence of the Countess de la Motte having herself disposed of far the greater part of the diamonds; while at least seventeen of her own statements on her trial are contradicted, either by herself or by independent testimony. We cannot follow the author through his detailed examination of M. Louis Blanc's counter-assertions, but no doubt will exist among those who study the evidence here presented to them as to the verdict of history on this strange episode in the life of Marie-Antoinette.

From the Economist, 6th April.

THE SALE OF RUSSIAN AMERICA TO THE UNITED STATES.

THE sale of Russian America to the United States for a sum of 1,400,000l, which was announced to the Senate by the President last week, is, we think, rather a curious than an important political event. The territory, though very large, as large as six or seven Englands, adds little or nothing to the material resources of its new proprietors. It produces no revenue, and it is very unlikely that, even in American hands, it ever will produce any. It may possess, probably does possess, valuable mines, but the climate is too cold for colonization, and without colonization the mines, even if worked by criminals under sentence of penal servitude, can never be of considerable value. It has a trade, we believe, with San Francisco in ice, but an ice trade, like a trade in diamonds or pearls, is a mere trade in luxuries, and serves no commercial purpose except to enrich a very few individuals. Fur-bearing animals exist, but they are few, and the climate is so severe that the whole territory has been leased to the Hudson's Bay Company, the greatest fur dealers in the world, for a moderate sum, and when their last lease expired, they were not anxious to renew it. It is not probable that the revenue from all sources will ever be equal to the maintenance of one considerable military post. The inhabitants, again, are few, about 75,000, more or less, and of those few the majority are Esquimaux, who are a burden rather than an advantage, while the remainder are Russians, who will probably return to their own country, and half-castes of little more value than the Esquimaux. Nor has the ceded territory any special advantage of geographical position. The compiler of the telegraphic bulletin announcing the President's message to the Senate, does indeed say that the cession blocks up British Columbia; but he might as well say the cession of Argyshire would block up Liverpool. British Columbia has as many outlets to the sea as it ever had, the only district which is even apparently affected being divided by a broad channel from the Aleutian Islands. Vancouver's Island, by far our most valuable possession on the coast, is miles away to the south. No doubt, if British Columbia voted itself first independent and then a part of the American Union, the consequences might be much more serious. The Canadian Confederation, and the territory of the Hudson's Bay Company would then

be shut out entirely from the Pacific, and Great Britain would cease to hold any possession whatever upon that ocean; but British Columbia is not the more likely to pass such a vote because of this cession. She cannot be threatened from Sitka, the village which serves as the capital to Russian America, and cannot be morally influenced by its possessors. Rather she is the less likely, because the colony will feel more acutely its importance as a member of the Canadian system, and will obtain better terms, more energetic assistance, that is, towards the establishment of the work it most desires — a practicable road across the continent from the Pacific to the St. Lawrence. Without British Columbia the new possession is so useless, and may be so expensive, that we do not wonder the Senate hesitates to ratify Mr. Johnson's Treaty.

Still the event is a curious one. It is very unusual, quite unprecedented as far as we know, for Russia to part voluntarily with territory of any kind. Her idea hitherto has been supposed to be to "conquer the world," that is, to possess herself gradually of every territory which did not cost too much either in battle or in cash. This cession shows that her rulers do not apply this theory to America; that they recognize the right of the Washington Cabinet to obtain, if it can, the whole of the North American continent. It shows also that they are very willing to make friends of the Americans, whether with a view to maritime assistance, as some people believe, or to other forms of aid, is uncertain, but certainly with some possibly half developed view. The mere right of entering American ports might, under certain circumstances, be valuable to the fleet which Russia usually maintains in Chinese waters, and she has designs in China which the power in possession of San Francisco might greatly facilitate. We are apt to forget, that considerable as the distance may be, California looks straight across the water to Japan and Shanghai. Some such view must, it is clear, have been in her ruler's mind, for her American territory is not a burden, and the sum offered by the Washington Government is no temptation. Russian finances are not, we believe, very flourishing, but still a million is far too small a sum to be a serious inducement. She could have obtained it from Amsterdam by a telegram, and not on very harsh terms. Then the American Government must have taken considerable trouble about this cession, and have taken it very secretly. Correspondence must have passed

for some time between Mr. Cassius Clay and Mr. Seward, and that correspondence has been very assiduously kept secret. These things denote intention, and as Russian America is in itself of no value, the intention must be to obtain any portion of the North American continent which may, at the moment, be obtainable, under the idea that it will, when the remainder has been secured, fall into its proper place. That is not very pleasant for Englishmen, who remember that they are second among American proprietors in wealth and importance, and in mere area the very first. It is not nice to know that your neighbour, the landed millionaire, intends some time or other to have your farms, because it suggests that he may be tempted at some convenient moment to try to make you part with them. The mere design does not greatly help him towards his end, but it does not tend to prolong amity, or to smooth away the inevitable occasions of quarrel. The possession of Russian America does not constitute a new inducement for the Union to conquer Canada, but it does offer a new inducement to Americans to tempt Canada into annexation. To be masters of a Continent is a very taking ambition, and, with Canada in the Union, and Russian America purchased, the Americans would be masters of a Continent, direct masters from the Rio Grande to the Pole, and indirect masters from the Isthmus to the Straits of Kamschatka. We can easily imagine that the purchase may increase the hankering, just as the purchase of an out-lying farm by a great proprietor increases his hankering to join it on to the body of his estate. And we can imagine, too, that the possession may diminish Canadian reluctance to enter the Union. Men are greatly moved by their imaginations, and to be part proprietors of a Continent, to feel themselves seated for ever on two great oceans, finally beyond the reach or possibility of attack, or menace, or intrigue, is a prospect which would move any men, which would speedily move men who, like the Canadians and Americans, have been trained by circumstances to connect the ideas of bigness and of grandeur. To live under the idea that a neighbouring State of almost irresistible power intends to annex you in the end, is very trying to politicians, as the people of Belgium know, and many among them may be tempted, like many among Belgians, to end the irritation by joining that State, instead of waiting in suspicious preparation until the junction is effected without their consent.

While, therefore, the cession is not of any

great direct importance, it may by increasing the American desire to annex Canada, and diminishing the Canadian reluctance to be annexed, prove ultimately of some moment. Still, even then, England has no plea or reason for interference or remonstrance. Russia has a right to sell uninhabited wildernesses if she likes, and America to buy them without giving us any umbrage, and we have long since disclaimed the right to dictate to Canada as to her future policy. So long as she claims our aid, we shall fight for her as for any other guaranteed ally; but if she chooses to vote herself independent, she has only to communicate that resolution in constitutional and courteous form. We shall, we fear, one day repent that this decision, which is, we believe, endorsed by all statesmen of all parties, was not formally included in the new Act of Confederation, but the danger of that omission is not increased by the American acceptance or rejection of the sovereignty of a few more square miles of ice-bound hills, or a few thousands more of Indian hunters, and half caste dealers in fur.

From The Economist.

GANG LABOUR IN THE FEN COUNTRY.

THERE is, perhaps, no fact in English politics more important or less generally understood, than the existence of deep chasms or rifts in our social civilisation. People comprehend in a vague way that we have among us classes with "very little education," or classes with none at all, but they seldom realise to themselves what that means, or remember how very many English people grow up to manhood and womanhood without any civilisation at all. London was perfectly startled by the revelations of an amateur casual, hardly believed the statements in the Blue Book about tramps, and will, we doubt, at heart suspect the gentlemen who have just reported on gang labour in Lincolnshire and the Eastern counties, of unconscious exaggeration. The evidence in this last case, however, is unusually complete, complete enough to demonstrate beyond all cavil the existence among us of many thousands of persons as uncivilised as the natives of newly-discovered islands. The reporters employed by the Home Office to inquire into the effects of the system of gang labour commonly employed in the Fen country, report, on testimony almost unanimous, facts which may be thus condensed.

In the marshy districts of Lincolnshire, Huntingdon, and the Eastern counties, some seven thousand children are employed, chiefly in weeding, on a system but little differing from prædial slavery. Idle labourers, or labourers of indifferent character, collect gangs of children of all ages from among the cottages, paying the parents so much a week for each, and hire their gangs out to neighbouring farmers. The children are marched in the morning to their work often six miles off, compelled to toil for ten hours under fear of oaths and blows, and then marched back in the dusk, tired to the point of utter exhaustion. Girls are employed as well as boys, all ages are welcome, and no attempt is made at any separation of the sexes. The gang masters are very seldom decent persons, and find the trouble of exacting sufficient work quite as much as they can manage, and leave the children when the work is done to their own inclinations and devices. Wholly uneducated, accustomed to cottages where all ages and both sexes are huddled together like animals, compelled when in the fields to do everything in public, the children never acquire the most rudimentary sense of decency. It is not so much that they become immoral as that they do not know what morals are. They are beneath the morals. They are never permitted to rise out of the stage of life, in which obscenity seems amusing, chastity unnatural, delicacy a useless encumbrance. Forced into incessant companionship with the opposite sex, wearied with toil so severe that it kills the girls and hardens the boys into gipsies, with no external restraint, and no idea that restraint is useful, both sexes slide altogether out of civilisation — bathe together, sleep together huddled in barns to avoid the toil of walking home, and vie with each other in obscenity of phrase and gesture. So utterly degraded do they become, that even labourers inured to cottages with one room to each family, coarse of speech, and callous of feeling, are revolted by their behaviour, and refuse to allow their daughters to enter the fields except when compelled by actual want. This drives the gang masters back on a still more debased class — girls who have early lost their characters, women who never had any characters to lose, the most ruffianly or the least educated of the village lads, to whom, as several witnesses testify, the license of the gangs is the real attraction. The evil, therefore, intensifies itself until it is proved on the testimony of dozens of clergymen, surgeons, and decent labourers, that the introduction of gang labour in any village extin-

guishes morality. Or, to put it more accurately, it prevents a generation, which would, under any circumstances, be coarsely bred, from even acquiring that faint tincture of civilisation which secures, if not refinement, at least external decency; if not chastity, at least some regulation on the intercourse of the sexes. They become savages without that unconsciousness of law which in savages has been so often mistaken for innocence, with just so much consciousness as to feel delight in insulting all more decent than themselves. Persons by no means over-refined themselves declared to the Commissioners that the gangs were public nuisances, sources as well as centres of pollution, so bad that they made the public roads impassable; and even the farmers who benefit by the labour, admit and deplore the moral consequences of the system. Nevertheless, it has a tendency to extend. The gangs offer a supply of very cheap and very obedient labour; the cottagers in many villages are so wretchedly off that an addition of 6d. or 8d. a day to their wages is irresistibly attractive, and the tone of manners, if not of morals, is still in many districts wretchedly low. The clergymen who give evidence all report that the children employed in the gangs are worse than ordinary cottagers, but they almost all admit and lament the fashion in which they are brought up, and which renders civilisation almost impossible. Even mothers who gave evidence against the system, say they yield to it for the sake of the money it brings, and the only defence is characteristic of a general lowness of moral tone. This is, that the viciousness of the gangs is not the result of gang labour, but only a very patent exhibition of the universal coarseness and depravity of the agricultural poor. Then the system enables such land owners who own whole parishes to pull down most of their cottages, and thus relieve themselves in great measure of poor rates, a device which has only become useless since the passing of Mr. Charles Villiers' Union Chargeability Act.

It is, of course, easy to put a stop to this particular cause of demoralisation. The practice of forming children into gangs only extends over a few districts, and those who profit by it would themselves be glad to see the employment of girls in gangs prohibited by law. But the root of the evil will not, we greatly fear, be touched until agricultural cottages are better built, and education has become much more universal. No two villages are quite alike; but, in what is called a bad village, the civilisation is usually

very thin indeed. Lord Leicester, in a speech quoted with great approval by the Commissioners, admitted that even on his own well-managed estate, it is absolutely necessary to compel the cottagers to abstain from taking lodgers, or they will overcrowd them until neither decency nor comfort are in any way possible; and in "open" parishes, this crowding is sometimes carried to such an extent that two families occupy one room. It is only by the building of cottages on a great scale that this can be prevented; and cottage building is, unfortunately, not remunerative, and will not be until some cause like emigration has forced on a general rise in agricultural wages. Till then, however we may legislate, large numbers of agricultural labourers will, we fear, remain in a condition very little above that of the peasantry in Turkey or Bengal, with moral senses blunted by circumstances, no time for education, and very little inclination to find pleasure in anything higher than animal enjoyment.

From the Daily Advertiser.

THE MAGNOLIA.

If Dr. T. W. Parsons had nursed his literary reputation as many a writer of inferior merit has done, his estimation as a poet by the multitude would be, to-day, what it is by the discriminating few — second to none in America. His poems hitherto printed consist chiefly of the first half (seventeen cantos) of Dante's *Inferno* translated into English verse, with a large number of original pieces, some of which have been collected at the instigation, or by the care, of friends, and some of which are still to be sought in newspapers and magazines.

Twenty-two poems by Dr. Parsons have been collected and privately printed in a handsome quarto, of forty-eight pages, called *The Magnolia*.* At the top of the first cover is the date, 1866; at the bottom, the name of the poet; in the centre, a representation in gold, exquisitely designed, of the magnolia flower amidst its outlined leaves. The poems are curious neither in theme nor expression. In them, our common, and therefore deepest feelings are clothed in natural language and illustrated by apt and obvious images. Dr. Parsons does not write with that conscious knowl-

edge of literature which tempts one to avoid a natural metaphor because it has been used before. His studies have purified his taste, not lumbered his memory; therefore he comes to a common subject with simplicity and directness, as if he were the first to treat it. If the thought is familiar it seems fresh by its fitness; if the simile is new it seems familiar by its truth. It would be hard to name another writer so little conscious of his art.

Of these pieces, with the exception perhaps of four, the theme is the purest of human sentiments, friendship. With a warm, confident hand, he grasps his friend's hand at parting; he sends him manly words across the sea; the gifts of game and wine are made to praise only the giver; his worship of women never degenerates into maudlin protestations of indecent passion, but ennobles the worshipper and glorifies the divinity. Exquisite are the wreaths he has laid on the bier of childhood, beauty, genius and heroism. In the "Epitaph on a Child" he writes: —

"And when we garnered in the earth,
The foison that was ours,
We felt that burial was but birth
To spirits, as to flowers."

It was he who wrote of Mary Booth in stanzas worthy of a place in Grey's *elegy*: —

"Know that her spirit to her body lent
Such sweetness, grace, as only goodness can;
That even her dust, and this her monument,
Have yet a spell to stay one lonely man, —

"Lonely through life, but looking for the day
When what is mortal of himself shall sleep;
When human passion shall have passed away,
And love no longer be a thing to weep."

It was he who caught in that "Dirge for one who fell in battle," the very spirit of Moschu's —

Begin, ye pastoral muses, the lament,
And nightingales and swallows whom he loved,

when he wrote —

"Room for the soldier! lay him in the clover;
He loved the fields, and they shall be his cover;
Make his mound with hers who called him once
her lover;

Where the rain may rain upon it,
Where the sun may shine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the bee will dine upon it."

* *The Magnolia*. T. W. Parsons. Cambridge, Massachusetts. 1866. 4to, pp. 58.

In "The Sculptor's Funeral," Dr. Parsons celebrates genius and friendship in this fine stanza:—

"O Death! thou teacher true and rough!
Full oft I fear that we have erred,
And have not loved enough;
But, O ye friends! this side of Acheron,
Who cling to me to-day,
I shall not know my love till ye are gone
And I am gray!
Fair women with your loving eyes,
Old men that once my footsteps led,

Sweet children, — much as all I prize;
Until the sacred dust of death be shed
Upon each dear and venerable head,
I cannot love you as I love the dead!"

It is understood that Dr. Parsons's version of the whole of the "Inferno" will appear in May. In him are combined sensibility and reserve; a certain pensive sweetness and severity of temper; enthusiasm, a subtle sense of the value of words, a steady imagination, — gifts which seem to fit him singularly for the task of translating Dante.

The Russian Publishers' Circular, the *Knizhnyy Vestnik*, or *Book Intelligence*, has, in one of its numbers for 1866, a curious table of the number of volumes published at different places in Russia in the years 1863 and 1864. The grand total is 1,652 volumes in 1863, and 1,836 volumes in the following year. The number of places of publication was forty one in the first year, beginning with St. Petersburg, and ending with Kiakhta, the trading town on the Chinese frontier; and forty-six in the second; and in that year we regret to say Kiakhta, which only published one volume in 1863, appears to have emitted nothing. St. Petersburg is the great literary centre, furnishing 951 and 1,097 volumes in the successive years; Moscow follows, with 459 in the first year, and 432 — a decrease — in the second; Odessa, Kiev, Kharkov, Tiflis, &c. follow at very respectful distances; and the remaining towns — Irkutsk, Astrakhan, Archangel, &c., — figure in general for two or three works respectively; but, as the table is founded on the lists published in the *Knizhnyy Vestnik* itself, it may probably be the case that its own omissions in recording their appearance may be the origin of the apparent paucity of provincial publications. St. Petersburg is, as we learn from another article, the place of publication of no less than 143 periodicals; Moscow, of 31; while the rest of the Empire furnishes 158, many of which are, however, vehicles of local intelligence described by the *Knizhnyy Vestnik* as mere waste paper. The St. Petersburg periodicals are of a very different character, many of them surpassing any English periodical in extent and furnishing more matter in a monthly number than any

English review in its quartely issue. It is in these gigantic periodicals that nearly every thing of importance in Russian literature makes its first appearance, and a translated selection from their principal articles would form the best means of introducing the mind of modern Russia to the English public. To pay it every attention would be only to return the compliment it pays to us. We observe that in the essays of the Russian critic Druzhinin, which are now being reprinted in a collected form, like those of Jeffrey and Macaulay, the fifth volume contains articles on Currer Bell's 'Villette,' on Thackeray's 'Newcomes,' on Wilkie Collins's 'No Name,' on Lawrence's 'Barren Honour,' on Trollope's 'Orley Farm,' on George Eliot's 'Romola,' on Dr. Russell, the *Times* Correspondent, and a host of other subjects of English interest. It would surely be of some interest to know what "the lion thinks of us."

We have to thank Messrs. Bell and Daldy for tastefully and prettily illustrated editions of Wordsworth's *White Doe of Rylstone*, Longfellow's *Evangeline* and *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, and Goldsmith's *Poetical Works*, with an introductory essay, by Mr. Edmund Forster Blanchard. The four volumes are admirably got up, and the illustrations are by Birket Foster, Absolon, Harrison, Weir, Gilbert, Tenniel, and others. The only complaint we have to make is that the church at page 121 of the *White Doe* reappears without a change at page 13 of the *Wayside Inn*, but for all that the books are exquisite. — *Spectator*.

A CHILD'S TRADE IN BETHNAL GREEN.

LUCIFER-BOXES! — the name suits well
With the stench, and the glare, and grime of
Hell!

Thirty a halfpenny — no great waste,
As the small manufacturers find *their own paste*.
Such a child I took on my knee,
Her life of labour began at three!
The sad and sickly pallid child,
Poor little woman, meek and mild,
Her mother said, encouragement giving,
Since she was three had earn'd a living.
Her Mother, the decent Englishwoman,
Shall we hope or fear that her heart is human?
Her Father, hard-working Englishman,
Who could grudge him his pipe and can?
O God! for Parents what a doom,
That infant the rent of their wretched room
Toiling to earn, and an early tomb!
Never an hour of holiday
Hath it known, nor the sense of the word "to
play."

Paste and shavings, paper and paste,
Hundreds of boxes made in haste —
Lucifer-Boxes! — the name fits well
With the lurid glare and the grin of Hell,
For the Devil looked on, and inly laughed
To be beaten by Man his own black craft.
Talk of machinery and its pranks,
Boilers and pistons, wheels and cranks,
All ingenious, but here is seen
A wonderful God-made live machine.
Examine each artery, nerve, and vein,
Valves of the heart, and folds of brain,
Stomach for food, for breath the lung,
Look at the eye, and ear, and tongue,
And all, of which medical students read
For months and years, yet scarce succeed
In remembering half their names or uses —
Filaments, tissues, cells, and juices,
And what each part to the whole conduces.
This is the thing that ever in haste
Makes Lucifer-Boxes, finding the paste,
Its life one dull unvarying round
Of Lucifer-Boxes — one hates the sound.
Never those lustreless eyes have seen,
Though she lives in a place called Bethnal
Green,

Meadow or bee, or flow'r or tree;
What are they, little machine, to thee?
Hundreds like thee have died ere seven,
And gone, as the clergy say, to Heaven;
And One, indeed, who could witness bear,
Hath said of such is the Kingdom there.
Sev'n's too old — wilt be alive,
Poor little toiler, to date from five?
Lamb or filly, kitten or kid,
Which of them leads such a life forbid?
Leveret, rabbit, tiger, calf,
When young can play, if they do not laugh.
Better be cubs of wolves or foxes,
Than babes worked up into Lucifer-Boxes;

Better an animal tame or wild,
Better be aught than such a child!
Methinks t'were a change for that sad elf
To make a case that would hold herself;
Though if that be found at the parish cost,
Of course the trouble and time were lost.
Then a scantling of wood, some nails as well,
Alas, how little will form her shell!
The father and mother may well lament,
As they follow that box, for the payer of rent;
And with a groan, it may be confest
The Lucifer-Boxmaker earn'd her rest.

— Spectator.

W. D.

SOCIETY IN JAPAN.

ALL lustres fade, all types decay,
That Time has strength to touch or tarnish;
Japan itself receives to-day
A novel kind of varnish.
All Asia moves; in far Thibet
A fear of change perturbs the Lama;
You'll hear the railway whistle yet
Arousing Yokohama!

Methinks it were a theme for song,
This spread of European knowledge;
Gasometers adorn Hong Kong,
Calcutta keeps a college.
Pale ale and cavendish maintain
Our hold among the opium smokers;
Through Java jungles run the train,
With Dutchmen for the stokers.

The East is doomed — Romance is dead,
Or surely on the point of dying;
The travellers' books our boyhood read
Would now be reckoned lying.
Our young illusions vanish fast;
They're obsolete — effete — archaic;
The hour has come that sees, at last,
The Orient prosaic!

The East is dying; live the East!
With hope we watch its transformation;
Our European life at least
Is better than stagnation.
The cycles of Cathay are run;
Begins the new, the nobler movement —
I'm half ashamed of making fun
Of Japanese improvement!